Oct. 8, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

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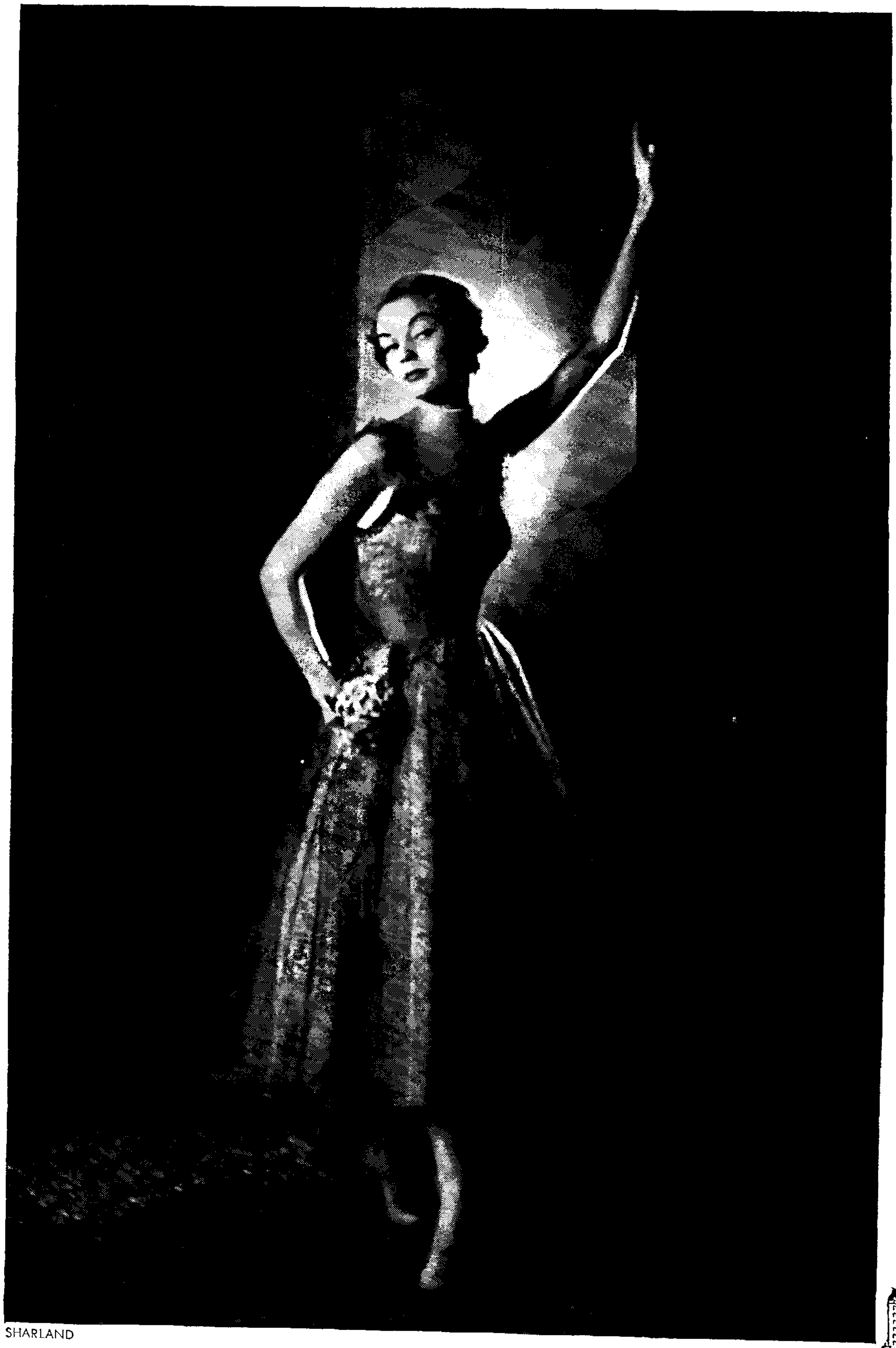
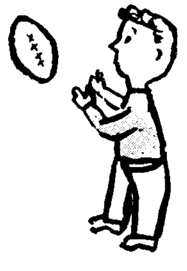


SHARLAND

BERGDORF
GOODMAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anne of the Thousand Days—Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman in Maxwell Anderson's play about Anne Boleyn. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)

Death of a Salesman—A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Lee J. Cobb heads the superior cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's message concerning totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this roughhouse in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 9, at 8:40.)

Diamond Lil—After twenty-one years, this combination of elemental humor and primitive melodrama is still irresistible. Mae West, the author, is, of course, the star, and her acting is at least as arresting as the script. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Giraudoux's play dealing with a demented old lady who kills off a bunch of rich and wicked people, excellently performed by Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** All about an enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except Oct. 13, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Wednesday, Oct. 12.) . . . **GOODBYE, MY FANCY:** A beautiful congresswoman entangled with a college president and a *Life* photographer. The cast includes Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, William Harrigan, and Henry Hull. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Twelfth Night—Arnold Moss, Frances Reid, Nina Foch, and Carl Benton Reid in a limited engagement of the Shakespearean comedy, produced by Roger Stevens. Valentine Windt is the director. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays, except Oct. 9, at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Oct. 12.)

Yes, M'lord—An English comedy import (formerly called "The Chiltern Hundreds") by W. Douglas Home. With A. E. Matthews, Mary Hinton, and George Curzon. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—Bobby Clark as the husband of our first woman President. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are also in the cast. The music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Liberty—A big, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is largely the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Long Runs—**KISS ME, KATE:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter taming Shakespeare's shrew. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LEND AN EAR:** Charles Gaynor's practically one-man revue, for which he did the sketches, music, and lyrics. With Dorothy Babbs, William Eythe, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Moves on Monday, Oct. 10, to the Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Gilbert and Sullivan—Performances by a repertory company, including Ralph Riggs, Joseph Macauley, Morton Bowe, and Kathleen Roche. Produced by S. M. Chartock. The first offering, "The Mikado," will run through Saturday, Oct. 8, followed by a week of "Pirates of Penzance." (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays; this week at 8:45, and thereafter, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week at 2:40 and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Browning Version and **Harlequinade**—Maurice Evans and Edna Best in two Terence Rattigan one-act plays. Peter Glenville is the director, and Mr. Evans and Stephen Mitchell are the producers. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 12. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2;40.)

Touch and Go—A revue with sketches and lyrics by Jean and Walter Kerr, and music by Jay Gorney. Kyle MacDonnell heads the cast. Directed by Mr. Kerr and produced by George Abbott. Opens Thursday, Oct. 13. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

Les Ballets de Paris—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Carmen" and other ballets. Opens Thursday, Oct. 6. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Opening performances—Sunday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 9 and 11: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 12-13: "The Rake's Progress," "Symphonic Variations," "Façade," and "Hamlet." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Oct. 14-15, and Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ken Murray's Blackouts—A large, various, but not especially gifted assortment of human actors appears in support of some very appealing lovebirds in this vaudeville show, which ran for seven years in California. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—Bulldogging and bronco-riding on a lone prairie only a step from a subway station. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Night-

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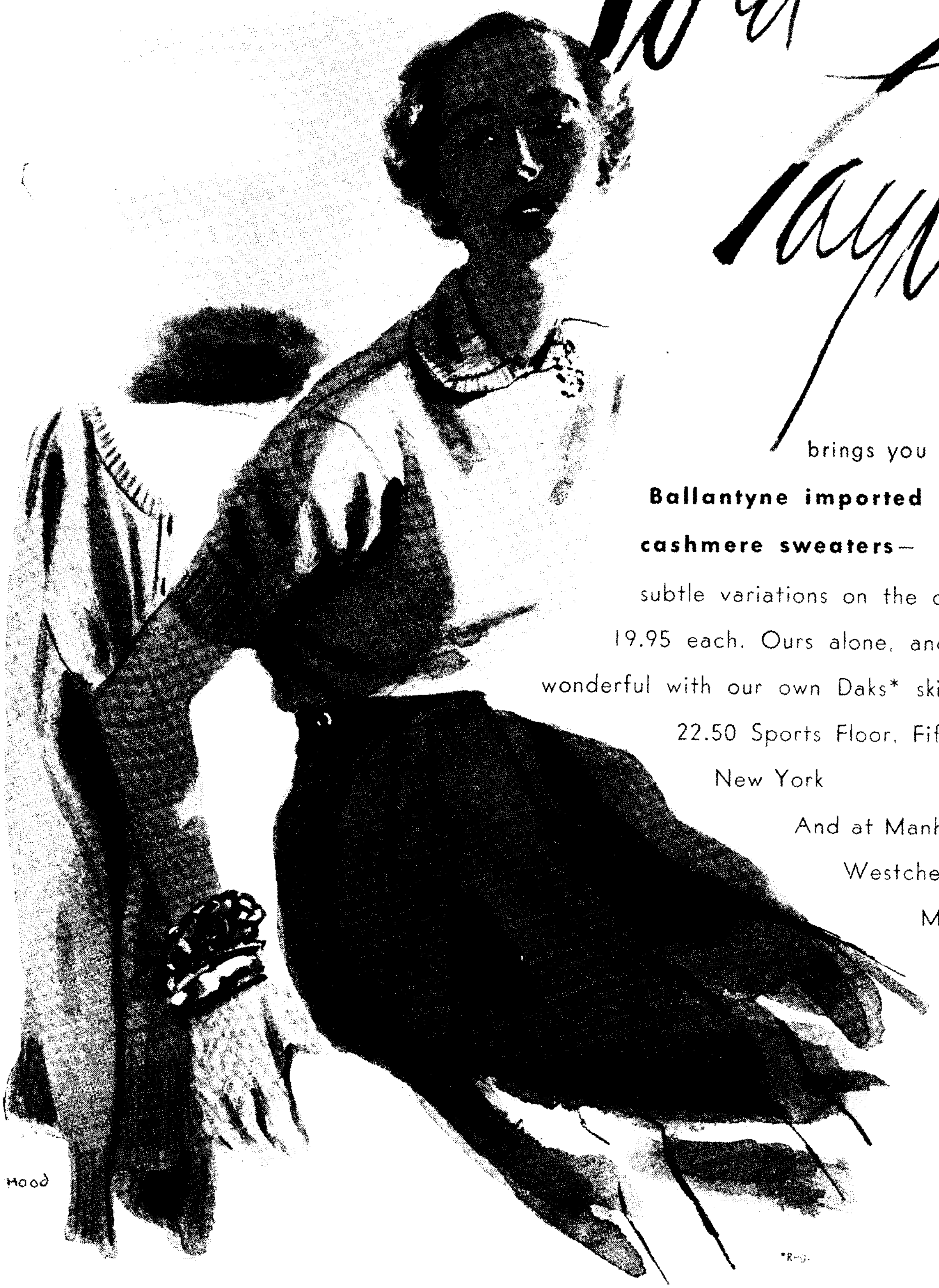
Lord & Taylor



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND/OR DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden, airy as an Alp but so sunken it's halfway to China, will stay open through Wednesday, Oct. 12, with Jules Lande's dance orchestra.... ¶ On Thursday, Oct. 13, the Trianon Room will open for the winter season, with a benefit for East Side House. Jules Lande's men and Nino de Moraes' rumba band for dancing. No music in either room on Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Maxine Sullivan, perennial and impeccable, is home again. Also around are Jack Prince, to amuse the guests, and the brand-new band of the up-and-coming young pianist Billy Taylor, to get them to dance. Cliff Jackson plays interlude piano. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A large and good-natured, if not especially cerebral, pageant of girls, violin music, flashlight cameras, handball, and ballet, and a thin edge of comedy. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A small monarchy whose origins are lost in antiquity. Interesting indigenous headdresses, customs, and dances, untouched by the impact of the outside world. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 6-6374)—A bright new Larue on the ashes of the old, equipped with Larry Siry's and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestras and other conveniences. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—A miniature and sometimes soporific musical comedy that is really a very freehand reprise of the career and music of Cole Porter. James MacColl does a clever impersonation of Yale's gift to Tin Pan Alley, and the Ballet Theatre's John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun interpret a couple of his tunes. Dancing to Don McGrane's band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Eddie Garr supplies the laughter, and Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band do the dance music. Square dancing at suppertime Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays. ... ¶ In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest noises every afternoon for tea dancing, and later on during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Victor Borge and piano are the incumbent humorists in the Persian Room, and Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras occupy the bandstand. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is open every day but Monday, has the lively dance music of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The stately old Oval Room has Emery Deutsch's orchestra at dinnertime, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler fills in.... ¶ In the Palm Court, Harold Sandler's orchestra unwinds nice cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette's center of gravity has shifted well west of Fifth Avenue now that Kitty Kallen is singing here at dinner and supper. Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra plays dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—The new Carnaval Room will open Thursday, Oct. 6, with a benefit for the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Club of New

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Closed Sundays.... ¶ Through Saturday, Oct. 8, Cy Coleman's piano in the café bar.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The subdeb idea of the way Heaven should be laid out. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

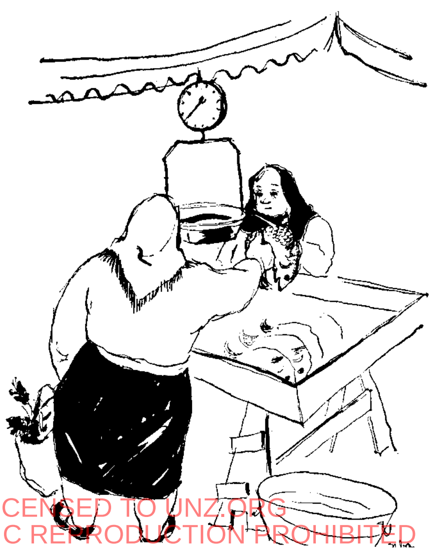
Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—This completely modernized château presents Edith Piaf, France's major postwar export, airing some new Parisian songs and some new American words in her celebrated fashion. Emil Petti's orchestra and a galaxy of French choristers and musicians help out. Panchito's rumba band is also on deck.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, songs by Janet Blair and prancing by the Blackburn Twins. Eddy Duchin's dance music, spelled by Mischa Borr's band. On Sundays, no show, and the Borr band plays until ten only. Friday, Oct. 14, is a benefit night.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, and Dr. Sydney Ross performs his parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's bland and witty cocktail and dinner piano sets a brisk pace for his eminent co-worker, Cy Walter, who takes over later in the evening. Closed Sundays.... **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is now operating his ageless grin and dance band in here, from eight-thirty on. Helen Edwards, a big blond schoolgirl from the South, sings with considerable charm and great aplomb. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally plays cocktail piano and Harry Taylor after-dinner piano. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin music, after nine-thirty, for a clientele as glittery as the striped upholstery. Closed Sundays.... **CONTINENTAL ROOM,** St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): For this hideaway, opening Friday, Oct. 14, Cy Coleman has assembled a trio to back up his piano. Maureen Cannon will sing at dinner and supper, and a rumba band will cavort, too. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A reminder of the Terrific Twenties, with Rudy Barron's violin from dinnertime on, every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten, every night but Sunday.... **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A handsome piece of artwork, wherein Dick Gasparre turns out his neat but not gaudy dance music, the Playa Sextet makes Latin-American music, and (at dinner and supper) Teddy and Phyllis Rodriguez execute their wholly bearable ballroom dancing. Closed Mondays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, a surprisingly athletic French thrush, and some baritone work by Wilton Clary, an "Oklahoma!" alumnus. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey dish out tandem piano music. There are Rudolph Valentino movies on Sunday nights. ... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): At suppertime, Gigi Durston and William Tabbert, two personable youngsters-about-town, sing gaily and unaffectedly. Kurt Maier at the piano. All quiet Sundays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this stirring example of Christmas-package décor, except Tuesdays and Sundays, Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano. ... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine.



BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, telling his very broad-gauge Times Square fables. There's also a new set of those large pink Copa dolls. Dancing.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The Ritz Brothers, a peculiar but often comic form of group play; Joan Merrill's voice in obbligato to Hal Kanner's piano. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

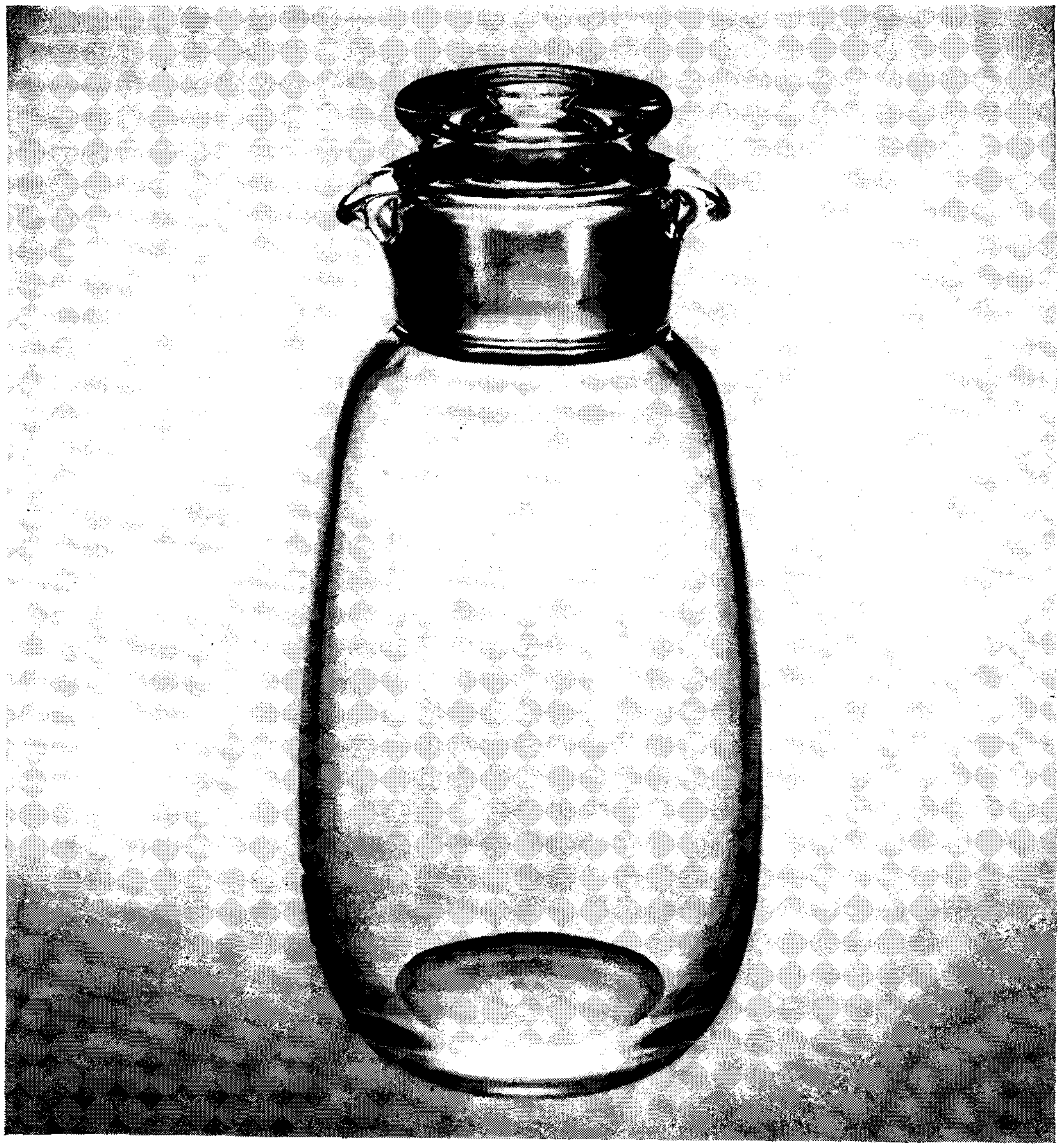
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Eddie and Tony, two merry young wolves in sheep's clothing, plus the stirring songs of Irene Williams and the handiwork of other talented children. Music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio.... ¶ In the lounge, at dinnertime, John Kelley, Jr., at the keyboard, and from suppertime on, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's subtle piano nocturnes.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Paula Drake's bittersweet recitation of the troubles she's seen (an all-male cast), plus the barrelhouse songs of Bibi Osterwald and the escapist songs of Michael Brown. The King Odom Quartet sings, and the Norman Paris Trio plays some flashy music of its own devising. Julius Monk is master of revels. Closed Sundays.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): In this quiet and relaxed mountain fastness, Mme. Spivy unleashes her well-known bedtime ditties, and Mabel Mercer adds a great deal of spirit to her special Alec Wilder songs. Sam Hamilton at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams, rattling off a few samples of her remarkable non-representational piano; J. C. Heard's trio, now and then collaborating with her and also taking care of the more extrovert auditors; and Erma Ethridge, a new singer of sob ballads. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (GR 7-0753): Jimmy Daniels' latest replica of prewar Left Bank life after dark is scheduled to open on Thursday, Oct. 6. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, knocking down the walls of Jericho with his little trumpet every hour on the hour, as well as Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other hotheads. Ralph Sutton invents splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, complete with the trappings, and traps (such as cowbells), of another day, are at work in this bustling boiler factory. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Hot Lips Page and a few cronies,



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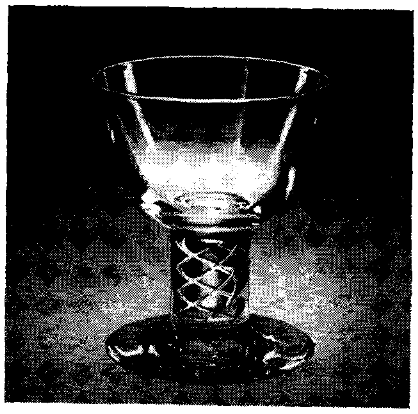

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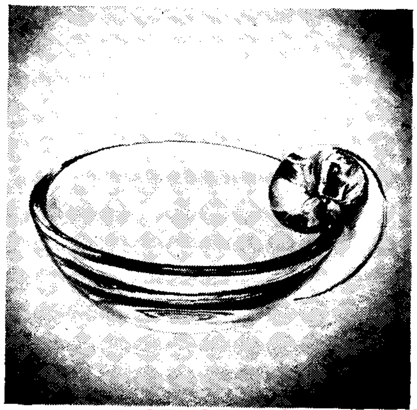
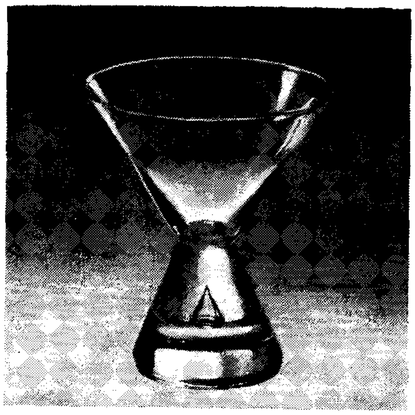


OLIVE DISH



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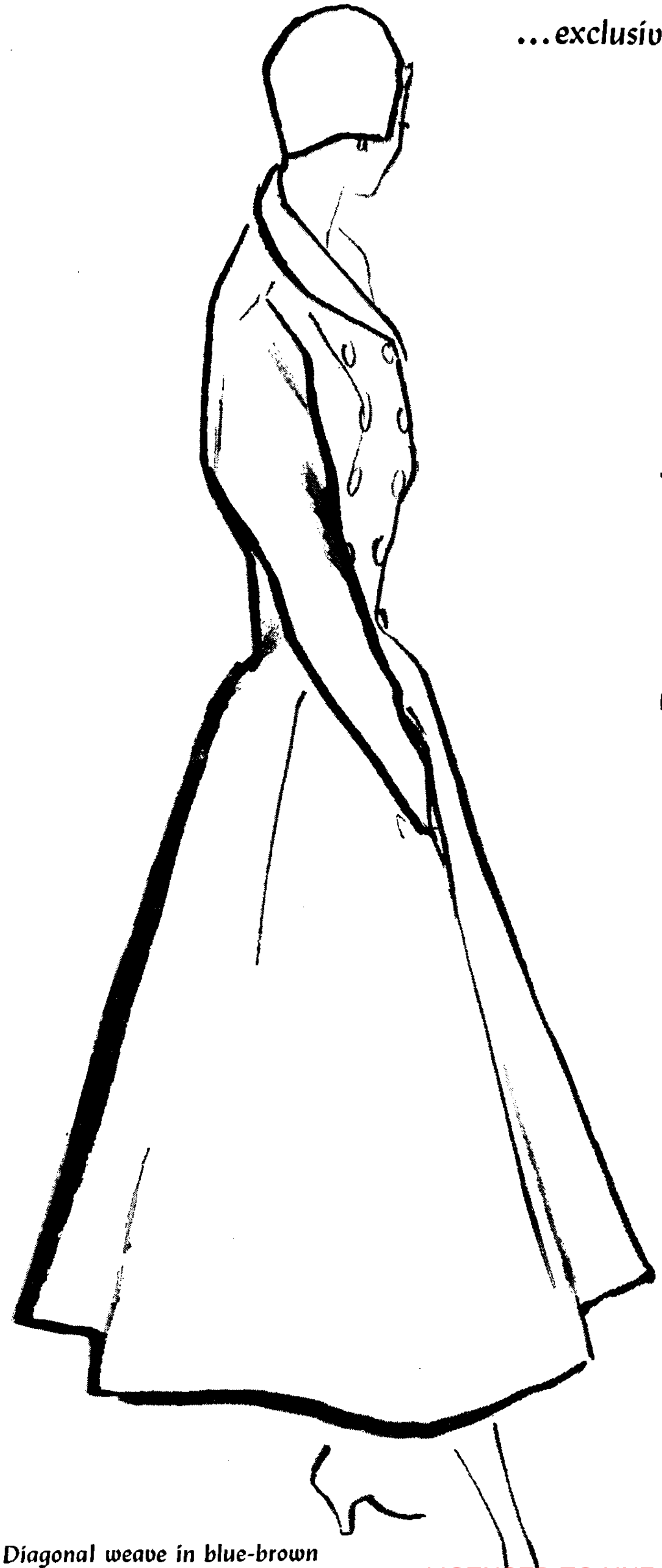

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

barrel. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing.... **RIVIERA LOUNGE**, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): After ten every evening but Monday, Willie the Lion Smith gets his cigar and his Steinway smoking like chimneys, and Chippie Hill booms out her Chicago chanteys. Tuesdays through Sundays, Art Hodes is around. Tony Parenti, Frank Orchard, and Herb Ward assist them from time to time. Guest night is Thursday.... **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Pearl Bailey, declaiming her own special brand of hedonism, and the George Shearing Quintet, turning out excellent bop. On Tuesday, Oct. 11, Cab Calloway's band replaces Mr. Shearing's. Closed Mondays.... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart, that vibrant bassist, and Charlie Parker, sometimes known simply as Yardbird, at the head of their respective firing squads.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those now traditional Friday-night shivarees, probably involving, this week (Oct. 7), Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Joe Sullivan, Pee Wee Russell, Art Hodes, and Sandy Williams. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, through Saturday, Oct. 8. On Monday, Oct. 10, Claude Thornhill will bring his band in. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

ANDRÉ DEMONCHY—Paintings by a new Paris primitive, who has the virtue as well as the disadvantage of working in a style that combines those of Louis Vivin and Camille Bombois, his contemporaries in the field. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Fifteenth-anniversary showing of paintings by Sigmund Menkes, Umberto Romano, and other members of this gallery; through Oct. 22.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings by Stuart Davis, Julian Levi, Abraham Rattner, and Seymour Lipton, among others, in a show by members of the New School art faculty. Thursday and Friday, 10 to 10; and Saturday, 10 to 5; through Oct. 7.

PIETRO LAZZARI—Paintings, symbolic in manner and acutely contrasted in color. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 8.)

LILIAN MACKENDRICK—Brightly decorative landscapes and other paintings, done with a whimsical touch of abstraction. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

MAN AND WIFE—A tricky but interesting showing of paintings and other works by Robert and Sonia Delaunay, Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning, and similarly talented couples. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 8.)

SCULPTURE—Modern European and American sculptors, from Gerhard Marcks and Jacques Lipchitz to Mary Callery and Alexander Calder. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

ANTHONY TONEY—Tenuously drawn but generally effective paintings, loosely abstract in style. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15.)

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor art display in Washington Square can be seen daily, through Oct. 16, from noon until dark.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Ernest Fiene; through Oct. 26.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Karl Priebe; through Oct. 29.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Fred Meyer; through Oct. 22.... ¶ Group shows at the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.; through Oct. 22. **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: Allied Artists of America. Daily, 1 to 5; through Oct. 30 **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART** 11 W. 53rd

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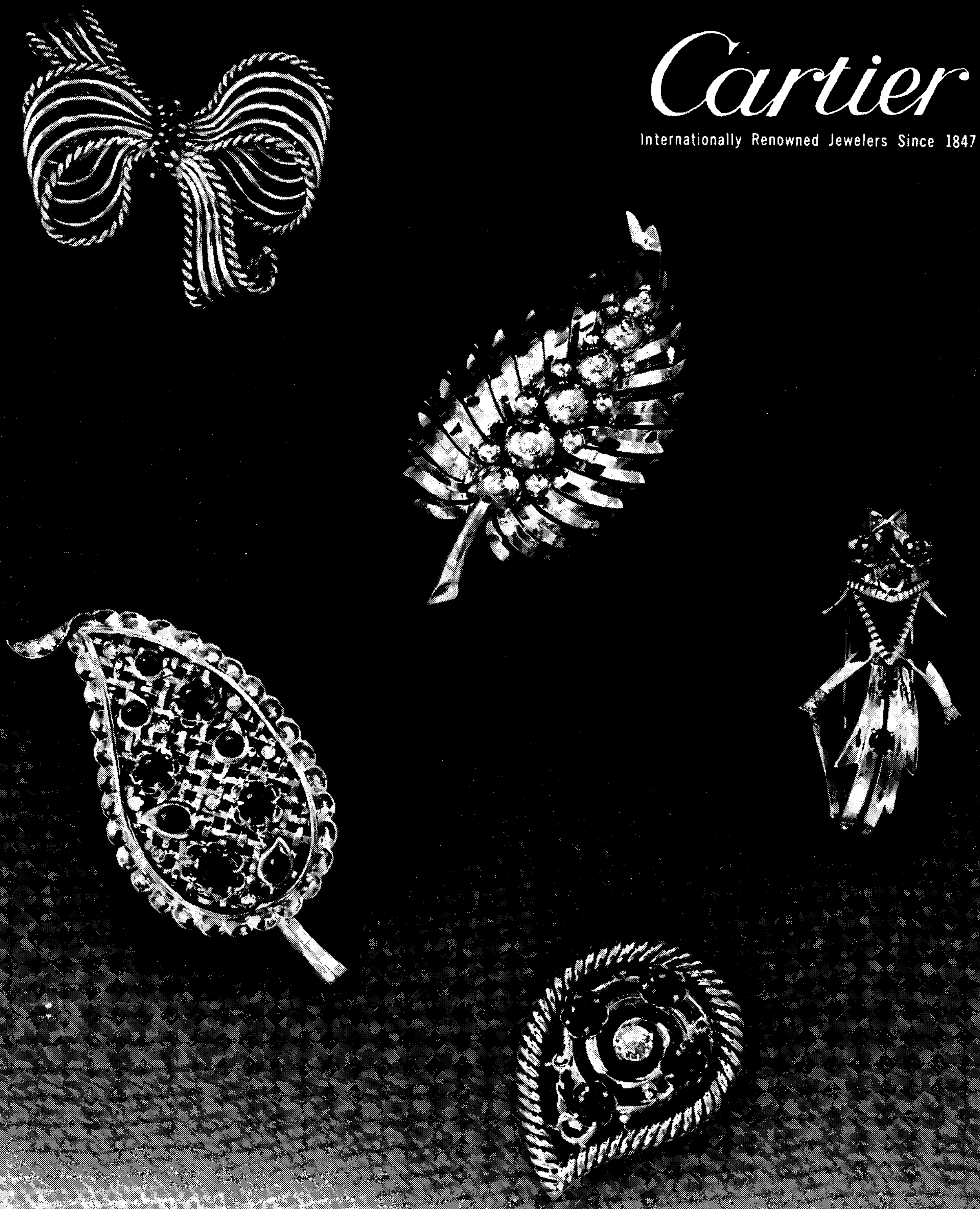

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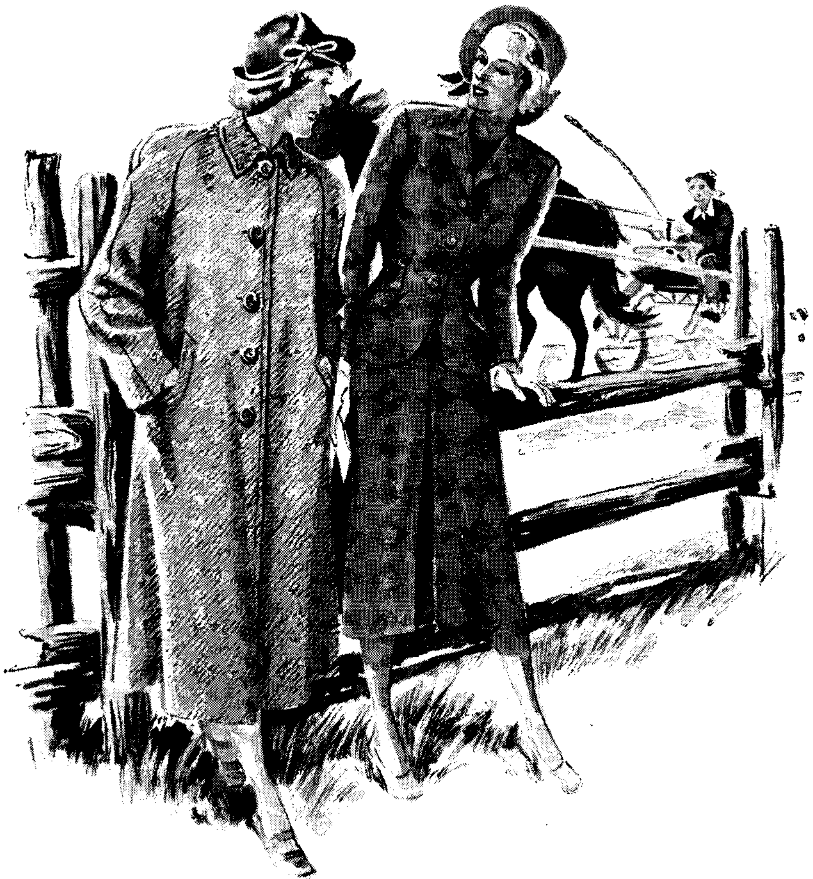

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St.: "Modern Art in Your Life." Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Dec. 4.

MUSEUMS

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A big memorial exhibition in honor of Juliana Force, former directress of the Museum. Made up solely of paintings, sculptures, and other works that were exhibited at one time or another during her tenure, it amounts to a sort of one-woman survey of the past forty years or so of American art. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Oct. 6: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 7: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 8: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 9: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 9: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 13: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

LEMONADE OPERA—Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," along with "Hänsel and Gretel," both in English; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Opening performance of the season, Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Opening performances of the season, Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 14, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

RECITALS

DAVID STIMER—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

RAYMOND LEWENTHAL—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

SARI BIRO—Piano, in the first of three piano-concerto programs, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Emanuel Vardi. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2:30.)

MARYLA JONAS—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JACQUES BRONSTEIN—*Piano, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Franco Autori.* (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

BURL IVES—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

ELENA NIKOLAIDI—Contralto. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

EARL WILD—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

APPLETON AND FIELD—Duo-piano, in the first of three recitals with the Frank Brieff Chamber Orchestra. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—World Series: Second game at Yankee Stadium on Thursday, Oct. 6; third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games at Ebbets Field on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Oct. 7, 8, and 9. After that, if there *is* any after that, back to the Stadium on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 10 and 11.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 8: Colgate vs.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 2:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 15:** Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Syracuse, at New Brunswick, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Bulldogs vs. Green Bay Packers. (Polo Grounds. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

DOG SHOW—Devon Dog Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 8.)

HUNT RACING—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 8.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15.)

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Oct. 8. The Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 7; the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 15. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Saturdays at 10 A.M.) . . . **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 10-11, at 1:15. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track between 11:10 and 1.) . . . **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, starting Wednesday, Oct. 12. The Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 12; the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 15.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) .. **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

OTHER EVENTS

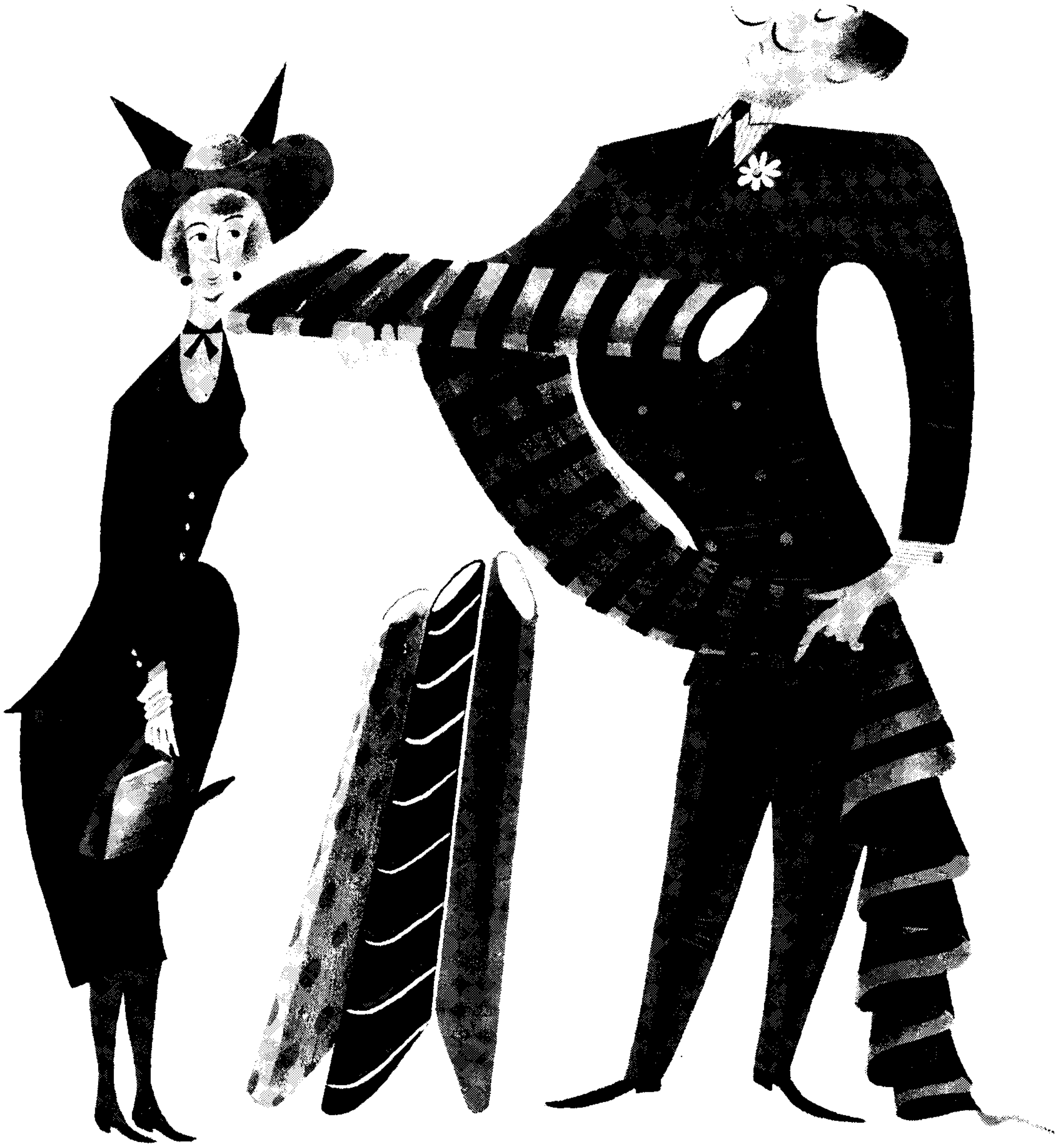
UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly is holding plenary sessions at Flushing Meadow weekdays, and about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. Whenever plenary sessions are not going on, committees of the General Assembly confer at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating fifty to a hundred onlookers each. About five hundred visitors continue to be admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments, also at Lake Success. For tickets to any of these events, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON—Can be seen starting about 6:50 P.M. on Thursday, Oct. 6, and continuing into Friday morning, Oct. 7. Several sidewalk telescopes will be set up for the public on 81st Street, near Central Park West, by the Hayden Planetarium and the Amateur Astronomers Association.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Antarctic Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

FRENCH COSTUME DOLLS—A display of the forty-nine dolls, covering two centuries of French fashion, from the French Gratitude Train sent here early this year. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5; through Jan. 1.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 110 E. 58th St.—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English silver, and Dresden and other porcelains, owned by Mrs. H. A. Fortington and



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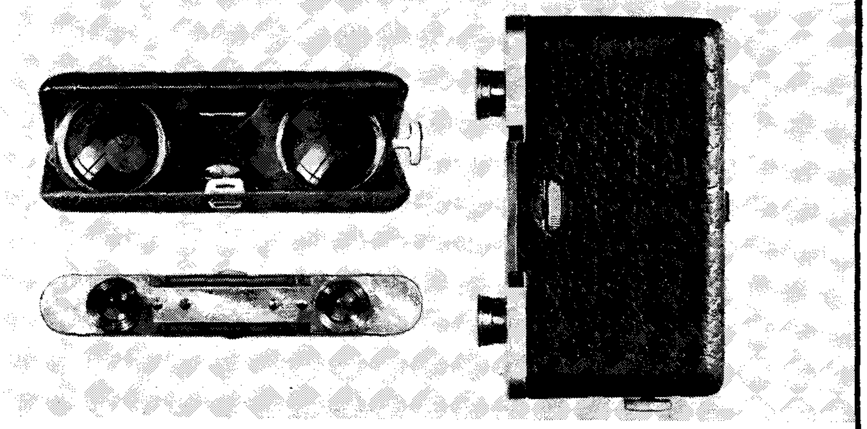

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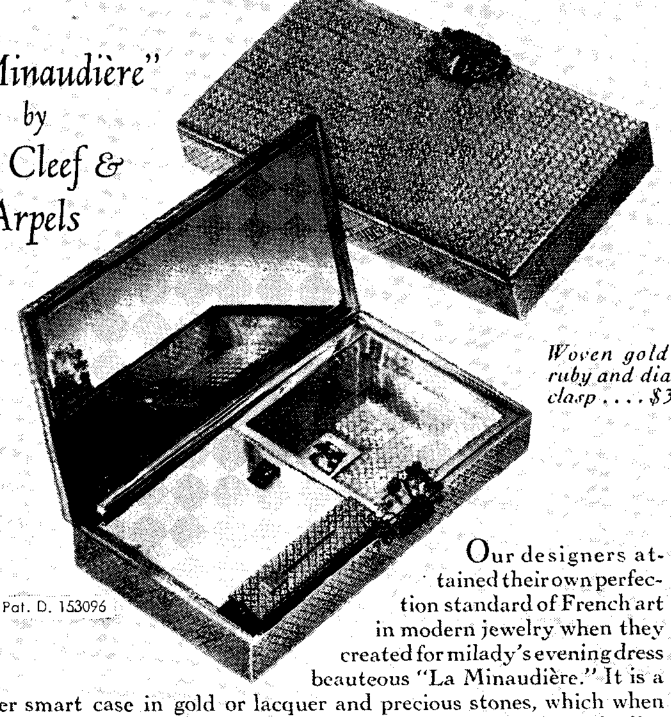

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others. (Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 6, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Friday, Oct. 7, at 2.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and English furniture, tapestries, and bibelots, owned by Miss F. E. Wickham and others. (Exhibition, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11-12, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 2.)

COLUMBUS DAY PARADE—In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue, and in fourteen hundred and ninety-three, or thereabouts, we had the first Columbus Day parade up Fifth Avenue. The one this year will be much like all the others—floats, bands, soldiers and sailors, Girl Scouts, and so on. Starts at 44th Street at 1 P.M. and breaks up at 84th Street.

NOTE—Registration days for the November 8 elections are Monday through Friday, Oct. 10-14, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 7 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, with Eileen Farrell, soprano, Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Risë Stevens, soprano, Monday, Oct. 10, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8 P.M., WJZ.

DRAMA—Lana Turner and Clark Gable in "Homecoming," Thursday, Oct. 6, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton, Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Ann Sothern and Bert Lahr in "Burlesque," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—**WORLD SERIES:** Will be broadcast at 1:15 P.M., over WOR. . . . **COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, OCT. 8:** *Princeton* vs. *Pennsylvania*, at 1:45 P.M. (if World Series is rained out), WOR. . . . ¶ Army vs. Michigan, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ, and at 2:15 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ *Columbia* vs. Yale, at 1:50 P.M., WINS.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION

MUSIC—Risë Stevens, soprano, Monday, Oct. 10, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT.

DRAMA—Lilli Palmer and Fredric March in "Twentieth Century," Friday, Oct. 7, at 9 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Haila Stoddard and John Beal in Marion Hargrove's "Something's Got to Give," Sunday, Oct. 9, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Jessie Royce Landis in "It's a Free Country," Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Valerie Cossart in "Friendly Neighbors," Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 9 P.M., WNBT.

SPORTS—**WORLD SERIES:** *Will be shown over* WNBT, WABD, WOR-TV, WJZ-TV, WCBS-TV, and WPIX. The cameras will start turning at about 12:45 P.M. . . . **COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, OCT. 8:** Harvard vs. Cornell, at 1:45 P.M. (if World Series is rained out), WNBT. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at 2 P.M. (same proviso), WCBS-TV.

MISCELLANY—The twenty-third installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Oct. 6, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Filmed highlights of the past week's important football games, Friday, Oct. 7, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ "Meet the Press," with Herman Steinkraus, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 10 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," with Merle Miller, Monday, Oct. 10, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Devil in the Flesh—A fine French film that deals sensitively and tolerantly with an adolescent boy's affair with an older woman. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Germany Year Zero—Hitler's former realm after the Führer's collapse, as seen by Rossellini. The Italian director doesn't seem quite as deft in Berlin as he was in the cities of Italy where he made "Open City" and "Paisan." In German. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane, in a distinguished English picture, which Olivier directed. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Home of the Brave—Race prejudice and its effect on a colored G.I. in the South Pacific. One of the best films on this subject that have come along. James Edwards, as the Negro, does a first-class job. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 9.)

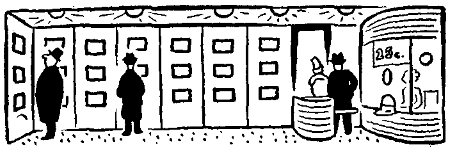
Pinky—A glance, not too penetrating, at the race problem in a Deep Southern town. As a girl who has recrossed the Mason-Dixon Line after passing as a white in Boston for several years, Jeanne Crain is first-rate, and Ethel Barrymore and Ethel Waters, who are also on hand, are their usual competent selves. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Quartet—A translation to the screen of a group of Somerset Maugham's slickly confected short stories, two of which make pleasant entertainment. A British film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. Its chief distinction is a striking ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Saints and Sinners—An English film about a village in Ireland that teems with daft characters, whose dilemmas are persistently captivating. The picture evolved from a script by Paul Vincent Carroll, and the bulk of its cast is made up of Abbey Theatre Players. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Task Force—Some superb authentic U. S. Navy pictorial shots mixed up with a good deal of tedious romantic foolishness. Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan head the cast. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

REVIVALS

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 12.)

Cover Girl (1944)—Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 10-11.)

Four Steps in the Clouds (1948)—Something about a farmer's daughter and a travelling man. An Italian film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 7.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 11.)

Good Old Days (1944)—A feature-length film made up of old—really old—movies. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 7-10.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Oct. 10.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 6.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane, and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 11-12.)

The Last Chance (1945)—A Swiss film dealing with refugees fleeing from Italy into Switzerland. In several languages. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; Oct. 9-11.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Oct. 12.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. An English picture, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 8-10.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 9-11.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 11-12.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. A British film, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 11.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1930)—Circus life with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Oct. 12.)

Note—"The Eagle," that old curio made in 1925 by the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky, will be revived at the Beverly (3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790), Oct. 7-10.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 9: Four documentary films on music. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 10: "Max Apprend à Patiner" (1905), with Max Linder; and four Chaplin pictures: "Making a Living" (1914), "A Night at the Show" (1915), "Work" (1915), and "The Pawnshop" (1916). (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

● ● ●

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Oct. 11: "That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi.
From Oct. 12: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1706)
Through Oct. 11: "Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren.
From Oct. 12: To be announced.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Oct. 7: "The Blue Lagoon," Jean Simmons, Donald Houston.
From Oct. 8: "The Black Book," Robert Cummings, Arlene Dahl.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 7: "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Oct. 8: "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon feature.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 12: "Brimstone," Rod Cameron, Forrest Tucker.

B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
PINKY.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Oct. 11: "Thieves' Highway," Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb.
From Oct. 12: "Father Was a Fullback," Fred MacMurray, Maureen O'Hara.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
TASK FORCE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 10: "The Window," Barbara Hale, Bobby Driscoll.
From Oct. 12: "Christopher Columbus," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
GERMANY YEAR ZERO.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Under the Sun of Rome" (in Italian).

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Oct. 8: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**, revival.
Oct. 9-11: "Mine Own Executioner," revival, Burgess Meredith, Kieron Moore.
From Oct. 12: "Man of Evil," revival, James

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Oct. 11: "The Great Victor Herbert," revival, Allan Jones, Mary Martin; and "Monte Carlo," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan.
From Oct. 12: **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Oct. 11: "The Great Victor Herbert," revival, Allan Jones, Mary Martin; and "Monte Carlo," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan.
From Oct. 12: "Strangers in the House" (in French), Raimu.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"The Peddler and the Lady" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Spring in Park Lane," Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"It Happened in Europe" (in Hungarian).

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USA 1949

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A vigorous stirring in you from the crisp, clear air . . .

A not-to-be-denied desire to be out in the open—to fill your lungs with the fragrance of Fall—to take in the brilliant beauty of Nature's changing foliage.

Yes, this is the time for open-road travel — and this the car to make the most of it.

This is ROADMASTER—Buick's big boss of the highway.

Which means the invigorating performance of 150 Fireball horsepower — the smooth road command of Dynaflow Drive — the almost unbelievable levelness of the masterful Buick ride.

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This is an automobile of impressive size and great structural strength, of solid steadiness and lace-light handling ease—and certainly of deep-down value.

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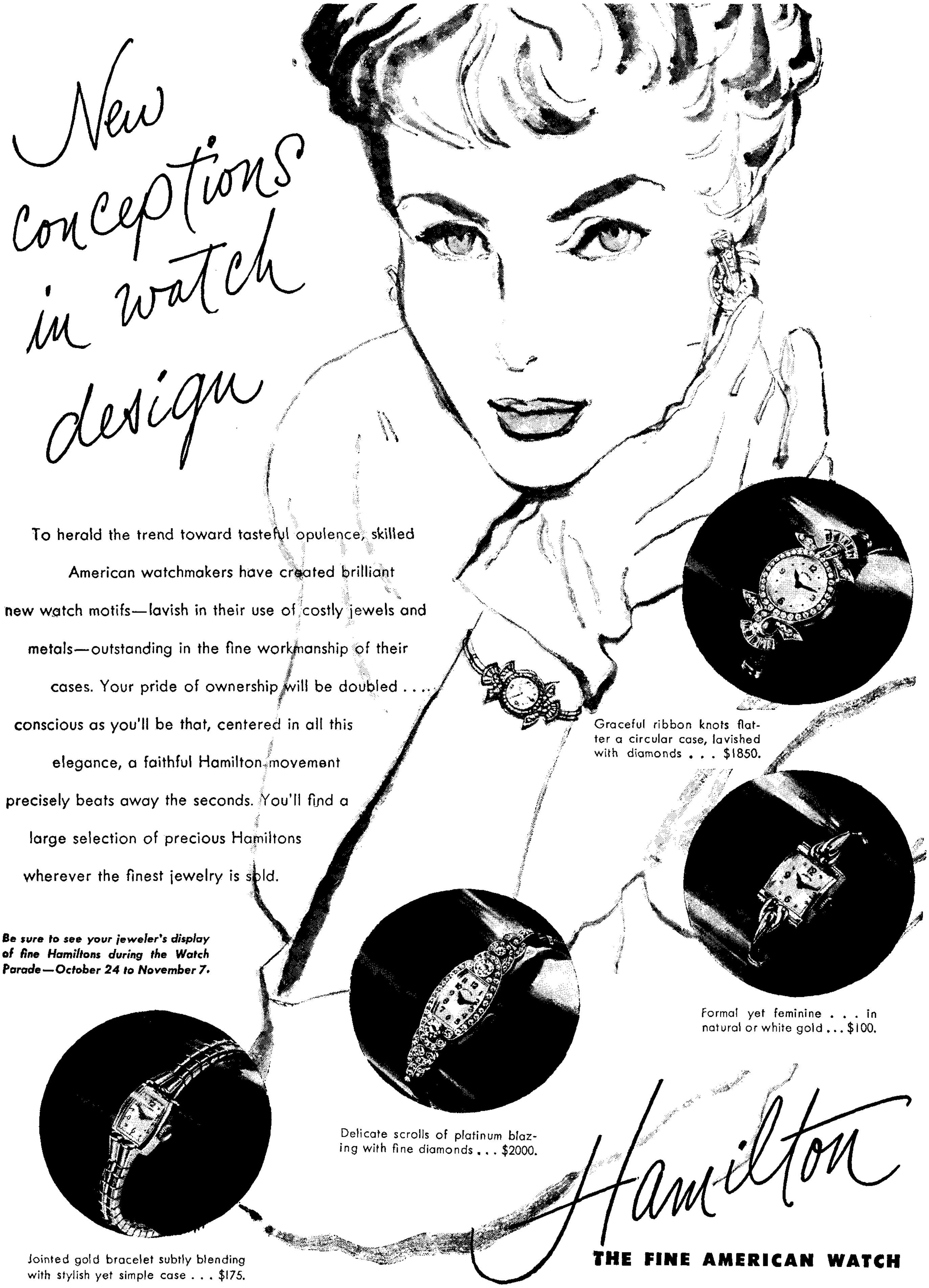
Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English [illegible] Yardley of London, Inc. 620 Fifth Avenue N Y C

New conceptions in watch design



To herald the trend toward tasteful opulence, skilled American watchmakers have created brilliant new watch motifs—lavish in their use of costly jewels and metals—outstanding in the fine workmanship of their cases. Your pride of ownership will be doubled .... conscious as you'll be that, centered in all this elegance, a faithful Hamilton movement precisely beats away the seconds. You'll find a large selection of precious Hamiltons wherever the finest jewelry is sold.

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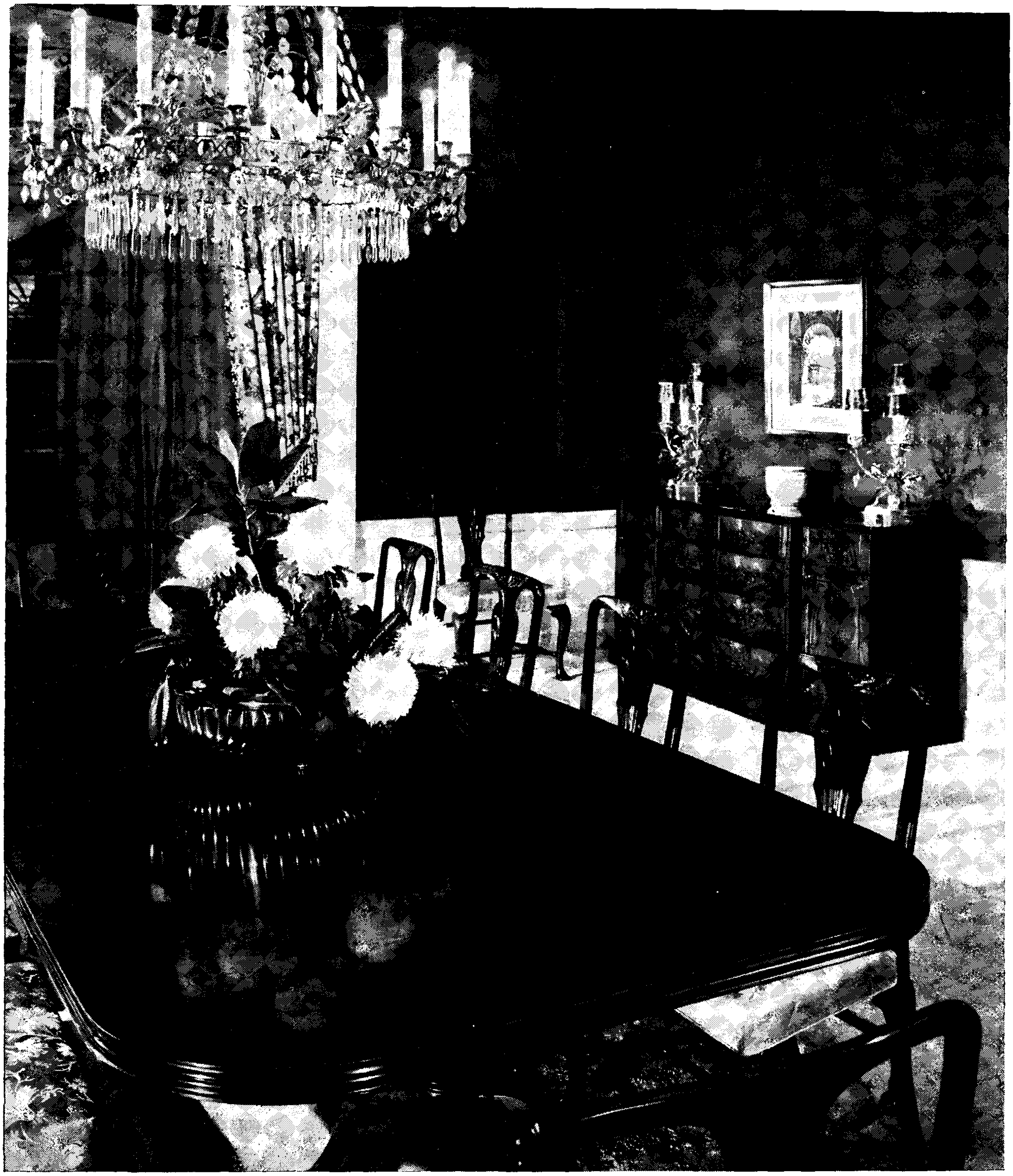

THE BEAUTY OF BEACON HILL IS ITS TIMELESS CHARM

OUR TWELVE NEW DECORATORS' ROOMS RECAPTURE THE GRACIOUS MOOD OF THE 18TH CENTURY WITH RARE ANTIQUES, THE HEIRLOOMS OF TODAY, AND LOVELY BEACON HILL FURNITURE, THE HEIRLOOMS OF TOMORROW. SEE THEM NOW IN ALTMAN'S BEACON HILL GALLERY, SEVENTH FLOOR

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FIVE minutes of the news, these days, puts us in mind of that section in our bird book headed "Confusing Fall Warblers." Commentators and newscasters glide with easy assurance through the dismal swamp of events, pointing out a flashing wing bar here, a curved beak there, chattering freely of immaturities, changed stripes, dusky streaks. We listen in a sort of cheerful daze to their running explanation of treason trials, currency disasters, strike threats, plane crashes, political banditry, military preparations, distant atomic explosions, rocket tests, troop movements, Channel swims, and ball scores. Here at the edge of the forest, here at the threshold of the uranium-and-phenobarbital era, for a clarification before entering we refer our readers to Plate 51 of "A Field Guide to the Birds" (most of these have streaks or wing bars) and to Plate 52 (most of these have no streaks or wing bars). Here at the edge of the forest we recommend a quick comparison of, say, the Immature Myrtle (bright-yellow rump) and the Palm (brownish back; wags tail). There is little left of sanity among humankind, and the warblers, thank God, have *never* been sane.

THE Board of Education has twenty-three criteria for selecting textbooks, library books, and magazines for use in the public schools. We learned this by reading a fourteen-page pamphlet published by the Board explaining how it makes its choice. One criterion is: "Is it [the book or magazine] free from subject matter that tends to irreverence for things held sacred?" Another criterion is: "Are both sides of controversial issues presented with fairness?" Another: "Is it free from objectionable slang expressions which will interfere with the building of good language habits?"

These three criteria by themselves are enough to keep a lot of good books from the schools. Irreverence for things held sacred has started many a writer on his way, and will again. An author so little moved by a controversy that he can present both sides fairly is not likely to burn any holes in the paper. We think the way for school children to get both sides of a controversy is to read several books on the subject, not one. In other words, we think the Board should strive for a well-balanced library, not a well-balanced book. The greatest books are heavily slanted, by the nature of greatness.

As for "the building of good language habits," we have gone carefully through the pamphlet to see what habits, if any, the Board itself has formed. They appear to be the usual ones—the habit of untidiness, the habit of ambiguity, the habit of saying everything the hard way. The clumsy phrase, the impenetrable sentence, the cliché, the misspelled word. The Board has, we gather, no strong convictions about the use of the serial comma, no grip on "that" and "which," no opinion about whether a textbook is a "text book," a "text-book," or a "textbook." (The score at the end of the fourteenth was "text book" 5, "text-book" 11, "textbook" 5.) It sees nothing comical, or challenging, in the sentence "Materials should be provided for boys and girls who vary greatly in attitudes, abilities, interests, and mental age." It sees no need for transposition in "Phrases should not be split in captions under pictures." It sees no bugs in "The number of lines should be most conducive to readability." And you should excuse the expression "bugs"—a slang word, interfering with the building of good language habits.

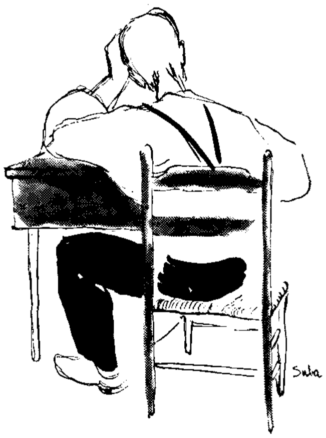
We still have high hopes of getting *The New Yorker* accepted in the schools, but our hopes are less high than they were when we picked up the pamphlet. We're bucking some stiff criteria—criteria that are, shall we say, time-tested?

Good Enough for Anybody

WE sent a young man over to the Waldorf the other day to see how two of its most distinguished guests are making out—Mr. Bevin, of England, and M. Schuman, of France, who are here to attend meetings of the United Nations General Assembly and of the Council of Foreign Ministers. (Mr. Vishinsky's home away from home is the Soviet diplomatic retreat in Glen Cove, where he's probably very comfortable.) Our man was told that the Messrs. Bevin and Schuman are model guests, quiet and undemanding. Mr. Bevin and his wife have a suite on the twenty-third floor of the Tower, consisting of a living room, two bedrooms, and two baths. The Bevins occupy one of the bedrooms, and two Scotland Yard men occupy the other. M. Schuman, who is unmarried, has the same setup on the twenty-fourth floor, except that his second bedroom is occupied by a couple of Sûreté men. Besides these bodyguards, each Foreign Minister has a uniformed policeman of the Seventeenth Precinct sitting in the hall outside his rooms twenty-four hours a day, and the hotel security staff (the term "house dick," or even "house detective," is frowned on at the Waldorf) also keeps an eye on the Ministers. The hotel security men are instructed to make sure that

they have locked their doors every night. So far, no difficulty on this score; they always have. Hotel security men also accompany the Ministers when they go from their rooms to the street, and vice versa, and when they go to and from conference rooms and banquet rooms in different parts of the hotel. The idea isn't so much to protect them as to see that they don't get lost.

Coming and going, Bevin and Schuman use the Tower entrance, avoiding the main lobby, and the elevator operators try to see to it that they have a car to themselves. Both visitors eat in their rooms. M. Schuman rarely has any meal at the hotel save breakfast. His usual breakfast is *croissants*, *confiture*, and *café au lait*. Mr. Bevin is on a strict diet, and his meals are therefore rather complicated. His dietary requirements were supplied to the Waldorf kitchen in a memo the day he checked in. He is allowed no salt whatever, not even in bread—the Waldorf orders special saltless bread for him from Hanscom's—and no cabbage, turnips, rutabagas, peppers, radishes, onions, parsnips, lima beans, rhubarb, spinach, or spices. Cheese is also forbidden, except cottage cheese, but he has occasionally ordered a slice of Cheddar to go with apple pie, which is one of his favorite desserts. He generally has just tea and toast for breakfast, but one morning last week, after a night session of the Council of Foreign Ministers, he ordered, additionally, a dish of prunes and two soft-boiled eggs. If he's at the hotel in the late afternoon, he has tea there. Unlike many Englishmen, he holds no grudge against tea bags. Our man asked the Waldorf protocol official whether special service or silver is used for the Bevins and M. Schuman. He answered gently that the Waldorf considers its regular service and silver good enough for anybody.



M. Schuman and Mr. Bevin aren't expected to tip room waiters and bellhops as they go along. By arrangement, a service charge is added to their bills, and the hotel hands out the tips. All incoming telephone calls for the Foreign Ministers are shunted to temporary offices that have been set up near their suites. Autograph hunters and other unauthorized visitors haven't a chance of getting at them. The Waldorf has had so much experience protecting movie stars from their publics that a couple of Foreign Ministers are no problem at all.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: O'Dare's Restaurant, just north of the Central Park Avenue entrance to the Empire City Track, displays a sign reading, "Anything an Irishman Can't Do Other Nationalities Better Not Try. Smörgåsbord Every Thursday."

A radio program sponsored by a Washington, D.C., music store advertises "hit spirituals."

No Slue

BACK in June, the Board of Transportation took delivery on an eight-car stainless-steel subway train, which then spent the summer making trial runs on the B.-M.T.'s Sea Beach line, loaded with ballast instead of passengers. The purpose of these runs was to iron out any kinks that might develop and to get the motormen used to the uncommonly fast pickup and braking action. No kinks developed, and the motormen got the hang of the thing, so some days ago the train was put into regular service on the Times Square-Brighton Beach run; now we've made a routine trip on it, the first subway ride to which we've looked forward since we were two. We're glad to say that the R-11, as the new wonder is known to B. of T. men, lived up to our expectations. It's handsome to look at, comfortable to ride in, and so crammed with health-giving and health-preserving devices that it probably put us in better physical condition than we've been in in the last ten years. No other subway train can make this claim.

Our excursion began at the Times Square station. In that gloomy labyrinth, the glitter of the R-11's stainless sides struck a downright exhilarating note. As it pulled in, a murmur of incredulity and delight came from the crowd on the platform, and when it stopped, two or three men reached out and patted its flank. The doors slid silently open and a metallic voice, issuing from amplifiers inside the train, urged us in a tone that Hamlet's father's ghost might have envied to watch our step. We did so, the doors slid shut, and the train zipped off. Two long fluorescent tubes cast a pleasant lavender glow over the interior of the cars. We made our way to a point between cars, midway in the train, where a combined conductor and guard is stationed to work switches that control the doors of all the cars and to make announcements over the public-address system. "The Board was careful to pick men with good elocution to ride the R-11," the conductor-guard told us, sounding every syllable. "The idea is to speed up traffic by calling the stations and generally helping out. We got four double doors on each side of each car, and each set is four inches wider than in the old-type cars. That's to speed up traffic. No rebound on these doors, and *that's* to speed up traffic. The doors are electrically operated, and while they can't be wrassled back, they can be held open at any position. That's to speed up traffic, too. Plenty of rubber along the edges, though, so no one's going to get hurt. And, of course, the train won't start until every door is locked shut."

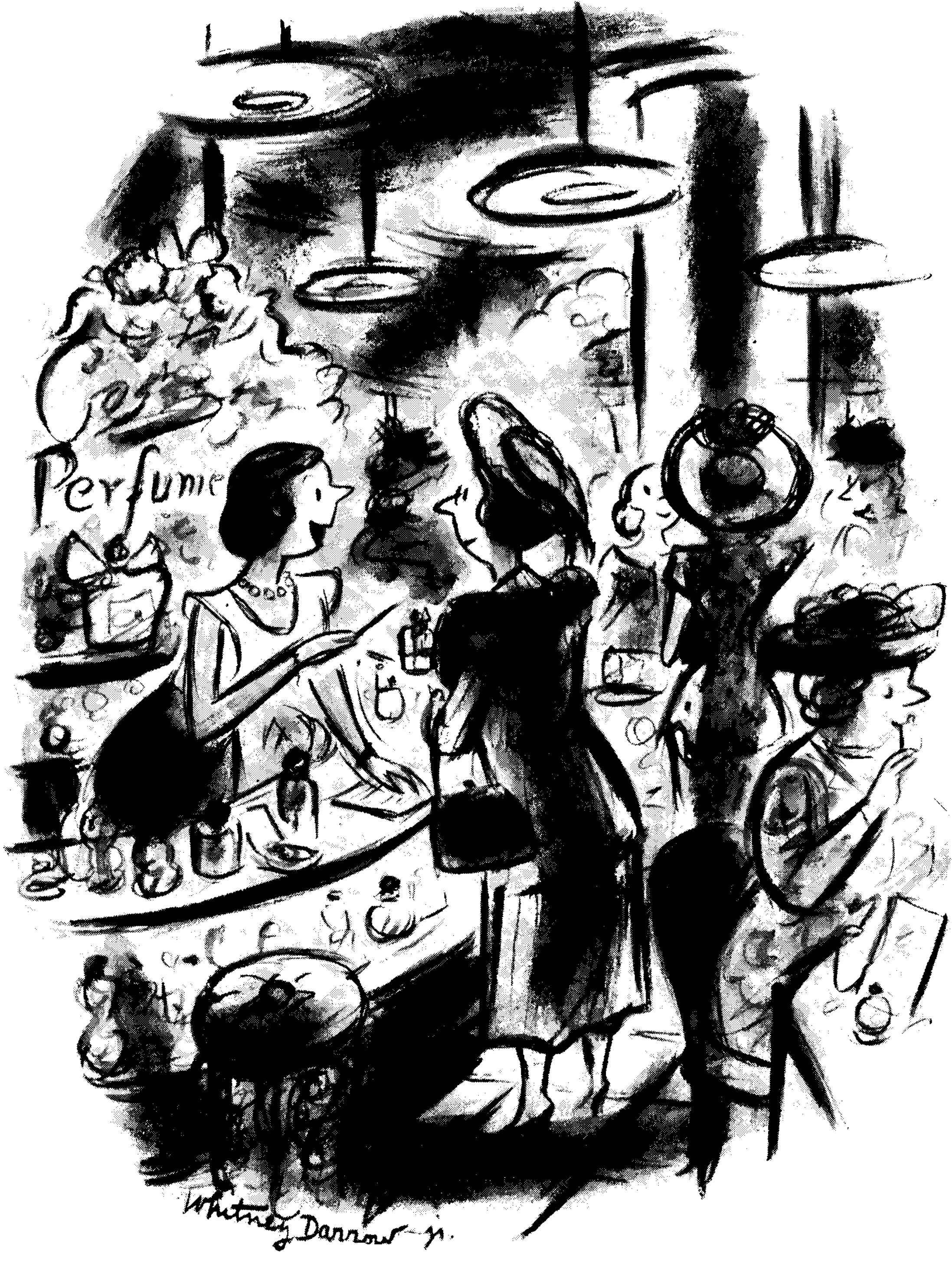
We found a place on a nearby seat and perused some literature we had been supplied with before leaving our office. We learned that the new cars are sixty feet long and seat fifty-four people. The old B.-M.T. subway cars are seven feet longer and seat eighty people, but the emphasis in the new cars is on standees, the accepted proof of progress in the world of underground transportation apparently being the designing of cars in which fewer people can sit and more can stand. There's no straphanging in the R-11, however. Ten stainless-steel handrails are suspended from the ceiling of each car, and each car has ten stanchions, or upright poles, in place of the usual four, giving the standees a greater choice of things to cling to. Sittees sit on benches covered with a plastic material resembling cane. The trucks of the cars are cushioned with rubber, which makes for smoother and quieter riding, and vertical and horizontal shock absorbers cut down on swing and sway. The cars have a double ventilating system, one to recirculate air, the other to introduce fresh air. The blowers of the recirculating system draw the air from the interior through grilles in the ceiling, one at each end of the car. Four ultraviolet-ray sterilizing lamps are mounted on the upper side of each grille, to kill whatever germs may be floating about in the air before it is returned to the interior of the car. The air that is drawn in from outside the car is filtered and sterilized en route, and the dust in it is electrostatically precipitated. In winter, this air will be warmed by electric heating elements. Hot or cold, it is delivered into the car in a fanlike pattern through an opening two inches above the floor. The theory is that such a pattern of air will help to maintain a warm, dry floor throughout the winter. "It's as healthy as a hospital in here," the conductor-guard told us as we prepared to step off the train at Canal Street. "No bounce, no slue, no noise, no germs, a fine light to read by, and soft colors to make you relax. You're better off down here than you'd be in Central Park."

Enigma

A LADY tells us about lunching in a Schrafftish sort of restaurant in a Westchester suburb, where, because of the rush, she shared a table with two nice-looking matrons in flowered hats. Nothing about them to excite attention until one started showing snapshots to the other, holding them, maddeningly, so that our informant couldn't get even a peek. One by one, the pictures were greeted with regulation coos until suddenly there was a gasp. "Heavens! What's *that*?" Nervous little laugh. "Why, that's just Wilmer spearing a toad." "Oh, of course." Interest fades from face. Next picture.

A Curve Is a Curve

IN an article on the constitution and construction of the big-league baseball last week, we had occasion to mention the outlawing of the emery ball, the shine ball, and the spitball. Having thus got interested in the art of pitching a baseball, we have dipped into the subject of what pitchers may throw and may not throw, and what they *do* throw, and we herewith pass along certain elementary information we have gained, mostly in a talk with Freddie Fitzsimmons, who, as a Giant coach and a former Giant and Dodger pitcher, is to be regarded as an expert. To begin with, the emery ball was a ball roughened on one side by a piece of emery cloth or emery paper, which some players frankly had sewn into their gloves and others carried in their hip pockets and took out more or less openly, or by powdered emery carried loose in the pocket. Because of air resistance, a ball thus treated curved considerably more than an ordinary ball. The shine ball worked on the same aerodynamic principle. One side of it was polished against the pitcher's uniform, and dirt was rubbed on the other side. Talcum powder and paraffin were also used to make one side of the ball less air-resistant than the other. The spitter, finally, was a ball to which spit had been applied. This enabled the pitcher to flip it out of his hand with very little spin. A successful

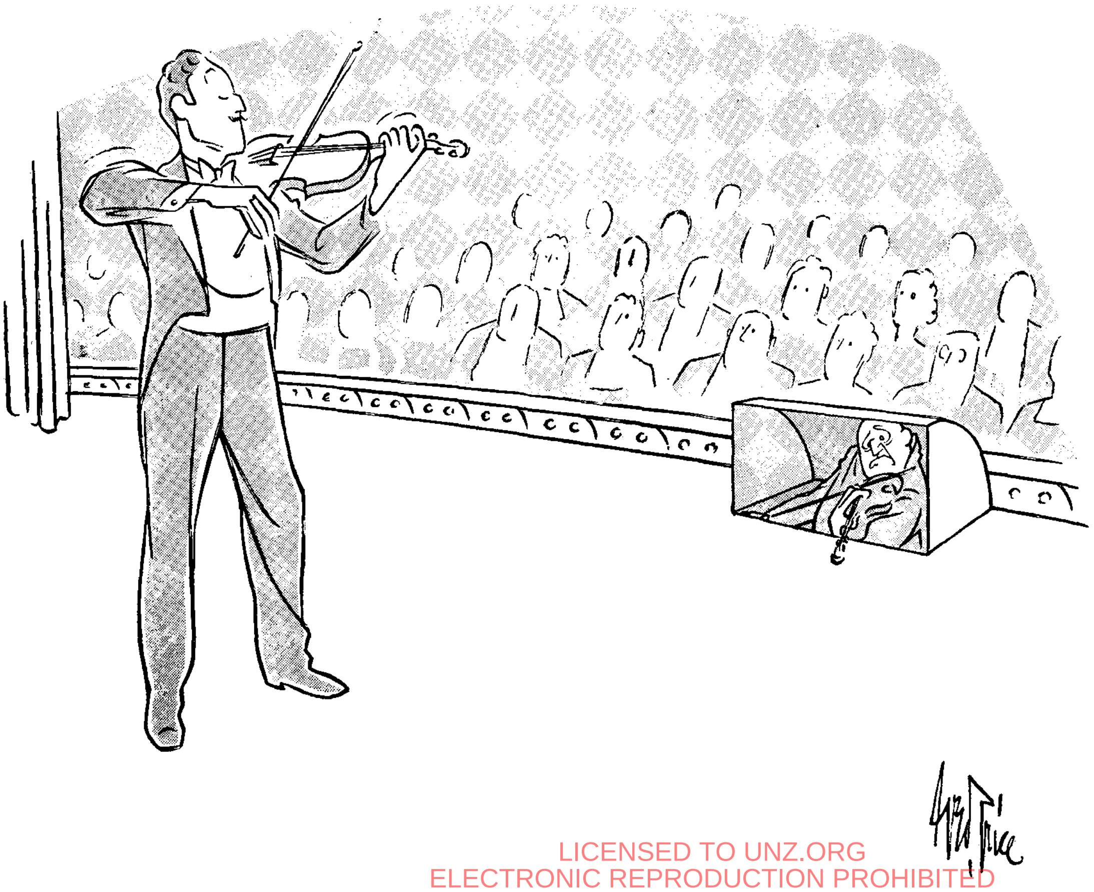


"Now, I'll have to ask you to sign this, please. It's just a little form releasing the store from responsibility."

spitter wobbled toward the plate and took an erratic dive just before it got there. These balls, together with the sweat ball, the licorice ball (licorice juice was more effective for discoloring a ball than dirt), the mud ball, and numerous variants, were forbidden by both leagues simultaneously in 1920. It was thought that the pitchers were getting too far ahead of the batters, and it was probably thought, further, that more hitting would be good for the box office. (The gouging of balls with knife or can-opener blades sewn or wired into the webbing of pitchers' and infielders' gloves had been outlawed long before that, of course.) There was one exception to this sweeping reform: The league managers realized that a number of contemporary spitball pitchers would be deprived of their means of livelihood if they weren't allowed to continue, so those were allowed to keep on with the spitball. But no new pitchers were allowed to throw it. The last spitballer was Burleigh Grimes, and he threw the last spitball in 1934, or the last legal spitball, at any rate. Nowadays, a pitcher is hedged in by many frustrating regulations. He can't rub the ball in the dirt. He can't rub it against his uniform. He can't spit on it. He can't spit on his hand, or into his glove. He can't even put a finger to his mouth. And if he reaches into his back pocket to get out his handkerchief, he's an object of tense suspicion on the part of the umpires and all the players in the opposition dugout. He can't even rub the ball with his glove. He can massage the ball, of course, but he does so with his bare hands, while his glove dangles from his wrist. He can touch the resin bag with his hands and the dirt with his hands, and that's about all he can touch. The idea of the resin bag is that it allows the pitcher to dry his hands. Any funny business and the pitcher is out of the game, and suspended, too, as likely as not.

Mr. Fitzsimmons used to specialize in the knuckle ball, which is sometimes known as the dry spitter, because its action resembles that of a spitter. Terms like "incurve," "outcurve," "inshoot," "outshoot," "drop," etc., are passé in big-league baseball—grammar-school stuff, Mr. Fitzsimmons told us. Pitchers have, with some important qualifications, just one curve. "A curve is a curve," said Mr. Fitzsimmons flatly. "A pitcher throwing a curve lets the ball slide off his index finger. If he's a right-handed pitcher, it has right-to-left spin, and if he's left-handed, a left-to-right one. A curve thrown by a right-handed pitcher curves away from a right-handed batter and down. If it is thrown with a lot of wrist snap, it will break more out than down. All a matter of degree." A change-of-pace ball, he explained, is one thrown at approximately three-quarters the speed of a fast ball. A fast ball is thrown as hard as the pitcher can throw it, and if it is thrown right, it has a hop.

Mr. Fitzsimmons enumerated for us pitches he classes as freaks, of which we made notes on the following: the heretofore-mentioned knuckle ball, which is thrown with the knuckles of the index and second fingers (and sometimes the third finger) pressed tight against the surface; the fork ball, which is thrown with the index finger and the second finger spread as far apart as possible on the upper surface of the ball, and the thumb holding it in place at the bottom, and acts like a knuckle ball; the fingernail ball, which is gripped by a certain number of fingernails, and acts ditto; the screwball, which slides off the outer edge of the pitcher's second finger with a left-to-right spin and describes what is called a reverse curve; and the blooper, also known as the butterfly, the rainbow, the balloon, and the ephus. This is tossed overhand rather than thrown. It has a very high trajectory, and Mr. Fitzsimmons estimates that it gets over the plate about one time out of twenty. "It's a good ball to use in the late innings when your team is twelve runs ahead," he said. No pitchers for either the Yanks or the Dodgers throw the blooper, he told us.

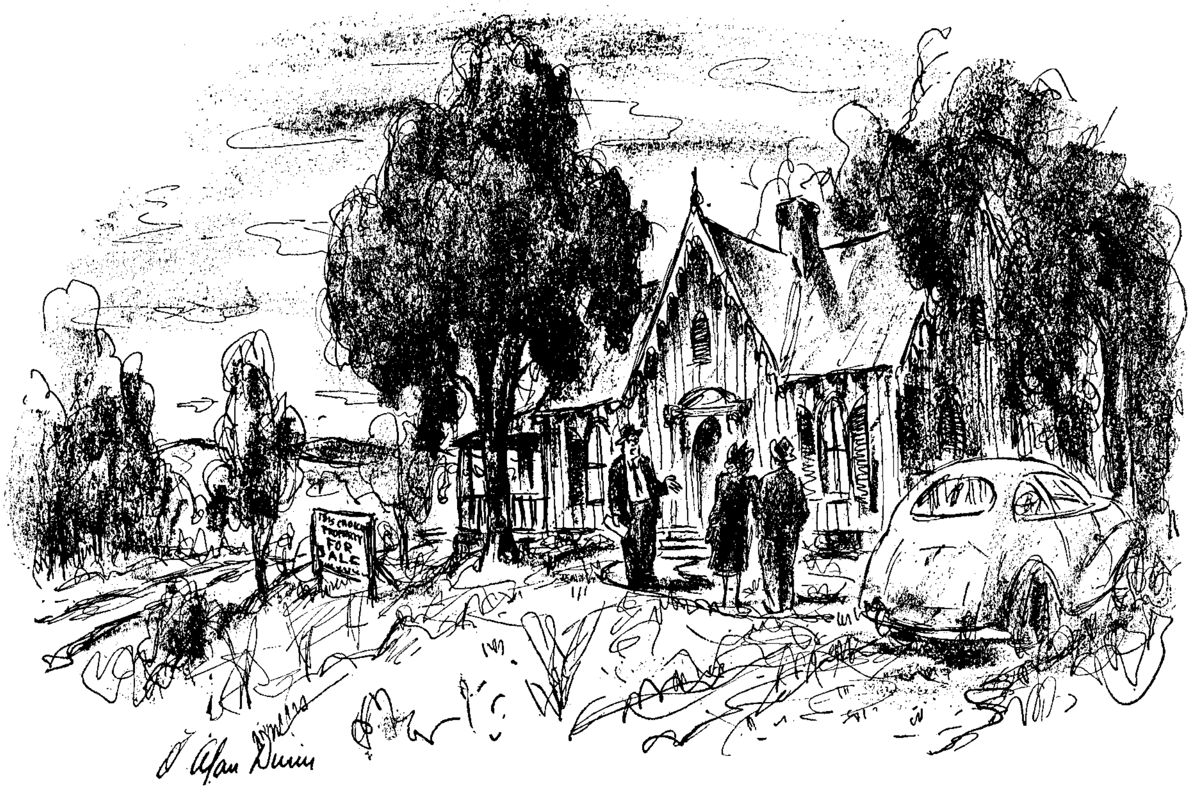


Eyeopener

CONVERSATIONAL bit earnestly uttered by a student at the Yale Divinity School: "You really ought to look into sociology. It involves many fascinating secular notions."

Avocation

WE introduce at this point Dr. Nathan Sulzberger, a short, mustached, impeccably dressed chemist in his seventies who lives, a contented bachelor, in a Central Park South odditorium crammed with Tibetan statuettes, paintings of Iceland, and metal snakes holding in their mouths red electric-light bulbs that light up. He has originated, and draws royalties on, a number of chemical preparations, among them an iodine powder that is a specific for inflammation of the middle ear, and he is the patentee of the idea of encasing pharmaceuticals in chewing gum. Feenamint, the chewing-gum laxative, is his baby. He also thought up Steero, which was the first American bouillon cube, and its motto, "A Cube Makes a Cup." Dr. Sulzberger differs from other chemists who collect electric snakes in that he has written several hundred stories, none of which have been published; several hundred poems, few of which have been published; and a novel, "Just Among Friends," which he dedicated to Adam and Eve and had printed privately. His stories, which he has mimeographed and distributes among his friends, have titles like "Two Tickets, or Testing the Law of Cosmic Propinquity," "Fred Boynton, or An Established Case of Nasal Elephantiasis," and "Amnesia Stomachalis, or The Strange Affliction of Alexander Grandshine." Dr. Sulzberger advised us that he is a native New Yorker and a son of Ferdinand Sulzberger, head of the meat-packing firm of Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, now merged with Wilson & Co. "I've lived a very nice, beautiful life," he said. "My father, who spent a good deal of time in Germany, sent me to school in Karlsruhe in my teens, and, in 1895, to the University of Munich." It was there that Dr. Sulzberger began writing, in German and in English, and he kept it up during subsequent courses at the Universities of Leipzig and Berlin. "Forgive me for saying so," he remarked, switching on the light in one of his snakes, "but I think writing should be an avocation, not a vocation. Fortunately, I was in a position to make it one." He explained that he was well heeled as a young man and that Feenamint, Steero, and his other inventions have made him better heeled.



"What's so godforsaken about it? United Parcel delivers right to the door."

The Doctor showed us a medical journal containing an article entitled "The Nonsurgical Dry Treatment of Chronic Suppurative Otitis with Iodin Powder (Sulzberger)," and besought us not to read it. "You may find these more interesting," he said, handing us a batch of stories and poems. The poems bore the signature Sebastian Frank Wendland and the stories D. R. Enness and other noms de plume. "Dr. N. S.," Dr. N. S. explained. "I don't know *where* I got the Wendland name. My stories are rather fantastic, and I don't think you can sign a fantastic story with an ordinary-run name like Sulzberger." We picked out "Celia Grant and the Power of Iron" and read:

> Celia was anemic, in fact, so bloodlessly white when born that the a-bit-nearsighted wetnurse had difficulty in finding her in the bedsheets. Naturally the Doctors, the family Doctors, were consulted. We all know—as they do too—that such condition is due to lack of blood-iron. So iron was administered: iron liquids, iron pills, and iron variously reinforced, also Dr. Linkmayer's iron fumes.... There was no milk, no orange juice, no pabulum given without, at least, a trace of iron in it.

Reading on, we learned that thimbles stuck to Celia, that hairpins, needles, and nails "would follow her fingers all around the table," and that iron forks and spoons "would cling to her fingers." There's a snapper at the end, which we aren't giving away.

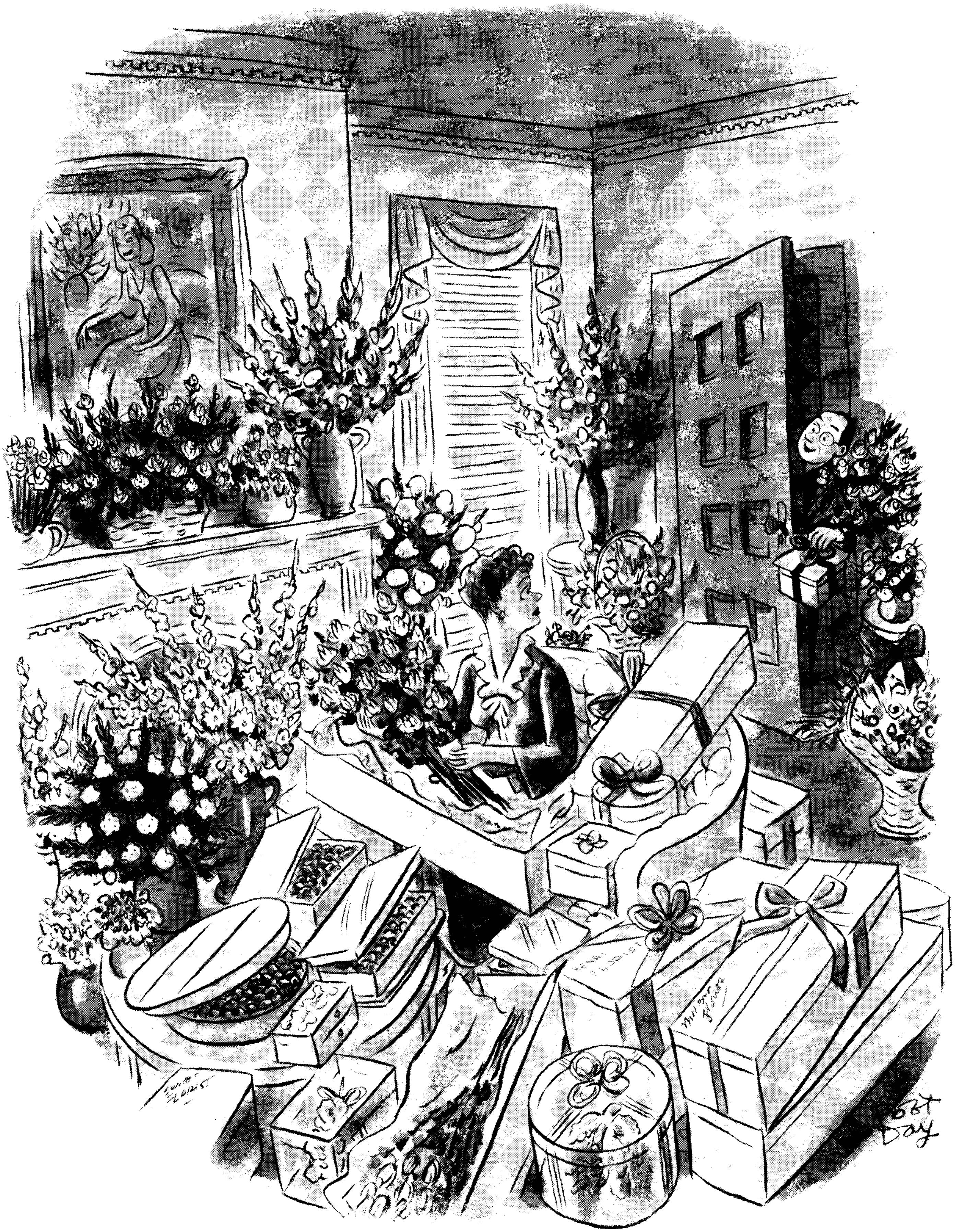
Dr. Sulzberger drew our attention to some German poems of his that appeared in the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, a poem in English in the *Trained Nurse & Hospital Review*, and a verse in manuscript entitled "Only a Dog," from which we copied down the following lines:

A Dog!... A Dog!
Oh, only a dog,
I held him oft to my loving breast
And now he has closed his eyes to rest.
Dear Schnauzie!
Was ever a human so dear to me!
Looked ever eyes so lovingly...
Thy years on earth but doubled seven!
We shared the Earth, we'll share the Heaven.

"Never owned a dog, don't like them much," said Dr. Sulzberger. "I can't imagine why I wrote the poem." He told us that he is working on a waterproof paper for cigarettes and that his telephone number appears in the phone book only under one of his pseudonyms. "I put it in in case I should ever forget it," he said. "Would you like to see a story I wrote under the name Fungus Gus?"

Patriot

A YOUNG lady of six who attended a wedding at St. Thomas the other day watched the proceedings with no evidence of great interest until the minister happened to put his hand over his heart and pause. Thereupon she sprang to her feet, and clearly and ringingly stated, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the..."



"*Am I forgiven, honey?*"

MY BROTHER'S SECOND FUNERAL

HALF the people in Edgerton will be at my brother's funeral tomorrow. Some of them have seen me around town these past couple of days, and they are bound to be asking each other why I'm not there. They'll probably have more sense than to ask my mother, but I wouldn't be surprised if one of my father's friends happened to say, "Where's Bob?" My father will come up with a story and he'll expect me to back him. I guess I will. All I want now is to spend a few hours with my mother after the funeral and then catch the late train out.

Riley will be buried with military honors. A squad from the Riley Greer Post of the American Legion will fire a round or two, and there'll be Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and Cub Scouts and Brownies and firemen and ladies' auxiliaries and garden clubs and church groups, and I don't want any part of them, not tomorrow. It's decent of them to do what they're going to do. But I don't want to be there when they do it.

Last Monday, my father phoned me long distance where I work, at the Bureau of Motor Vehicles in Albany. He'd just had word that Riley's remains would be brought to Edgerton on Friday, and could I come down then and stay until the funeral on Sunday? He said there'd been a meeting about it at the Legion. The casket would be set up in the Legion Hall, and two men would stand guard by it day and night, with relief every two hours. He was pretty near out of breath. He went on and on about the arrangements—the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the ladies' auxiliaries. Everybody knew what Riley's first funeral must have been like, at Salerno, with the fighting still going on and all, and they wanted this one to be right. I said I'd come down.

But I won't go to the funeral tomorrow. I can hear some of those Legion boys now. They'll be saying, "Bob always *was* jealous of Riley. Bob never had the girls Riley had. Bob never got to go to college. Bob never got to be a lieutenant." All that will be true, except the jealous part. I was never jealous of Riley. We had our scraps and battles, but they didn't mean a thing. Riley and I were friends. He would have been my friend even if we hadn't been brothers.

There was only a year between us and we were practically the same size, so we could do everything together—stuff like building a tree house or hiking up Bear Mountain. We caught our first fish the same day and had our first dates the same night and got into our first real trouble by nudging the memorial cannon off its base. We couldn't stop it from rolling downhill, and it crashed into the door of the Edgerton National Bank. My father had to pay over a hundred dollars in damages. A lot of people said it served him right, because if it hadn't been for him, that piece of ordnance wouldn't have been there in the first place.

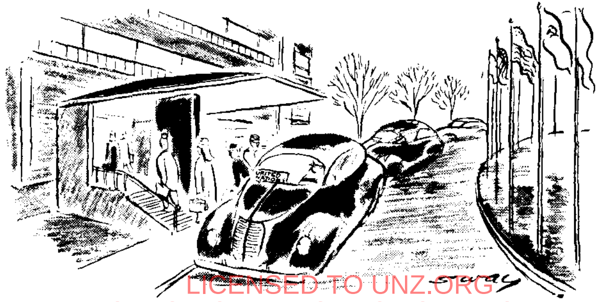
It's all connected up together, that cannon and the monkeyshines they'll be putting on for Riley tomorrow. If, back in '17, they had stuck my father into some infantry line outfit, it might have been another story. Instead, they went and made him a staff general's orderly, and he spent almost a year in Paris. That's what he never got over. They gave him that dog robber's job, and it's still the big thing in his life. You'll find a few men like that in every Legion post, and usually they do most of the sounding off.

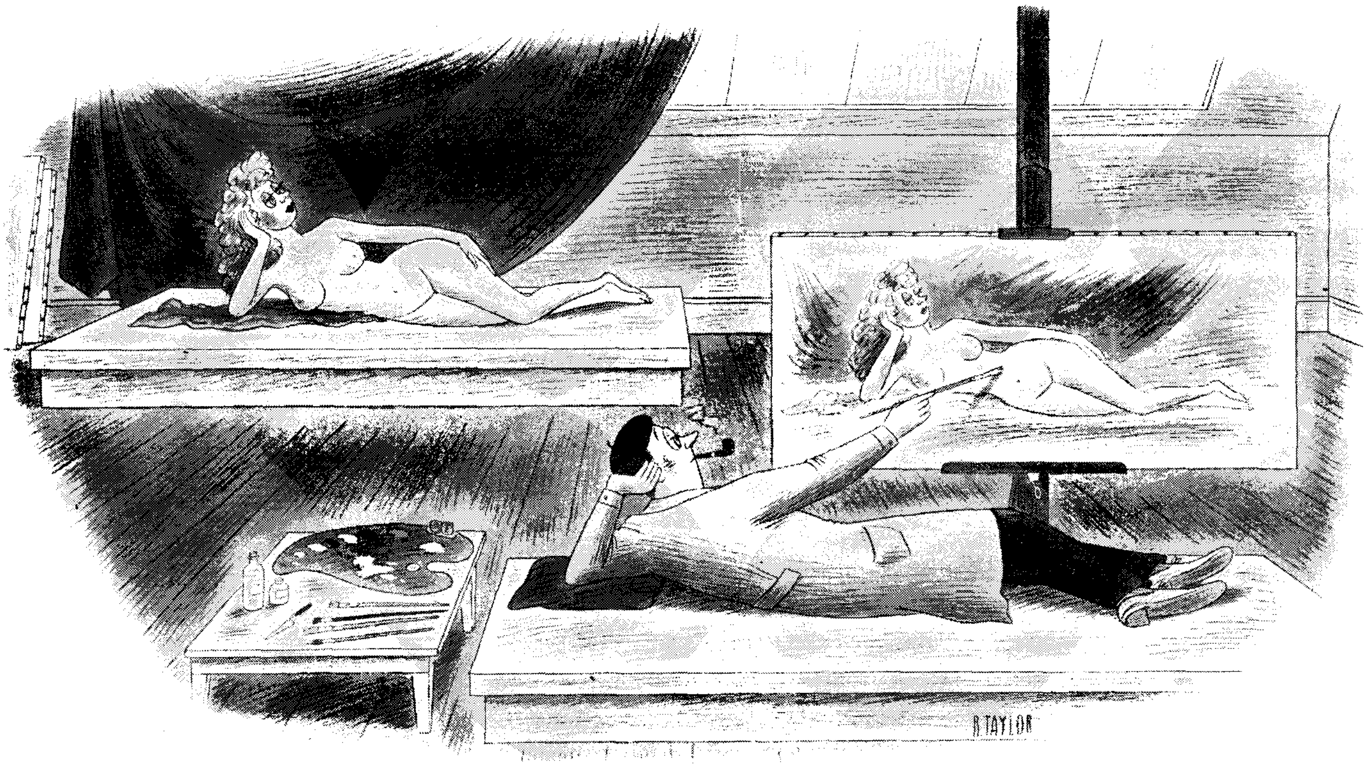
I'm not old enough to remember the first fuss about the cannon, but my mother used to say it split the town right down the middle. My father and his Legion friends were all for setting it up, and Mr. Dohmler, the principal of our school, was against it. He thought if the town was bent on having a memorial, it ought to be a playground with a plaque in it or some such. He didn't like the idea of children getting interested in cannons. And he had plenty of support, too, because at that time there was a lot of feeling against war. But there was even more feeling against Germany, and Mr. Dohmler had been born there, and that's what finally licked him. So from about '24 on, all the Memorial Day parades end up at the cannon, and the Legion post commander places a wreath of flowers at the base. My father's name is on one of the plaques there, and Riley's and mine are on the other. I was in the 14th Armored.

When Riley and I were kids, we used to be proud as hell of our father marching in those parades, but after a while it got pretty embarrassing. The old man was always yelling commands down the line, and he has this real high-pitched voice that sounds queer coming from a big fat guy. He didn't use to be fat to begin with, but he got a job as a licensed weighmaster at the coal and lumber yard, and right away he started putting on the pounds. He hasn't stopped yet.

Well, every time he got out there, with his stomach bulging up under his Legion blues, Riley and I would look at each other and wish we were in some other place except Edgerton. Anybody who's been in a town where the Legion was having a convention will know what I mean. You see these old crocks in uniform, and they're leaning out of a hotel window, tossing paper bags full of water at the girls. I don't say my father ever did that, but then I've never gone to a convention with him. He might just as well do that as get out there in a Memorial Day parade sporting a dozen or more medals that aren't worth the metal they're stamped from—all these state decorations and danglers that the boys hand out to each other for being alive. As soon as Riley and I were old enough to own bikes, we used to go to Forest Valley or some other town for our Memorial Day parade. And the old man would yak at us for not showing proper respect. He never hit us or took our allowance away or anything like that. He'd just yak at us, and Riley would yak back at him. The old man took a lot of lip from Riley.

I still remember one argument they had, about Belgian babies. Riley might have been a freshman at college then. Back in the war, the old man said, the Germans used to kill Belgian babies. Riley said all that's been proved to be nothing but propaganda. And besides wasn't it true that once some Kentucky riflemen had made razorstrops from the skin off the legs of a British brigadier general? The old man wanted to know where Riley got that. So Riley came up with a book that had the story. The legs had belonged to Tecumseh, the Indian chief, and Tecumseh had held a commission as brigadier general in the British Army, sure enough. Then my father got started on the books they now give boys to read at college, and the argument took up all of a Thanks-





giving dinner and on into the evening. I got into it, too—something I wouldn't do today. I don't seem to get anyplace with arguments. Maybe the Germans did kill Belgian babies and maybe they didn't. There's no argument about the Jewish babies, is there? Or the Japanese babies we got in Tokyo? Arguments are for people who know what the score is.

Riley used to be a glutton for arguments. About the time he was fifteen, he decided there was no God, so he never ran out of things to argue about. He decided he wouldn't go to church any more. My mother tried everything to budge him, and finally she had our pastor, Mr. Haislip, come over to the house to see what he could do. He talked around awhile and then he put it to Riley straight. He said, "Son, why don't you believe in God?"

I thought Riley would back down for sure. Instead, he asked if God was responsible for our grandfather being in the hospital with cancer. We loved our grandfather. Riley wanted to know why, if there was a God, He allowed things like that to happen.

"It is not for us to question His ways," Mr. Haislip said. "We are not given to understand the workings of His infinite wisdom."

Riley said, "If we're not supposed to understand His ways, what's the use of you trying to explain them every Sunday?"

My mother started to cry. She was crazy about her father and she knew he didn't have long to live, but she was upset about Riley talking like that to Mr. Haislip. Riley hadn't meant to talk fresh. He was only standing up for what he believed, and Mr. Haislip kept encouraging him to ask questions. They went at it hammer and tongs about Jonah and the whale, and why, if God was all-powerful, He let the Devil go free, and stuff like that. Personally, I thought Riley had the best of it.

Riley and I had no arguments to speak of, not after we got out of high school. We saw eye to eye on most of the important things. He used to come home from college for vacations, and we'd talk into the night or go bowling or something. There was never any of the jealousy you'll often find between brothers. There were times I wished I could be going to college, and times he wished he could be earning his keep, like me, and have some spare cash to blow, but I knew right along I wasn't cut out for studying, and he knew he'd do all right once the grind was over. Riley would have been a good engineer if he'd lived. Riley was good not only at the things he liked but also at the things he had to do. He didn't like the Army any more than I did, but six months after they drafted him, he was a lieutenant and running a platoon.

Say Riley had lived to be the best mechanical engineer in the country. Say he'd invented a perpetual-motion machine or built a rocket to the moon. Nothing like that could have given my old man the bang he got out of those two gold bars. Edgerton wasn't big enough to hold him when Riley made lieutenant. He'd go over to Forest Valley and drink in some joint, and after two short beers, out of his wallet would come the picture of his son the lieutenant. Riley would get home on a three-day leave, and the old man would call a meeting of air-raid wardens and make Riley give a lecture on strategy. He'd run to the local paper with Riley's personal letters, and Riley had to threaten to stop writing. Riley told me about that when he came to see me at Fort Campbell, just before I shipped overseas. We had a few drinks and went off on one of our old-time laughing jags. We'd hit a spell like that, and anything we said, no matter if it was funny or not, would make us laugh. We laughed until we saw practically the whole barroom was laughing with or at us. We left our table and went to sit in one of those booths, where we could laugh in private, but once we got there, we didn't feel like laughing any more. That's when he told me he was on his way to ship over with a lot of other lieutenants.

"I guess I should have gone home instead of coming to see you," he said, "but you know how it is. The old man would have made a thing of it. You tell them I'll be all right."

I said I'd do that. I had no idea I'd be on shipment myself inside of a week.

"All infantry lieutenants," he said. "That means we'll be shoved in as replacements. Here I've been a PX officer for more than a year, and now they'll give me a platoon. I know they will. I swear I don't even remember my signals any more."

"They'll brush you up on all that," I said.

"It'll take more than a brushup to make a line officer out of me. I don't know, there's something that's been in my mind ever since I got my orders—one of those field problems they don't give you in basic. Say I'm sent out on patrol with a squad. I have a chance of goofing off, with nobody the wiser, or a fifty-fifty chance of coming back. What do I do? What would you do?"

"I'd have to know more about it," I said.

"No, you wouldn't. You're out there in the woods and you've got your choice."

"I don't know," I said. "I'll wait till I get there. I don't have to decide now."

"I do. I want to decide now while I can think straight, not out there where I'll be all fagged out and walking in a daze, maybe. If I could be sure I'd goof off, I'd turn in my commission now."

I don't remember what else we said, because about then an M.P. lieutenant showed up and asked to see Riley outside. Riley was gone less than five minutes. When he came back, he told me he'd been warned about drinking in public with an enlisted man. He didn't exactly tell the M.P. off, but he did ask to see the written rule. There isn't any.

" 'Customs of the service,' the guy said," Riley told me. " 'In other words,' I said, 'chicken.' 'That's right,' he said. 'Chicken.' He was only doing his job."

Then something else got us laughing again, and we went off on another jag.

About the field problem that was bothering Riley that day, I don't guess it ever came up in Italy. In combat, you almost never act the way you think you will before you know anything about it. Being in charge of a platoon, just as he thought he would be, he must have gone on a lot of patrols in Italy. And, judging by the letter that came from his captain, he must have done all right, until an artillery barrage got him at Salerno. A few of the men from his platoon also wrote, to say they were sorry.

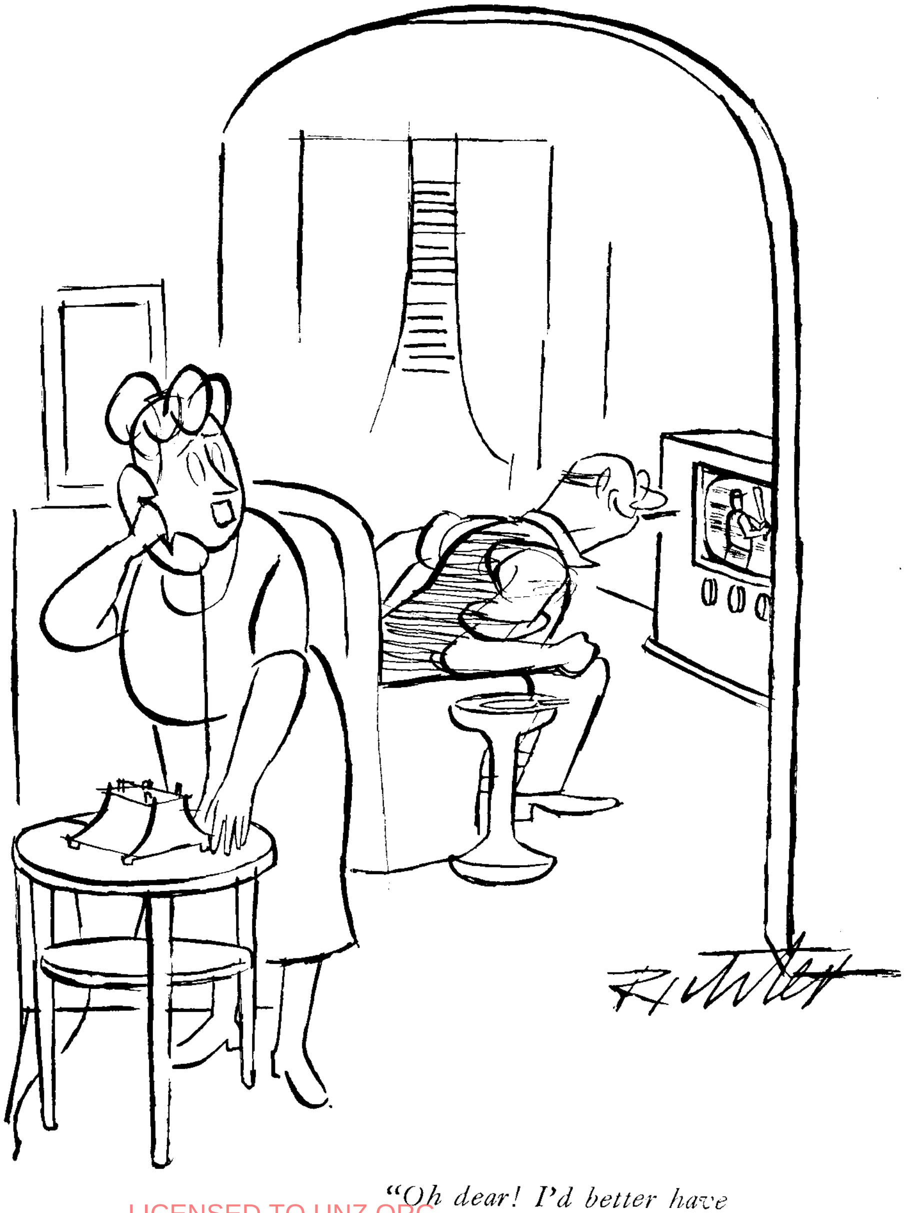
For both my father's and my mother's sake I wish I could have been home when those letters came. But maybe it's just as well I wasn't. Maybe it's just as well my father went all to pieces, because my mother had to take hold and that probably kept her from cracking up herself.

First off, my father wouldn't go to work for a week. He sat around the house and stared in front of him without seeing anybody or anything. He wouldn't go to church with my mother. He wouldn't answer the telephone. He averaged about one meal a day.

Then he went to work on Riley's room. He had thirty or forty of Riley's pictures framed and he hung them all in there. He said nobody outside the family was going to sleep in that room as long as he lived. He was going to keep it as a shrine. That was what he said—a shrine. He wrote an article about Riley, and the paper ran it just as it was written. He had the name of the Edgerton Legion Post changed to the Riley Greer Post. Nobody voted against that, of course. Riley was the first Edgerton man killed.

Dr. Melasky told me that my father would have gone out of his mind if it hadn't been for my mother taking hold. My mother pulled through by going to church every day. Old Mr. Haislip would meet her there, and they would pray together.

Mr. Haislip was at the house yesterday afternoon when the casket was due to arrive. My father was there, too, and they talked about the arrangements. Every so often, my father would get on the telephone and give instruc-



"Oh dear! I'd better have him call you back. The bases are loaded."

tions to the band leader, or to the lady in charge of the Girl Scouts, or to Engstrom, the fellow commanding the honor guard. "It's got to be right," he said to Engstrom. "Riley was a soldier. It's got to be right."

"I don't see why there has to be a band," I said. "Or Girl Scouts, or anything else."

My father and my mother must have been too shocked to speak. They looked at Mr. Haislip.

Mr. Haislip said, "Those little girls wish to pay their last respects, Bob. They wish to show their gratitude. Riley gave his life that they might live in peace and plenty."

"Riley didn't give his life," I said. "It was taken from him."

"We can't pretend to know what was in Riley's heart."

"No, sir. But I can tell you he didn't give his life. I knew Riley. I slept in the same bed with him for thirteen years. He didn't give his life, and neither did anybody else I knew overseas. People got killed. They had no choice about it. Sometimes it looked as if they did, but they didn't. Riley was hit by a piece of steel. And if he knew his bones were going to be dug up so they can be buried again, with a band playing and people popping guns in the air—"

"Bob!" my mother said.

I went on the back porch and smoked a cigarette. I shouldn't have talked like that to Mr. Haislip. Like the M.P. lieutenant at Campbell, he was doing his job. Tomorrow, at the funeral, he'll make a big speech and repeat that lie about Riley giving his life. He won't think it's a lie, so he'll be able to tell it with a clear conscience. And there'll be plenty of combat veterans there to believe him. I don't know what happens to people's memories.

Somebody from the station called up to say the casket had arrived. My father asked me to go with him. I said I'd rather stay with Mother. He said if a man phoned about the caisson, to tell him to deliver it direct to the Legion Hall.

Mother and I sat in the parlor. She took hold of my hand, and we sat there until a florist called up, and I gave him the number of the Legion Hall. After that, there were no more phone calls, except my father to say he was bringing someone home for dinner—the lieutenant who had come with the coffin from New York. He was a fine man, my father said, and he'd been a lot of help. So my mother put on a couple of extra chops.

I'd shine to that lieutenant, because when the two of them came in, it turned out that the man was going to sleep in Riley's room over the weekend. He was going to be the first one outside the family to go in there at all. The thing about him that got my father was the three rows of ribbons on his chest. They weren't all cheese ribbons, either. Lieutenant Brennan had the Silver Star, besides a lot of hash marks. He was a real old-time regular. My father made a big fuss over him.

"I'd serve you a drink, Lieutenant," my father said, "but Mrs. Greer won't stand for liquor in the house. It's the way she was brought up." My mother was out in the kitchen.

"That's all right, sir. Are you sure it's no trouble to have me stay with you?"

"No trouble at all. You look close at the pictures in the room upstairs and you'll see what kind of a boy you brought home. Bob here was one of your buddies, too. Saw plenty of combat with the 14th Armored. Lieutenant Brennan has been on escort duty ever since they started bringing the boys home, Bob. He's told me about some of his experiences. It's sad work. Tell Bob what that poor woman said to you last week."

"Well, that doesn't often happen, sir."

"The woman told him she wished it was him instead of her boy. You won't run into anything like that here, Lieutenant. Mrs. Greer and I appreciate all the Army has done—letting you stay in town for the funeral and all. You've been a big help."

"Well, sir, we appreciate folks like you, too. It's a privilege to work with a good American family—a privilege and an honor. It more than makes up for what happened with that lady last week and with another lady, an Eyetalian lady, back a year ago. We took six of the boys home to that town, and they were all going to be placed to rest together. The mayor of the town was there, and a general from the National Guard. And this Eyetalian lady, standing there in the mothers' group, she broke formation and ripped the flag off her boy's casket. She tried to jump in the grave. Well, sir, it was a mother's grief. But there were five more mothers there besides her, and she showed no consideration. An Eyetalian lady. So you can see it's a privilege to work with folks like you."

"We're getting some National Guard out this Sunday," my father said.

It wasn't until later that I found out he had arranged for delegations of legionnaires from every town in the county. He was like a stage manager half an hour before the curtain goes up. His boy's funeral was going to be just as big and long and wide and military as he could make it. Even if he'd been doing it for somebody else, all that stage-managing would have turned my stomach. Being that it was for Riley, I wanted to leave Edgerton, go away and never come back.

After dinner, my father and the Lieutenant went off to organize the firing squad.

I sat on the back porch again, in the dark, and listened to the katydids. The cat jumped into my lap and went to sleep.

Pretty soon my mother came out. "I want to go to the Legion Hall and pray," she said. "Will you come with me?"

All the way over, she held my hand. We didn't meet anyone we knew.

The Legion Hall was lighted up inside. The doors were open. The casket was at the other end, with a flag on it and flowers all around. Right and left of the casket, Art Stacy and Duke Gregg were standing guard in uniform. They had Enfields.

"Will you come in and pray with me?" my mother asked.

"I'll go in with you," I said, "but I can't pray. I don't know how. I've told you that."

"Won't you come in and pray for your brother?"

"Riley wouldn't have wanted it."

"Riley died young. He had no chance to learn about our Lord. This is *your* chance, Bob."

"I don't know how to pray," I said. "Sometimes I'd like to, but I don't know how."

"Then I wish to pray alone. Could you ask those boys to wait outside?"

Duke and Art went and stood outside. My mother said she would probably be a long time, and for me to go home. Then she shut the doors herself. I didn't feel like talking with anybody. I walked up and down in back of the building. I looked in at one of the side windows and saw my mother kneeling at the foot of the casket. Duke and Art were relieved, and two older men from the Legion took their places. Every time I looked in at the side windows, my mother was kneeling there in the same position. I wished I had gone in to pray with her.

That was yesterday. Now I'm glad I did not go in. Today I think I was right in believing that Riley would not have wanted to be prayed over. He would not have wanted them to stand guard over him, either, or blow taps. Riley had no use for any of that. He had no use for Mr. Haislip or my father or Duke Gregg or Art Stacy. None of them, not even my mother, ever knew what Riley Greer was all about. I did. He was my friend, and I'll never have another one like him. Grown men can't make friends, not really, not like boys. That piece of steel at Salerno killed the only man that ever knew what I was all about. Why or for what or for whom he died, I can't say, and neither can anyone else, least of all the people who will follow that caisson around town tomorrow.

Everything will be run off according to schedule. The Cub Scouts will be out there, wishing they were Boy Scouts, and the Boy Scouts will be wishing they were soldiers. My mother won't break formation and go ripping up the flag. My father will stand at attention when the band plays, stand straight and proud, like the general's orderly he is. He won't wince when the firing squad lets go with the blanks. And Mr. Haislip will tell them all that Riley gave his life.

Everybody will be present or accounted for. My father will account for me. He won't want any loose ends to spoil his boy's military funeral. And you can't blame him for that. You can't blame a man for having spent his best year as a soldier in Paris. You can't blame old Mr. Haislip for repeating once more that my brother gave his life. But I don't want to be there to hear it.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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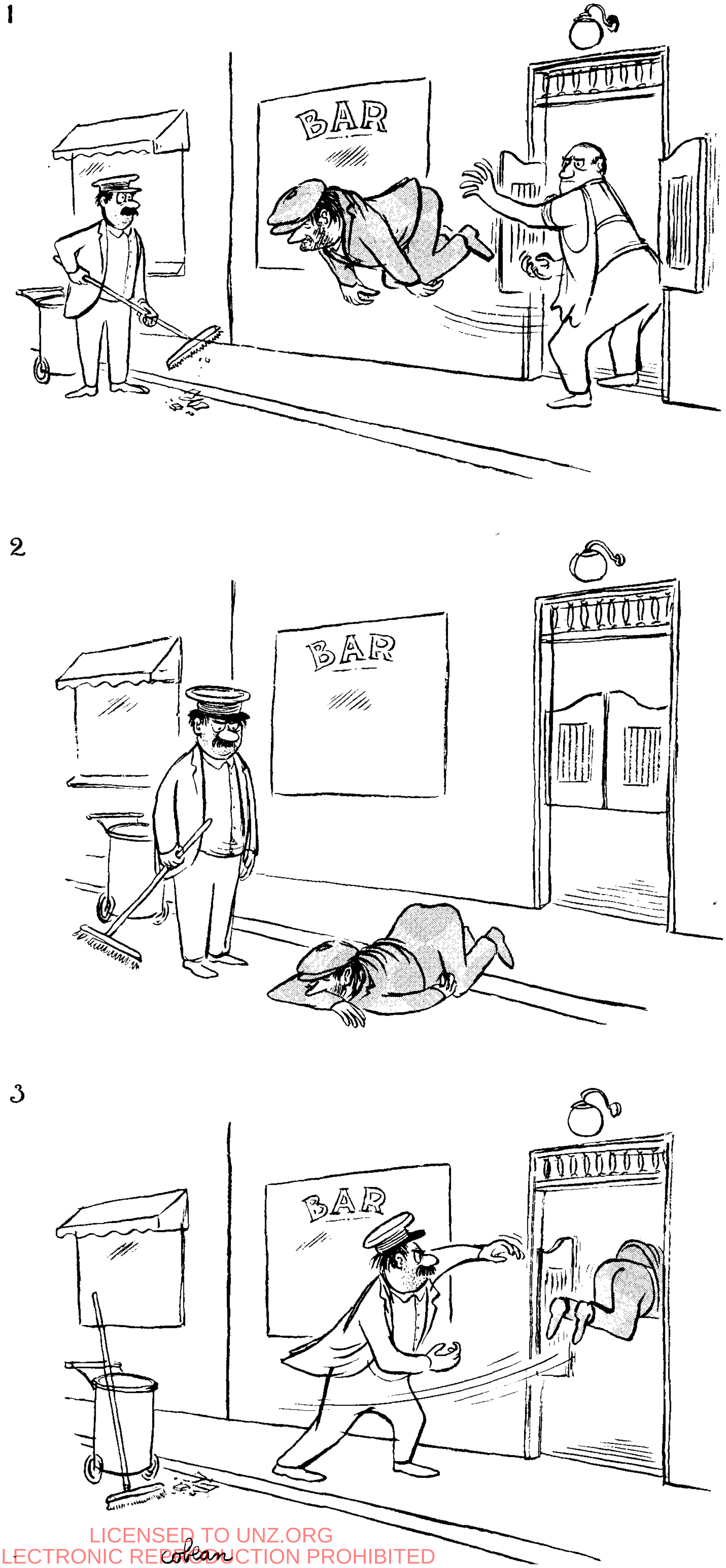
Learn to think of phone numbers the way the operators are trained to enunciate them, with pauses giving clear emphasis. For example, think of Murray Hill 4-4049 as being MU . . . 40, 49. That's the number of the Little Church Around the Corner, always a popular call.—*Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in Today's Woman.*

Dial it that way and see how uneventful life can be.



THE REMNANTS

BY nine-thirty, all the Barneses' cocktail guests had left except four. John Redding sat forward on the couch, clutching in his hands a dark-brown highball he had made for himself, in which he had neglected to put any ice, and he was enthusiastically explaining the intricacies of horse-breeding to Helen Atherton. She sipped her eleventh Martini and appeared interested. Across from them, on the floor, sat Mary Redding and Fred Atherton, while Arthur Barnes told them an uproarious story about a Wac in New Guinea. Edith Barnes, who knew every syllable of the story, moved in and out of the room cleaning ashtrays and taking empty glasses into the kitchen. Finally, more as a hint than out of courtesy, she picked up the hors-d'oeuvres tray and offered it around. On the tray were four cold globs of peanut butter and bacon, and a misshapen chopped-egg canapé.

"Anybody want one?" Edith said. "I'm afraid that's all that's left."

Nobody wanted one, so Edith took the tray into the kitchen and then came back and sat down. She stared at her husband but was unable to catch his eye. Atherton saw her, however, and stood up.

"We'd better be going," he said. He looked at his watch. "I didn't realize how late it is." His wife looked at him briefly, then took a drink of her Martini and turned back to Redding. "I'm starved," Atherton said, and then, as the thought occurred to him, he added, "Why don't we all go out and get a bite someplace? Have you two anything planned?" He looked at Edith.

"Well, we were going to have some—" she began, but her husband interrupted her.

"Sure, why not?" Barnes said. "How about it, Mary? Will you join us?"

Mary Redding looked across at the couch. Her husband had almost finished his drink and was telling Helen Atherton the difference between Western and Eastern horses. "John," she said, and he turned and looked at her. "How about something to eat? We thought we'd all go out together."

"Sure," Redding said. "Fine." He stood up and drained his glass. "Let's go someplace where we can dance," he said.

"Those places are usually pretty crowded," Edith Barnes put in. "I think we'd have better luck at some small restaurant."

"Well, where'll it be?" said Barnes, going to the bar and making a short drink for himself. "What do you say, Fred?"

"I don't care," said Atherton. "How about Pompelli's?"

"We were there night before last," said Mary Redding. "It wasn't too good."

"Well, then," Atherton said, "I don't care. Any place you all want."

"How about that steak house on First Avenue?" Barnes asked. "You know—Jimmy's, or Johnny's, or whatever it is."

"That's closed Mondays," Edith said. "Remember?"

"There must be some place where we can eat and dance, too," said Redding. "They can't *all* be crowded."

"If they're not crowded, they're expensive," Edith said.

"Well, it's up to you." Redding made himself a new drink. "I'll do whatever you all want."

"I'd like to go dancing," Helen Atherton announced suddenly. "Some place with a floor show, maybe. We haven't seen a floor show in a long time."

"*I* know," Atherton said, ignoring her. "Let's go to that French place on Eighth Avenue—the Provence. That has wonderful food."

"Yes, but is it cheap enough?" his wife asked, looking not quite at Edith Barnes.

"Hell, yes. Three-dollar top, or something like that."

"That sounds fine," said Barnes. "Is that all right with everyone else?"

"It's all right with me if it's what you all want," said Redding. "I just thought it might be fun to dance someplace."

"Well, maybe we can go dancing later," Barnes said. "What we need first is some food."

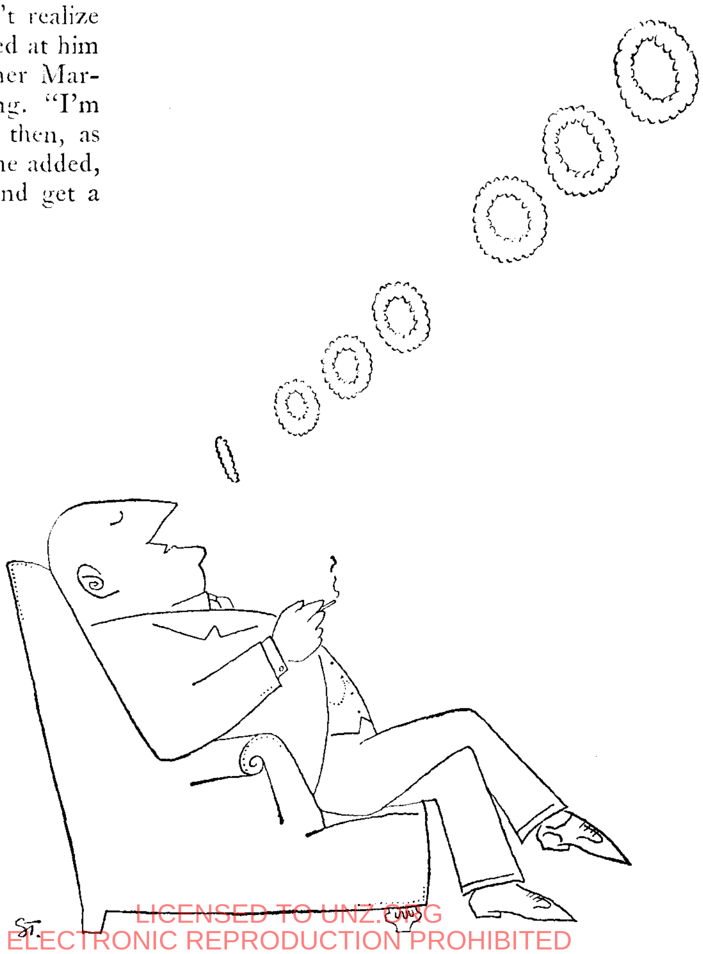
The women went into the bedroom to get their belongings, and for a moment Edith Barnes and Helen Atherton were alone together. "The reason I don't want to go dancing," Edith said in a low voice, "is that I don't quite feel up to dancing with John Redding. I've done it before, and it's like being slapped with a wet girdle."

Helen looked at her with dignity. "I *like* him," she said.

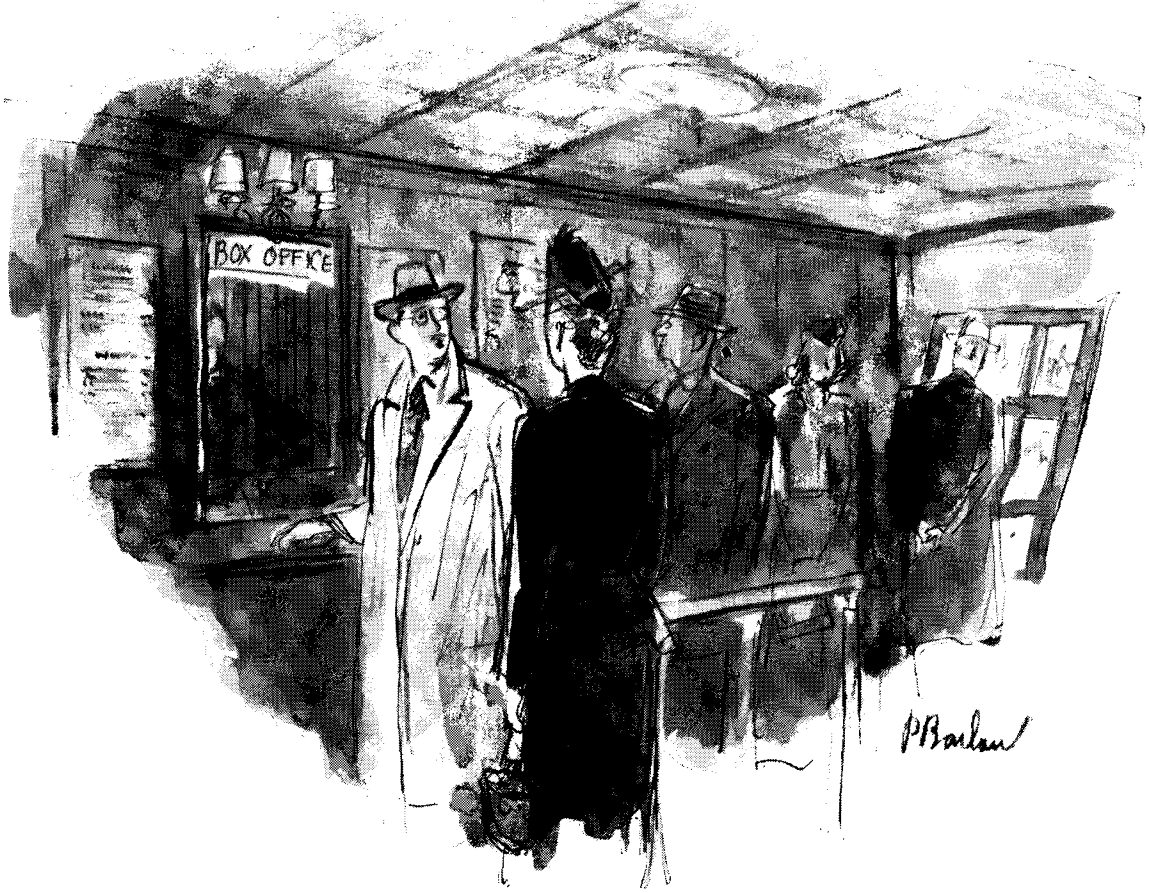
"I like him, too," said Edith. "That's not the point. It's just—"

Mary Redding came back into the room, and Edith stopped. Helen looked at Mary. "I hear your husband is a wonderful dancer," she said.

"There are those who think so," Mary said evenly. "Myself, I'm used to it. After fifteen years, you learn how to ride with it."



THERE was no taxi in front of the apartment building, so they started to walk to the corner. Barnes and his wife went ahead, and behind them Helen Atherton slipped her arm through Redding's. Mary Redding, who had started to walk next to her husband, dropped back and took Atherton's arm. Nobody spoke for a minute; then an empty cab came up the street and Barnes hailed it. The women got in first, then Atherton and Barnes and Redding squeezed onto the jump seats, and Atherton gave the address to the driver.



"Are we doing anything on the night of Wednesday, May third?"

"How many people are you back there?" the driver asked, looking around. "I can't take no more than five."

"Oh, sure you can," Redding said. "It isn't far."

"Look, Mac, I'll lose my license if I'm caught with six people." The cab didn't move, and behind them a car honked.

"What the hell, nobody's going to know," Redding said. "Don't you have any sporting blood?"

The car behind them honked again. "I'm not moving until one of you gets out," the driver said.

"God damn it—" Redding began, but Barnes cut him off.

"He's right, John," Barnes said. "That's the law."

"Oh, all right, for Christ's sake," Redding said. "I'll get out." He opened the door. "What's the address of this place?" The honking behind them swelled to a chorus as more cars lined up. Atherton told Redding the address, and Redding was about to close the door when Helen Atherton leaned forward.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I'll go with you." She pushed forward and climbed out over Edith Barnes' knees. Mary Redding said something, but she was drowned out by the din of the honking. Redding slammed the door and he and Helen went to the sidewalk, and the cab started.

ATHERTON went in ahead when the four of them got to the restaurant, and the headwaiter came up and greeted him. "*Bonsoir*, Maurice," Atherton said. "*Une table pour six, s'il vous plaît.*"

"*Oui, M'sieu,*" the headwaiter said, and led them to a table. Barnes looked at his wife and winked. She paid no attention to him.

They all sat down, and Atherton looked toward the door for his wife and Redding. They were nowhere in sight. "They may have had some trouble getting a cab," he said to the others. "Let's order a drink." He gave their order, in French, to the headwaiter, and Barnes squirmed.

"This is a nice little place," Barnes said when the headwaiter had left. "Do you come here often?"

"Once or twice a month," Atherton said. "We like it. They have a hell of a *coquille St. Jacques*, if you like that." He looked at the door again.

A waiter brought their drinks, and they sipped them in silence.

"Maybe we ought to order," Barnes said at last. "Maybe they've gone dancing, after all." He laughed, and his wife stared at him.

"Could be," Atherton said, forcing a smile.

"Never mind about them," said Mary Redding. "Let's order. I'm hungry."

Atherton asked the waiter for some menus, and they were quietly studying the bill of fare when the door opened and Redding and Helen Atherton came in. Helen's eyes had a slightly glazed look, and Redding seemed more cheerful.

"Sorry to be late," Redding said jovially as he held Helen's chair for her. He sat down and looked at his wife. "Well," he said. "Everybody having a good time?"

"Delirious," his wife said.

"I was just saying," Atherton offered, "that the *coquille St. Jacques* is excellent here. Would everybody like that?"

"Sure, whatever the hell it is," said Redding, and the others nodded.

Atherton turned to the waiter. "*Pour commencer, nous voulons six coquilles St. Jacques, s'il vous plaît,*" he said.

Redding looked at him. "I didn't know you spoke French," he said. Atherton glanced at him and said nothing.

"No more *coquille St. Jacques*," said the waiter. "All gone."

Redding raised his finger at the waiter. "*Donnez-moi un* Chevrolet coupé *parlez-vous français* on toast, *s'il vous plaît*," he said. Then to Atherton he added, "I was brought up on the Continent. It's in my blood." He laughed, and Helen Atherton giggled.

"What have you left, then?" Barnes asked the waiter quickly. "Maybe it would be easier that way."

The waiter looked over Atherton's shoulder at the menu. "We have the onion soup and the hors d'oeuvres and the kidneys," he said. "It's late, you know," he added apologetically.

"I can't stand kidneys," Helen Atherton announced. "Give me anything but kidneys."

"Would Madame care for an omelet, perhaps, or a salad?" the waiter asked.

Helen looked dully at him. "Make it a salad," she said. "And the hell with it."

The others finally settled their orders, and the waiter went away.

Mary Redding turned to Atherton, who was staring moodily into his drink. "Don't pay any attention to John," she said. "He's just jealous because you can speak French. If horses spoke French, he might learn, but as it is, he doesn't know a word of it."

"Don't be silly," Redding said defensively. "I know a lot of French. I know '*Qui a la plume de ma tante?*' and I know '*Voulez-vous coucher avec moi*—' "

"Did you just learn that one, dear?" Mary said sweetly. "From a mare, perhaps?"

"Oh, that reminds me," Barnes cut in. "You know that Wac I was telling you about—"

"I wish we'd gone dancing," Helen Atherton said to Redding. "I'm *so* tired of listening to war stories."

"Well, maybe we'll go dancing later," Redding said. He looked brightly around the table. "If that meets with everybody's approval." He smiled.

"Well, I know certain people who don't *like* your dancing," Helen said archly. "It might be better if they didn't come along."

"Who's that?" Redding asked, surprised.

"Oh, never mind," Helen said. The waiter put her salad in front of her. She stared at it. "Waiter," she said finally, "what's this?"

"Your salad, Madame," the waiter said as he served the others.

"I ordered no salad. Take it back." She held the plate out to him. "Bring me my dinner."

"You did order salad, my love," Atherton said. "Remember? You ordered salad instead of kidneys."

She looked blankly at him. "Oh," she said. "So I did. Well, I don't want it." She pushed the plate aside.

"Would you like some of my omelet?" Redding asked her. "I can't eat it all."

She glanced at his plate and shook her head. "The hell with it," she said. "I'm not hungry."

Barnes tasted his kidneys. "My, these are good," he said, looking at Atherton. "Excellent." He turned to his wife. "I wish you wouldn't make so much noise, Edith," he said. "The rest of us can't hear a thing."

Edith smiled wanly. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'll be really rowdy if you think that would help."

This remark was followed by a long silence, broken only by Helen Atherton's spasmodic humming.

"What was it you were saying about my dancing?" Redding asked Helen suddenly. "Who doesn't like it?"

She picked up her fork and took a bite of his omelet. "Oh, certain people. I'm not mentioning any names, but their initials are—"

"*I* said it," Edith Barnes cut in. "Let's stop being so coy about it. I said I was very fond of you but that—"

"You said you *liked* him," Helen corrected her. "You didn't say you were fond of him."

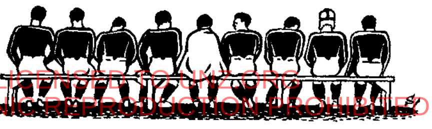
"All right, I said I liked you. I *am* very fond of you, but I said I was too old to dance with you any more. I just can't take all that jumping."

"Well, I'm sorry," Redding said. "I didn't realize—"

"Tell him what else you said," Helen prompted her. "Tell him what you said dancing with him was like."

Edith hesitated. "I said dancing with you was like being slapped with a wet girdle. I think it is. That's nothing against you."

Mary Redding exploded into her food, and Atherton patted her on the back. "Oh, my God," Mary said. "That's the most wonderful thing I've heard in all my life. If you *knew* . . ." She dissolved into choking laughter again.



Redding smiled self-consciously. "That's pretty good," he said. "Yes, that's pretty good. I never thought of it that way."

"Well, don't take it to heart," Edith said. "Ten years ago, I would have loved it."

Helen Atherton looked coldly at Edith. "Well, I like him," she said. "I don't care what the rest of you bastards think."

"We all like him, dear," Edith said. "That's not the point."

"Sure," Atherton said, eying his wife nervously. "Nobody dislikes old John."

"Well, I dislike being called a bitch," Helen said. "I can tell you that."

"Nobody called you a bitch," said Mary Redding, who had just regained control of herself. "I was talking about mares. I was very careful not to mention the word 'bitch.' " She looked at her husband. "Wasn't I, dear?"

"What?" said Redding. "Oh—sure. Yes."

"Well, you ought to know one when you see one," Helen said, taking another bite of Redding's omelet. "I still think he's nice."

Redding became embarrassed. "I

MY MANY-COATED MAN

Under the scarlet-licking leaves,
through bloody thought and bubbly shade,
the padded, spicy tiger moves—
a sheath of swords, a hooded blade.

The turtle on the naked sand
peels to the air his pewter snout
and rubs the sky with slotted shell—
the heart's dismay turned inside out.

The rank red fox goes forth at night
to bite the gosling's downy throat,
then digs his grave with panic claws
to share oblivion with the stoat.

The mottled moth, pinned to a tree,
woos with his wings the bark's disease
and strikes a fungoid, fevered pose
to live forgotten and at ease.

Like these, my many-coated man
shields his hot hunger from the wind,
and, hooded by a smile, commits
his private murder to the mind.

—Laurie Lee

• •

feel kind of like Exhibit A here," he said. "I feel as though I should leave the room until you've all had your say."

"Oh, for Christ's sake, don't be stupid," said Barnes. "Relax."

There followed another silence, and they finished their food hurriedly and without pleasure.

When the waiter had taken their plates away, Atherton looked around the table. "Everybody want coffee?" he asked quietly. They all said yes, and he turned to the waiter. "Six coffees, please," he said. "Large coffees," he added, looking at his wife. She glared back at him.

"I'm all right," she said. "Don't worry about me. I'm fine."

"Well, that certainly was wonderful food," Barnes said. "Best food I've had in a long time."

Atherton looked at him and shrugged. "I wish they'd had the *coquille St. Jacques*," he said.

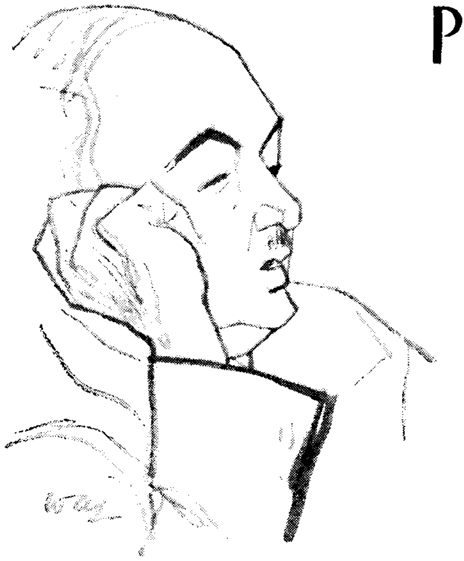
THE waiter brought the coffee and then the check, and Atherton and Barnes and Redding passed the check between them and put in their shares. They helped their wives into their wraps, and then they all stood up and left the restaurant. The

waiting outside, and they hesitated a moment, and then Barnes said to Atherton, "Why don't you two take this? The rest of us go uptown."

"O.K.," Atherton said, and after saying good night to the others he and Helen climbed into the cab. The Barneses and the Reddings crossed the street and started walking uptown, and at the next corner they found an empty cab.

"Can we drop you?" Barnes asked, opening the cab door.

"Thanks just the same," Redding said. "I think we'll walk a way."



PROFILES

BUSINESS AND SHOW BUSINESS—II

FOR Lawrence Langner to rise simultaneously, as he has risen, to the top of two difficult and wildly dissimilar professions—theatrical producing and the practice of international-patent-and-trademark law—he has had to reduce to an exact science the technique of never letting the right hand know what the left hand is doing. In the course of any day—or of any hour, for that matter—Langner may have to address himself to such unrelated problems as how to fix up a weak second-act curtain and how to find a loophole in the Venezuelan trademark law, yet he has never been known to suggest to a playwright that his script would benefit from a more lucid exposition of the patent provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and his legal briefs are entirely free of either boffolas or switcheroos. People who have worked closely with him for years in the Theatre Guild, of which he is, with Theresa Helburn, co-director, say that they have seldom, if ever, heard him so much as make a phone call about his patent business. Veteran employees of his patent-law firm, Langner, Parry, Card & Langner, can remember few occasions on which he has used that office to transact any of his theatrical business. But while Langner sees to it that his two careers do not become entangled, he also makes them parallel each other so artfully that road companies of Theatre Guild plays often pass through precisely those cities in which Langner, Parry, Card & Langner have business to do, and a number of his valuable theatrical associates, among them Agnes de Mille, he met through mutual friends in the world of patents.

When Langner is asked by admiring acquaintances what the secret of his suc-

patent expert impresses those about him but apparently does not move them to envy), he almost invariably replies with the single word "Endurance." This is a quality with which he is richly endowed and which he has found just as essential to his formidable two-career program as his ability to juggle a number of matters in his mind at the same time. His association with the Theatre Guild has been uninterrupted since he helped start it in 1919, when he was twenty-nine, and he has been the senior partner of Langner, Parry, Card & Langner ever since he organized that firm two years later. He frequently says "I like things to last," and most of his projects are planned with decades, if not centuries, in mind. Langner has been able to stick with the Guild, even through its most desperate years (as of March, 1939, for instance, when "The Philadelphia Story" arrived in New York, twelve of its last fourteen productions had been failures), because, as he long ago foresaw, international patent law has always provided him with a handsome income. He has been able to stick with patents, despite an intermittent feeling of coolness toward them, because his belief that almost any way of making a living is bearable if one has an exciting hobby—in his case, the theatre—has proved to be correct. He has borne up under the physical strain of holding two strenuous jobs for three decades because he is a man who enjoys spending roughly seventeen and a half of his eighteen daily waking hours brooding over his complicated affairs.

Langner's eternal reverie is a constant source of exasperation to his companions. He probably antagonizes as many acquaintances as anyone in New York by simply not noticing them as he passes them on the street, or by not remembering their names if they do happen to catch his eye. He has been known to climb into a parked taxicab and sit musing for five minutes before becoming aware that there is no driver at the wheel. He has seldom caught a train unless some friend or relative, employing a combination of cajolery and brute force, has personally hustled him off to the station. He rarely is on time for an appointment, and refuses to carry a watch. "I hate a regulated life!" he often exclaims. The sort of life Langner likes is one filled with crises. Ac-

tour is an experience that provokes many theatre people to hysteria and leaves them gaunt and palsied and ready for a ten-day rest cure or a two-week bat. Langner on the road is cheerful and unflustered, and he usually returns home ten pounds heavier and beaming as angelically as a man who looks somewhat like Generalissimo Francisco Franco can beam. At one time, he was said to be netting as much as fifty thousand dollars a year from his patent-law firm, but in recent years he has been devoting less and less time to it (meanwhile voluntarily reducing his income from it), because he finds the Guild a much more satisfactory field of operations for a man who prefers to live on an emergency footing. The atmosphere in the Guild headquarters, an imposing nineteenth-century four-story gray-stone building on West Fifty-third Street, faithfully reflects Langner's predilection for crises. Guild employees have a tendency to scurry furtively up and down the sweeping marble staircases, hugging the walls; they are apt to congregate in whispering groups before Renaissance fireplaces taller than they are; and they have a way of starting guiltily when a visitor approaches. The Guild, an outsider is immediately made to feel, is constantly in the throes of a large-scale convulsion.

Thanks to a considerable degree to the bank balance accumulated during the five-year Broadway run of "Oklahoma!" and to "The Theatre Guild on the Air," a weekly, hour-long dramatic program sponsored by the United States Steel Corporation, which, strangely, is not a client of Langner, Parry, Card & Langner, the Guild is not at present confronted by the likelihood of early economic collapse, as it has been at various stages in its history, but there is still plenty of opportunity for Langner to perform what Miss Helburn has termed his "yeasty function." Many of the Guild's past triumphs, as well as some of its major disasters, have been the result of Langner's incessant fermentation. The subscription system, which now guarantees each Guild production an audience of some fifteen thousand in New York and, if it goes on the road, a total of a hundred thousand more in twenty-six cities, was Langner's idea, and it was he who prevailed upon George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill to adopt the Guild as their semi-official Broadway sponsor. "When in doubt, play Shaw" is a working principle that has pulled the Guild out of many a past jam. Langner also was the moving spirit behind the Guild's decision to build its own theatre, a real-estate project that has not yet ceased being costly to numerous members of the Guild's public who purchased second-mortgage bonds of the Guild Theatre, many of them under the impression that they were investing in the Theatre Guild. He is currently working on a scheme to involve the Guild as inextricably as possible with radio, television, and motion pictures—to make it, in fact, a sort of high-class entertainment cartel, largely independent of the vagaries of Broadway. With "The Theatre Guild on the Air," the Guild is already well dug in in radio. It made a start in television two years ago with a series of seven sustaining shows for the National Broadcasting Company's Station WNBT, and negotiations are now under way to put on a series of commercial television shows. By sponsoring the exhibition of the movies "Henry V," "Mourning Becomes Electra," and "Hamlet," it has gained a toehold in the motion-picture business, and Langner dreams of someday making this more secure by setting up a large producing studio, preferably near the summer theatre that he and his second wife, Armina Marshall, own and operate at Westport, Connecticut.

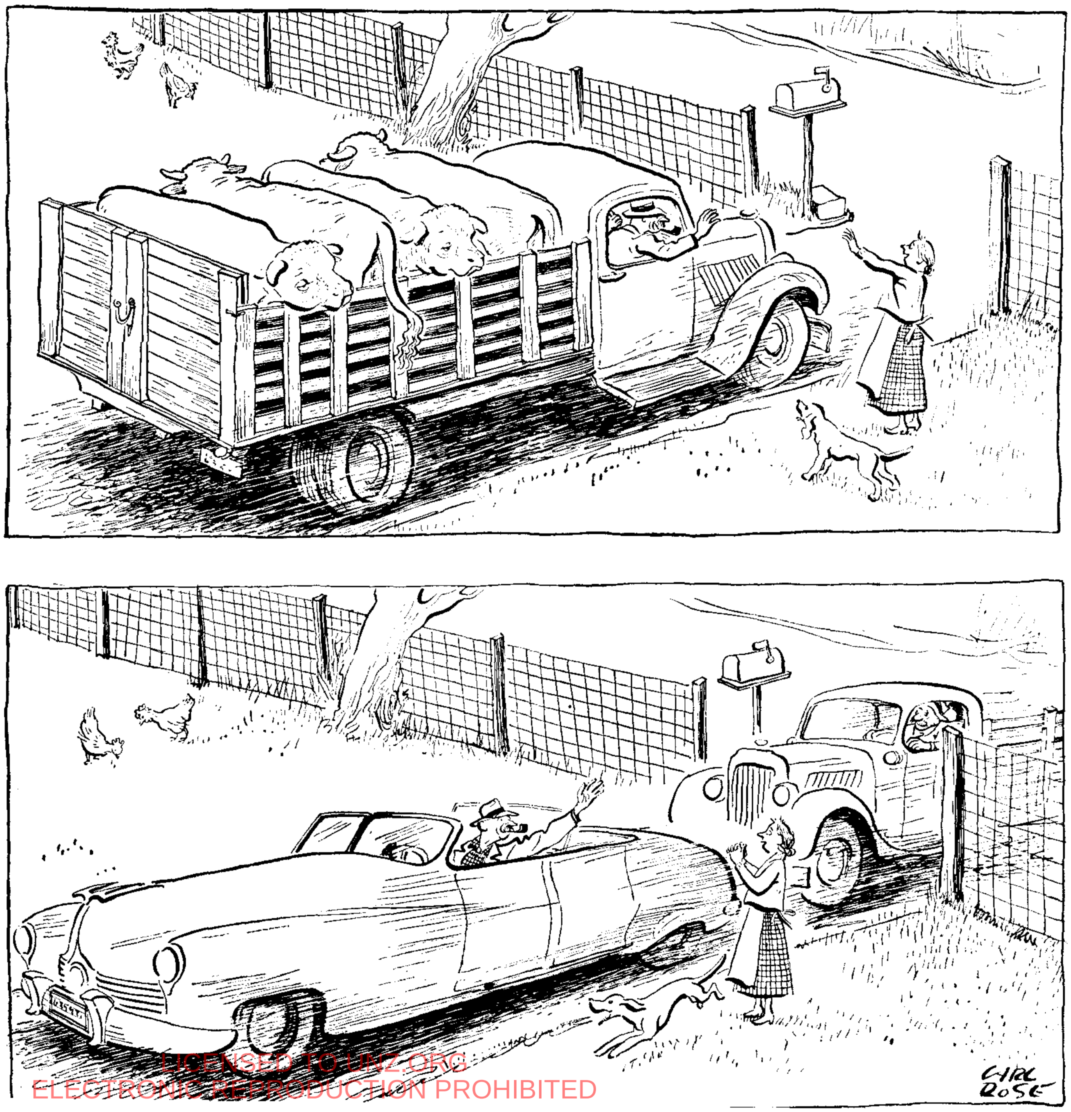
Langner's yeastiness is not confined to matters of high policy. The program for every play presented by the Guild states, "Production under the supervision of Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn." (After the reviews of "Oklahoma!" appeared, the height of the letters in this legend on the wallboards of the St. James Theatre was increased an inch.) This is no mere formality. Neither Langner nor Miss Helburn belongs to the school that regards financial administration and the management of office detail as a theatrical producer's sole province, although both can take good care of a dollar. Every script the Guild produces—except, of course, the works of such well-established and intractable dramatists as Shaw and O'Neill—sooner or later undergoes a vigorous assault upon its size, form, or manner of execution, particularly by Langner, who regards himself as an expert play doctor. Playwrights without large reputations to protect them have been known, toward the end of the fourth week of rehearsals, to stay away from the theatre rather than undergo the torment of watching Langner wield his scalpel. One such tortured dramatist feels that he had the last word. After the opening, in 1940, of "Suzanna and the Elders," an unsuccessful play by Langner and Miss Marshall, the playwright walked up to Langner in the lobby, cried "Physician, heal thyself!," and scuttled away into the darkness. Even Shaw and O'Neill have not been considered wholly sacrosanct by Langner. He persuaded Shaw to cut thirty minutes from the playing time of "Back to Methuselah" and to rewrite entire sections of the last act of "Geneva," and his feelings about "The Iceman Cometh" oscillate between elation at having induced O'Neill to cut twenty minutes from it and depression at having failed to induce him to cut forty.

"Now are you satisfied?"

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have also accepted Langner's advice upon occasion. When "Oklahoma!" was about to open in New Haven, the second-act story line still needed straightening out, and neither Rodgers nor Hammerstein was sure what ought to be done about it. Langner stepped off a train at New Haven the afternoon before the opening, got a firm grip on Rodgers' arm, and said, "Look, old girl [a generic term, in Langner's lexicon, for any associate], I know what the second act needs." He then outlined readjustments that took care of things nicely. Rodgers was impressed, and continues to be. "Of course," he said not long ago, "my wife had told me exactly the same thing the night before, but you know how it is when your wife tells you something." After the New Haven opening, an enthusiastic member of the Guild staff pumped Langner's hand and said, "Well, it looks as if we have a big hit." Rodgers, who was standing nearby, was alarmed to hear Langner reply, "Never let a show alone—that's my motto." He let "Oklahoma!" alone from then on, though. Langner's batting average as a play doctor has probably been as high as that of most competent full-time playwrights at their calling; that is, one out of every three or four plays he has tampered with has succeeded. He has been accused of butchering great works of art, and he has also been credited, even by such accomplished playwrights as Maxwell Anderson and S. N. Behrman, with being a big help.

Langner's fermenting carries him even further. The Guild has acquired the reputation of having the largest pre-opening turnover in its acting companies of any producer on Broadway. S. N. Behrman's "Dunnigan's Daughter," which the Guild produced four seasons ago, with little success, opened on the road featuring Virginia Gilmore, Glenn Anders, and Arthur Franz, and came to New York featuring June Havoc, Luther Adler, and Richard Widmark. This kind of reckless handling of manpower, combined with the corrosive effect on actors' sensibilities of working with a man who can't remember names, has not endeared either the Guild as an organization or Langner as an individual to the acting profession. "If you made Lawrence Langner the subject of an Actors' Equity meeting," a politically knowing character man once said, "you'd find that you had chosen a subject that Frank Fay and the Communists could agree about." The Guild is no more popular with certain theatrical angels, who claim that the organization allots more of its income than do other producers to meeting fixed expenses (such as the maintenance of its spacious Fifty-third Street headquarters), and some of the most active show backers refuse to put anything at all into any Guild production. Both Langner and Miss Helburn know that the Guild is not universally admired, and both appear unable to understand why. At a party, several years ago, at which the two of them were present, Miss Helburn led her hostess to a quiet corner and said, "Tell me, why is Lawrence so terribly unpopular on Broadway?" The lady made a polite and noncommittal reply. Twenty minutes later, Langner cornered her. "I wish I knew why Terry isn't better liked by people in the theatre," he said. She did not try to satisfy his curiosity, either.

PERHAPS one reason the Guild is an object of criticism these days is that its prosperous, safe-and-sane present suffers in the minds when compared with its romantic past. They complain that it no longer produces the kind of experimental, noncommercial play it once did. To this accusation, Langner readily replies with one of his favorite bromides: "The art theatre of twenty-five years ago is the commercial theatre of today." Nevertheless, the Theatre Guild of 1949 isn't much like its lineal ancestor, the eagerly idealistic Washington Square Players of 1915 or thereabouts. Nor does the highly respectable contemporary Langner have a great deal in common with the Langner who helped establish the Washington Square Players and contributed to the company's opening bill a one-act drama, called "Licensed," mocking the institution of marriage and strongly favoring birth control. Langner, a native of Swansea, South Wales, had arrived here in 1911, with a job as a technical assistant in the New York offices of a London firm of chartered patent agents, at eighteen dollars a week, and had been here only a short while before he began spending his evenings and weekends in the company of members of a group that in those days was referred to without sarcasm as the intelligentsia. They were a fervent lot. By 1913, the year Langner set up his own patent-law office, using at first only his own name and handling foreign-rights matters for, among others, the Burroughs Adding Machine, American Biograph (the motion-picture studio Mary Pickford and John Bunny worked for), and the Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, or Delco, he was also a full-fledged Greenwich Villager and a member of the Liberal Club, a Macdougal Street discussion group that opened its doors to "those interested in new ideas." It was the center of Village intellectual life, and an organization such as New York has not seen since. Among the youthfully minded folk who frequented its clubhouse were Albert and Charles Boni, Jo Davidson, Floyd Dell, Charles Demuth, Theodore Dreiser, Max Eastman, Susan Glaspell, Harry Kemp, Edna Kenton, Alfred Kreymborg, Sinclair Lewis, Vachel Lindsay, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Harry Scherman, Howard Scott, Upton



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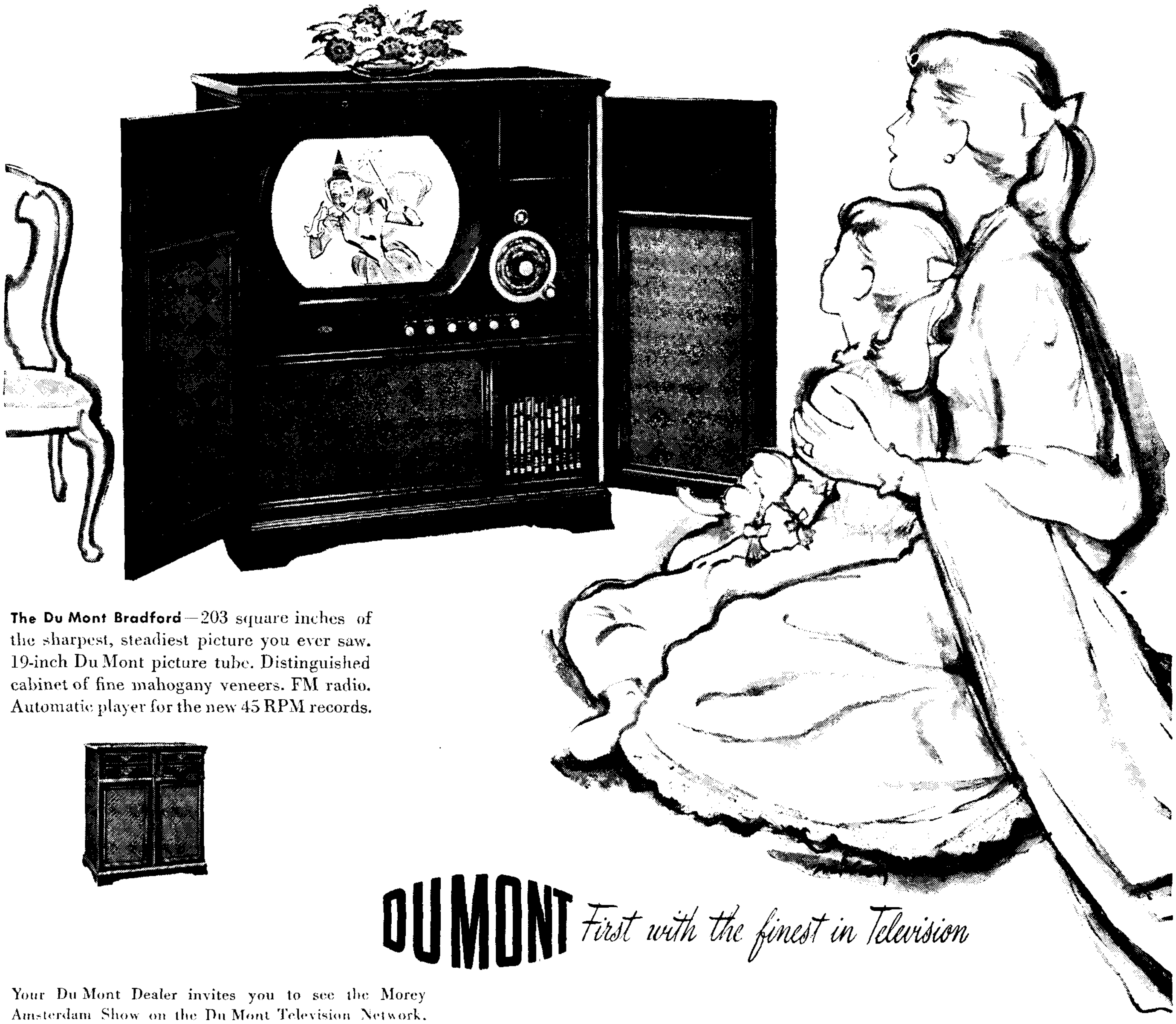

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LANVIN

Sinclair, Lincoln Steffens, Simeon Strunsky, Norman Thomas, Helen Westley, Art Young, and, occasionally, Eugene O'Neill, who drifted in now and then from his less cerebral haunts. The members listened to lectures by such figures of the day as Big Bill Haywood, on the I.W.W.; Christabel Pankhurst, on woman's suffrage; Dr. Jacques Loeb, on sex determination; and Emma Goldman, on anarchism. Langner, always one for intellectual seething, thrived in this atmosphere. He didn't even mind it when, as one of the few affluent individuals around, he was subjected to touches by poets who needed only six more months to outdo Shelley, or painters who could eclipse da Vinci if they had the price of a couple of tubes of paint. Langner, who was spending a week every month in Dayton as a patent consultant to Delco and was concurrently setting up a Chicago office for his patent-law firm, also got in on a lot of Midwestern seething and served as a sort of courier between the New York crowd and the Chicago avant-garde, which included Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, and Margaret Anderson, editor of the *Little Review*, the first magazine in America to print works by James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, H. D., Richard Aldington, and Hecht, as well as Langner's—or, to use the pseudonym under which it was published, Basil Lawrence's—play scoffing at the enemies of birth control. Fortunately for the Langner firm, no word about Basil Lawrence's identity ever leaked into the offices of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, also a Midwestern enterprise.

Langner enjoyed milling about in this exciting atmosphere. He was the organizational force behind numerous amateur dramatic presentations, and he even, on occasion, acted in them, although ever since childhood, when he found himself cast as a girl in a school play, he has felt that acting is not his forte in the theatre. He founded, with the Boni brothers, the Washington Square Book Shop, an undertaking that he withdrew from many years ago but that is still flourishing on West Eighth Street. He earned the reputation of being one of the Liberal Club's more practical members. In

career for which he was yearning finally appeared. Floyd Dell, a power in the Liberal Club, wrote a one-act play and proposed that a drama section of the club be formed to put it on and that Langner be the secretary of this group. Langner liked the idea and was further flattered, if somewhat frightened, when Dell asked him to play the part of a Spanish grandee in the play, a part for which he was chosen, presumably, because of his dark complexion and black mustache. He didn't last long as an actor. Dell became disgusted with his English accent, fired him, and played the part himself, speaking good Midwesternese. In a few months, under the aegis of Langner, Albert and Charles Boni, and Max Eastman's wife, Ida Rauh, the group set itself up as the Washington Square Players, with offices in the Washington Square Book Shop. Langner and Dudley Tucker, a wealthy young man who was killed in the First World War, provided most of the money. Among the original members of the Players were Philip Moeller, Helen Westley, Edward Goodman, Susan Glaspell, Remo Bufano, and Robert Minor. Langner was named business manager. The company rented the Band Box Theatre, on East Fifty-seventh Street, near Third Avenue, and got up its first bill, comprising three one-act plays—"Interior," by Maurice Maeterlinck; "Eugenically Speaking," by Goodman; and Langner's "Licensed"—and a brief farcical pantomime called "Another Interior," which was set inside a man's stomach, with Miss Westley playing the part of an oyster and Mr. Moeller a swig of cherry brandy. Shortly before the opening night, Langner, Goodman, and Moeller issued a manifesto in which they stated that the organization "is composed of individuals who believe in the future of the theatre in America," that "hard work and perseverance, coupled with ability and the absence of purely commercial considerations, may result in the birth and healthy growth of an artistic theatre in this country," and that "preference will be given to American plays, but we shall also include in our repertory the works of well-known European authors which have been igsubscription for ten tickets cost five dollars.

The opening was on February 19, 1915. The critics reacted with enthusiasm, despite the fact that Ralph Roeder, the leading man in "Interior," who was supposed to say "stroking the child's curls," said instead "striking the churl's coals," which he hastily changed to "struking the chold's coils." The Players presented a new bill every month. One of the plays in the third set called for a goat. As the first patrons were arriving on opening night, the management wisely decided that it would be well to let no one enter until the place was aired out. Alexander Woollcott, whose reviews for the *Times* had just provoked the Shuberts into barring him from their theatres, was among those stopped at the door. "Good God!" he cried. "Have the Shuberts got this theatre, too?"

By and large, even though plagued by incidents of this kind, the Players did very well. Between their opening and the time they were obliged to suspend operations because of the war, the Players produced sixty-two one-act plays by such dramatists as Eugene O'Neill, Zoë Akins, Theodore Dreiser, Zona Gale, John Reed, and Murdock Pemberton. There were also six full-length plays, one each by George Bernard Shaw, Henrik Ibsen, Anton Chekhov, Maurice Maeterlinck, Leonid Andreyev, and Lawrence Langner. The last, entitled "The Family Exit," concerned the morality provisions of the immigration laws. Its plot is tersely summed up in its final line, delivered by the hero, who has been trying to get his French mistress into this country and has at last succeeded by agreeing to marry her. "In France, I got rid of *your* family by *not* marrying you," he says happily. "In America, I get rid of *my* family *by* marrying you." This work elicited from George Jean Nathan the prediction that "one of these days, unless all tokens fail, he [Langner] is going to write a genuinely fine American satirical comedy." All tokens have so far apparently failed. Nathan has yet to acclaim Langner for writing a genuinely fine American satirical comedy and, furthermore, he has expressed displeasure with Langner's efforts as a producer. In 1943, Nathan wrote, "It becomes more and more evident, as season chases season, that for the good of all concerned, including especially itself, the Shuberts or someone else should take over the Theatre Guild. Whatever the result, it is cer-

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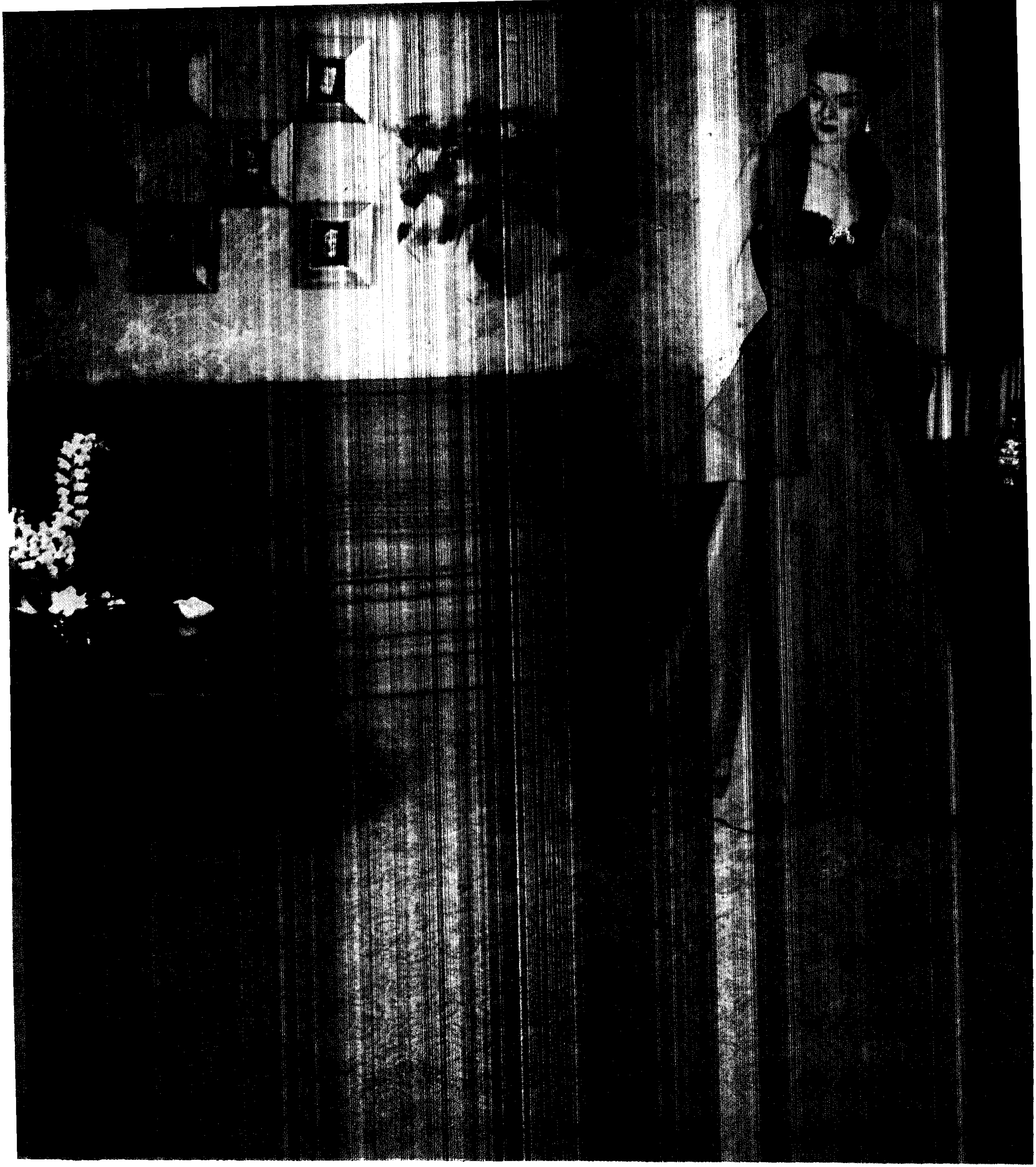
tain that they could not do any worse than the Guild has lately been doing, and very probably would do a great deal better." Langner's regard for Nathan's critical ability has, understandably, cooled.

UNTIL November, 1916, Langner held to the conviction, fashionable at the time, that marriage was an obsolete institution. Then Estelle Roege, an attractive young lady from Fredericksburg, Texas, who had come to New York to study singing, showed up at the Liberal Club. On Thanksgiving Day, after a three-week courtship, Langner married Miss Roege, by the side of a lake on the Greenwich estate of Maurice Wertheim, a Wall Street man who later became a Guild board member. The couple insisted upon some drastic revisions in the wording of the marriage ritual, which so rattled the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony that he asked Estelle if she took this man, Lawrence, to be her lawfully wedded wife, which she agreed without hesitation to do.

Langner had retained enough of his scruples about marriage to suggest to Miss Roege that they commit themselves to remaining married for only three years, at the end of which time either party would be free to seek a divorce—an idea that the bride-to-be thought very sensible. The end of the three-year period came and went with no more drastic occurrence in the Langners' family affairs than the arrival of a daughter, Phyllis Adair. The couple finally were divorced, however, nine years after their marriage, and a few months later Langner married Miss Marshall, some of whose forebears travelled West in a covered wagon to take part in the opening of the Cherokee Strip and who is herself one-sixty-fourth Cherokee. Upon coming East, Miss Marshall had taken a course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and then approached Langner with a letter of recommendation from someone he knew that she be given a job on the stage. Langner asked Miss Helburn to do what she could for her, and she gave the girl a bit part in a show the Guild was casting. Miss Marshall soon became a member of the Guild's acting company. Today she is the associate director of the organization and executive director of "The Theatre Guild on the Air." When in town, Langner and Miss Marshall, who have a twenty-three-year-old son, Philip, a recent graduate of the Yale School of Engineering, room house on West Eleventh Street, just off Fifth Avenue.

AMERICA's entry into the First World War brought the activities of the Washington Square Players to an abrupt halt and very nearly destroyed Langner's international-patent-law business. He occupied himself by lining up post-war clients and by advising the Army on munitions patents. Once the war was over, he began to think about the theatre again. Dropping into the Brevoort on December 18, 1918, a couple of days before the passage of the belated War Prohibition Act, the forerunner of the Volstead Act, he came upon Helen Westley and Philip Moeller, who were mourning what appeared to be the inevitable in the one way that seemed reasonable at the time. Langner joined them, and the conversation, as is almost invariably the case when he is present, turned to shoptalk. After an hour or two of sipping and haranguing, none of the three was in a frame of mind to think up any logical objection to carrying on where the Washington Square Players had left off. A subsequent meeting was held, attended by the three and several other Players alumni, and after it Langner drew up a summary of its decisions, a document that he now refers to as the Magna Carta of the Guild. It read, not too smoothly: "(1) That we would form a group to carry out the idea of an expert theatre; that is, a theatre which would be entirely different from the Little Theatre or Provincetown Players type of theatre, but would be made up only of artists of the theatre who are experts in their work; (2) That we would either lease or secure the building of a theatre seating a considerable number of people, and certainly larger than the usual Little Theatre . . . ; (3) To govern absolutely by a committee which will delegate its executive and administrative powers to the members thereof." Considering that in show business the odds are heavy against the realization of any long-term plan, this Magna Carta proved to be a singularly durable pronouncement. It wasn't until the Guild faced extinction, in the late thirties, when the Guild Theatre was abandoned and the board of managers split up, that Objectives 2 and 3 were junked, and the Guild is still faithful to Objective 1, at least insofar as the organization indubitably is "entirely different from the Little Theatre . . . type of theatre."

Countless further meetings ensued, many of them at Langner's home. The spirited manner in which these sessions were conducted accurately fore-



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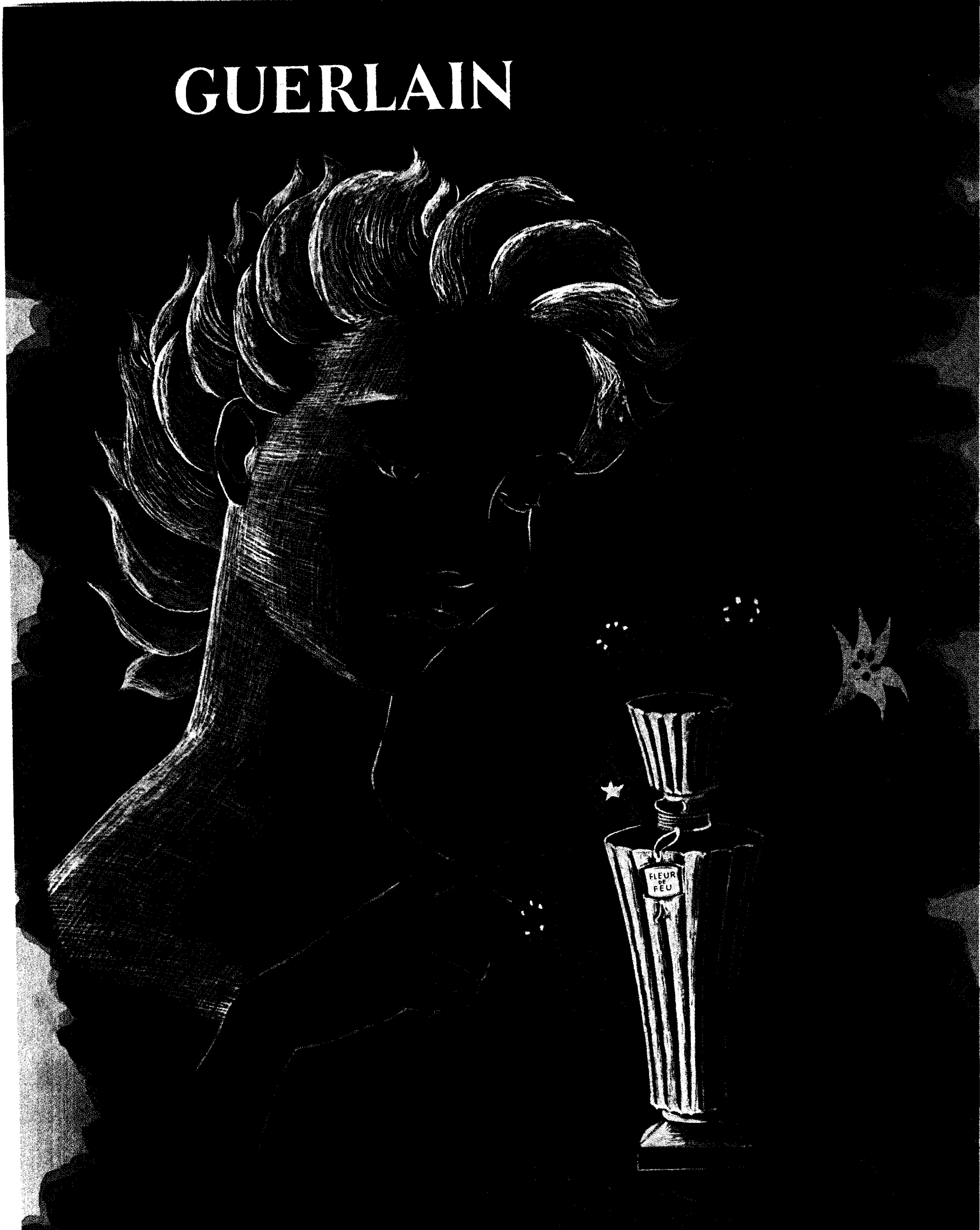
GUERLAIN
FLEUR DE FEU

shadowed the way in which for the next nineteen years the Guild's board of managers was to operate. Alfred Lunt, who served as a member of the board for a time, recently said of its meetings, "The two words I would use to describe them are 'din' and 'attrition.' " One of the most violent early controversies involved the question of whether the Guild, as a corporation, should be endowed or self-supporting. Lee Simonson, who had been one of the early members of the Players, was for endowment; Langner, self-made himself, thought the Guild should be, too. One afternoon, Simonson called on Langner to debate the question. The argument went on until past midnight, with neither party giving an inch. At Langner's invitation, Simonson stayed overnight, so that they could resume in the morning. Late the following afternoon, when both men were haggard, Langner carried his point, partly because Simonson had to agree that even if being endowed *were* the wiser course, there wasn't anyone around to provide the endowment.

By the beginning of April, 1919, the Guild had signed up a hundred and thirty-five subscribers, to whom it had promised two productions during the remainder of that season; Langner had contributed five hundred dollars as working capital; the group had leased the Garrick Theatre, on West Thirty-fifth Street, from the late Otto Kahn, who had intimated that he wouldn't be stern about collecting the rent; and a play called "Bonds of Interest," by Jacinto Benavente, had been chosen, after furious debate, as the first production. It opened on April 14, 1919, and was not warmly received. Although the actors were paid only twenty-five dollars a week apiece, it lost five hundred dollars during each of the four weeks it ran. Langner made up the deficit through the third week; Maurice Wertheim, just returned from a wartime mission to Persia, met the fourth.

Discouraged but mindful of their promise to their subscribers, the Guild's board members resolved to stay in business, even though they had no second play on hand. Langner rose to this emergency. He was browsing moodily in the basement of Brentano's one afternoon when he ran across a volume containing a play called "John Ferguson," by St. John Ervine, an Irishman he had known casually in London. Langner bought the book and read the play. He liked it, and so, astonishingly, did all the other members of the board. A wire was dispatched to Ervine asking permission for the Guild to produce it on a straight

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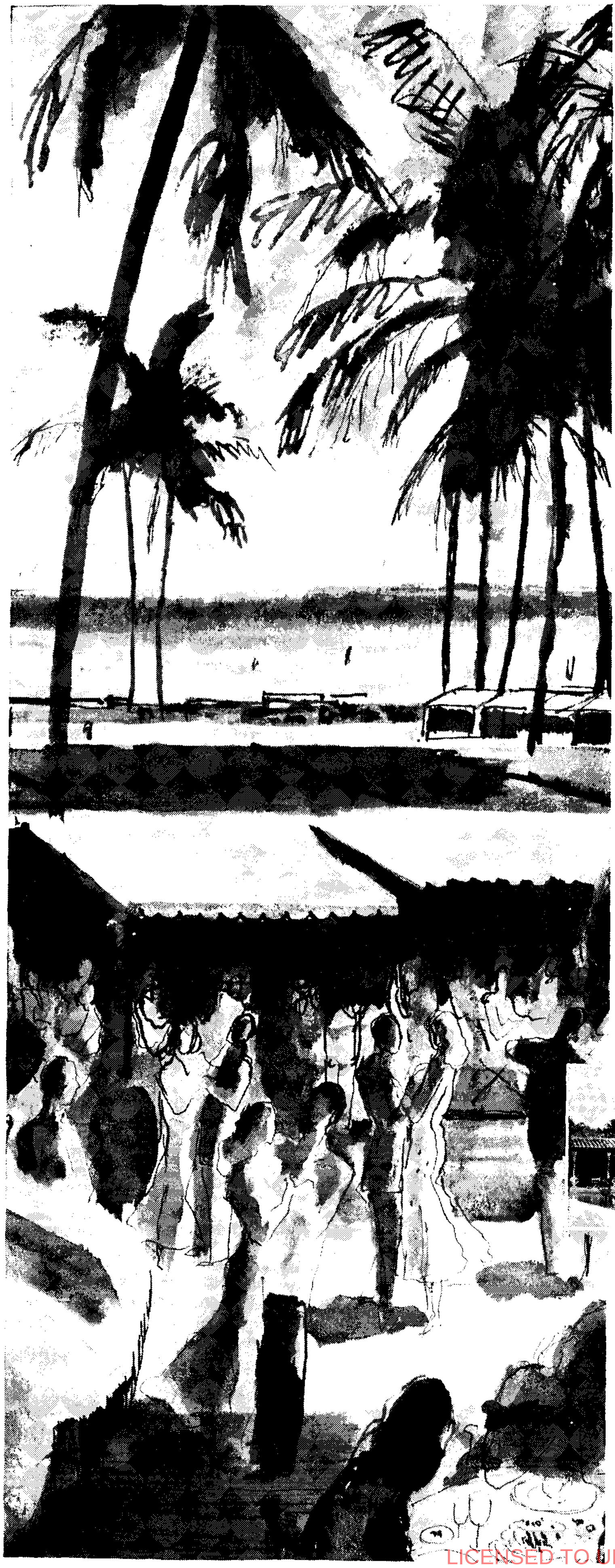
royalty basis, and Langner at the same time wrote him a letter pleasurably recalling their London acquaintance. When Ervine got the wire, he consulted Shaw, who advised him to demand a thousand dollars in advance. He did, by return cable. Then Langner's nostalgic letter arrived, and Ervine forewent the advance. On May 12th, the opening night of "John Ferguson," no rent had been paid on the Garrick, the actors were still receiving twenty-five dollars a week, only three hundred dollars had been spent on the set, and the Guild's working capital was $19.50. The play was an immediate hit. Mr. Kahn got his rent, Langner and Wertheim got their loans back, and the actors got a small percentage of the gross receipts, as they had been told they would if the play went over well. To Wertheim, who had just become a member of the board, it seemed a good time to institute double-entry bookkeeping—a notable event, everyone agreed, in the history of the art theatre.

That fall, the Guild started off its first full season by producing three failures in a row and going into debt for the second time. Then Ervine let it have another play, "Jane Clegg." From that point until the fall of 1938, the Guild was out of the red. The board that shepherded it through the intervening years, its most distinguished ones, consisted of Philip Moeller, Helen Westley, Lee Simonson, and Langner, all of whom were founders; Maurice Wertheim; and Theresa Helburn, who was originally the organization's play-reader and who later, as its executive secretary, held the only paid administrative post in the Guild.

IT was with its second production of its second full season, the world première of Shaw's "Heartbreak House," that the Guild entered its Golden Age. The play, because of the unorthodox position it took toward the war, had been blacklisted by established theatrical producers in both New York and London. Ervine told Shaw he thought the Guild would like to produce it, and proceeded to make the arrangements. The production was not one of the Guild's most rewarding ventures financially, but it helped build the organization's prestige. The Guild did four more plays that season, and two of them—A. A. Milne's "Mr. Pim Passes By" and Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom"—were very successful.

In the winter of 1921, Langner took one of the dual-purpose trips abroad that were to become habitual with him. On the Langner, Parry, Card & Langner expense account, he travelled to London, where he set up the firm of Stevens, Langner, Parry & Rollinson, chartered patent agents, and introduced himself to Shaw. Shaw had just finished "Back to Methuselah," the five-part, eight-hour opus that begins in the Garden of Eden in 4004 B.C. and ends in the year 31920 A.D., and Langner admired it. "Don't bother about a contract," Shaw told Langner when the latter proposed producing the play. "It isn't likely that any other lunatics will want to produce it." "Methuselah" was an almost certain money-loser—Langner told Shaw he anticipated a deficit of thirty thousand dollars—but the Guild had just had another hit in "He Who Gets Slapped" and was in a position to take a loss. The Guild broke up "Methuselah" into three parts, running each one for a week at a time. It lost twenty thousand dollars, which Shaw has always claimed, in the light of Langner's prophecy, amounted to a ten-thousand-dollar profit. During each of the next ten seasons, the Guild did at least one Shaw play, for a total of twelve, and most of them were highly remunerative to both parties. "Methuselah" was the only one Shaw allowed it to do without a contract, however.

Through the years, Shaw has undoubtedly been the Guild's most prolific playwright, but he has also been its most upsetting. Right from the beginning, with "Heartbreak House," the Guild discovered that it had caught a tartar. It wanted to start its 1920-21 season with the play, and recruited a cast for an October opening. Shaw forbade production until after the Presidential election that fall, it being his long-held conviction that the American public won't go to the theatre during the heat of a political campaign. The Guild wrote him a pleading letter, pointing out that if the opening was put off until November, the "superlative" actors who had been hired would take other jobs. In reply came what is probably the most intransigent one-word cablegram of all time: "INEXORABLE. SHAW." The play opened—after the election—and the Guild soon found itself in trouble again. It developed that there was a lady in New York who was a Shaw



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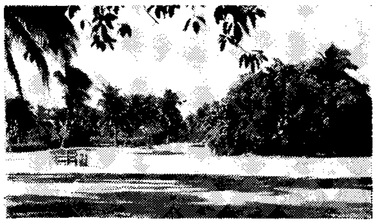

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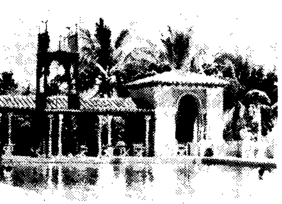

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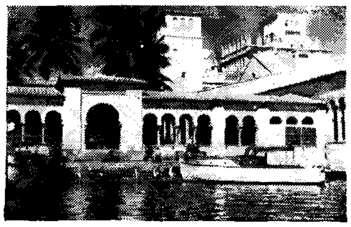

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spy. She attended the play from time to time with a copy of the original script in her lap, and if a single line was cut, she notified Shaw, who, in turn, sternly rebuked the sorely intimidated Guild and refuted in advance any denial on its part by identifying his source of information. In "Heartbreak House," Shaw has Hesione Hushabye explicitly describe herself as black-haired. Effie Shannon, a blonde, was playing the part for the Guild and for a while omitted the line in order to avoid the contradiction about her hair. When Shaw got word of this, his wrath was so great that Miss Shannon was obliged to restore the line and simply slur it as best she could.

As Langner has taken pains to point out in *Who's Who*, not only is he the man who brought Shaw into the Guild's fold but he is also responsible for its having signed up Eugene O'Neill. Before 1927, when Langner at last corralled him, O'Neill had several times been on the verge of working with the Guild, but temperament, always as common among the Guild's board of managers as among playwrights, had persistently got in the way. Unlike most of the board members, however, Langner had, as he still has, an immense talent for suppressing his feelings in any potentially profitable negotiations, and he was determined that O'Neill should become a Guild playwright. In the winter of 1927, Langner came down with a severe attack of grippe and was advised by his doctor to spend a few weeks in a warm climate recuperating. He couldn't make up his mind where he wanted to go, since he had no business affairs to transact in the South and, as always, he hesitated to travel for pleasure only. Then he heard that O'Neill, who had just finished a play, was in Bermuda, and he at once booked passage for the island. The play was "Strange Interlude," and Langner became extremely enthusiastic about it. O'Neill had promised first refusal of the play to a well-known female star, but he agreed to let the Guild have it if the lady turned it down. A month or so later, she did turn it down. The script was then submitted to the Guild's board, which, after the customary period of wrangling, voted by the narrowest of margins that "Strange Interlude" was a good play. It became one of the Guild's greatest successes, artistically and financially, and was labelled by Alexander Woollcott "the 'Abie's Irish Rose' of the intelligentsia."

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were Shaw, O'Neill, S. N. Behrman, Sidney Howard, and Ferenc Molnar; its acting company included Helen Westley, the Lunts, Dudley Digges, Henry Travers, Ernest Cossart, and Edward G. Robinson; Philip Moeller was regarded as the most brilliant director on Broadway, and Lee Simonson as the outstanding scenic artist. During its tenth season (1927-28), the Guild produced five plays and every one of them was a hit. In 1929, it had eight productions running simultaneously on Broadway and five companies on the road; it had thirty-four thousand subscribers in New York—assuring a solid five-week run for any play it put on—and as many more spread out among six other cities; it had its own theatre, the best equipped and most comfortable in town; and it was trying out, with encouraging results, a system of modified repertory. That season, the Guild retired eighty thousand dollars' worth, or more than one-eighth, of the bonds it had sold to finance the Guild Theatre.

The fall of the Guild from this seemingly unassailable position appears in retrospect almost as astonishing as the fact that the Guild, having suffered such a collapse, succeeded in surviving at all. During the early thirties, it staged a number of successful plays—Maxwell Anderson, Robert E. Sherwood, Philip Barry, O'Neill, and Behrman were among the playwrights represented—but these were neither frequent enough nor profitable enough to offset the depression, the advent of talking pictures, and a rift in the board of managers that every year became wider. The list of subscribers grew smaller, the repertory system and the acting company were dispensed with, and the Guild Theatre, which consumed something like half of each year's profits in payments to the bondholders, became an almost insupportable burden. The split in the board put Langner, Miss Helburn, and Wertheim on one side and Simonson, Moeller, and Miss Westley on the other. The first group referred bitterly to the second as "the artists." The second felt that they were being even bitterer when they called the members of the first "the businessmen." The acrimony that had long disrupted board meetings now spread to every step of production. In 1938, Sherwood, Behrman, Anderson, and Sidney Howard found the Guild so difficult to get on with that, together with Elmer Rice, they formed the Playwrights' Company to produce their own plays. This was almost the coup de grâce. The four seceding playwrights had contributed eight-

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een plays to the Guild up to then, most of which had made money and three of which had won Pulitzer Prizes. With the second production of its twenty-first season (1938-39), a dreary epic named "Jeremiah," the Guild went into debt for the third time in its history. Each of the six directors put up ten thousand dollars to cover the losses incurred by the unfortunate operation, and there seemed little likelihood of their ever getting their money back. One member of the board proposed that Mayor LaGuardia be asked to give a public banquet for Guild subscribers, at the close of which he would break the news to a forlorn but well-fed assemblage that the organization was no more. The five others vetoed this suggestion. It was the first approximation of unanimity in years. It was also the last.

Later that season, in a last-ditch gamble, the Guild engaged Katharine Hepburn, who was then in her poison-at-the-box-office phase, for "The Philadelphia Story," by Philip Barry, who also had seen better days. The odds seemed to be against it, but the production was a hit. The sixty thousand dollars was repaid, and the Guild stayed in business—but not, as constituted by its Magna Carta, for long. Moeller, Simonson, and Miss Westley resigned from the board a year or so later, Wertheim subsequently retired to a behind-the-scenes position, and Langner and Miss Helburn took over control. "The artists" turned in their common stock in the Guild—stock that had never paid a dividend, and still hasn't—and received for it preferred stock, which also has yet to pay dividends, but is rather more likely to someday.

Langner was able to derive minor solace during the lean years from the fact that his Westport Country Playhouse, which he and Miss Marshall founded in 1931, was gaining steadily in reputation. Sometimes, in the days when the Guild's board members were squabbling over what play should be produced next, he would mollify the disappointment he felt when they turned down a script he advocated by putting the play on in Westport. Langner has frequently used his summer theatre as an inexpensive proving ground for plays that might conceivably be headed for New York in the fall, and perhaps fifteen of them have actually reached Broadway. In the summer of 1948, at Westport, he put together the production of "The Silver Whistle," spending the incredibly low sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, and the show became the Guild's best-received offering last winter. Last summer, Langner tried out six productions at Westport, of which he expects the Guild will bring four to Manhattan this season. Westport has also been a comfort to Langner because it has enabled him to put on a number of his own plays—plays for which he has been able to find no other producer. In addition to his early "Licensed" and "The Family Exit," he has written more than thirty dramas. Five of these have been shown on Broadway, and of those five, only one, "The Pursuit of Happiness," which he collaborated on with Miss Marshall, was a success. His luck as a dramatist hasn't caused him to despair, but it has saddened, even embittered him. He is inclined to blame his poor showing in this respect on his preoccupation with other interests and once told a prominent playwright, "I wish *I* had all the time *you* have to write plays," in a tone that clearly implied that if he had, he'd show him.

IN 1942, Miss Helburn concocted the idea of making a musical out of Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs," a project that resulted in "Oklahoma!" The production called for an expenditure of only ninety thousand dollars, which is trifling as musical-comedy costs go, but it took four months for the still bedraggled Guild to raise even that. Langner remembers a party given by a millionaire for nine other millionaires who, it was hoped, would put up some money for the show. Richard Rodgers played the score and Alfred Drake sang the lyrics. The party netted not a nickel. Even Langner's indestructible opti-

RAGE
DAY AND NIGHT
PARKING
SORRY
NO ROO

mism was badly tried. When his brother Herbert, the second Langner in Langner, Parry, Card & Langner, indicated a desire to put five thousand dollars into the production, Lawrence convinced him that a thousand was plenty, a piece of persuasion that has cost Herbert, to date, some hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Nowadays, the Guild, if not precisely in the same class artistically with the outfit that in one season produced "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Porgy," "Marco Millions," "Strange Interlude," and "Volpone," is doing very nicely indeed. Behrman has drifted away from the Playwrights' Company and back toward the Guild, Barry and O'Neill appear to be content to work with the Guild, and Rodgers and Hammerstein, as effective a team as the theatre has known, say—not too surprisingly, in view of "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel"—that the Guild is the best producer they have ever worked with. ("South Pacific" was produced by Leland Hayward not because of any disagreement between the Guild and Rodgers and Hammerstein but because the show was Hayward's idea.) This season, the Guild has on its schedule the Lunts in a play by Behrman, Katharine Hepburn in a play by Shakespeare, and a Rouben Mamoulian production of Herbert and Dorothy Fields' musical version of the Langners' "The Pursuit of Happiness." As Langner would say, endurance is the thing.

—ROBERT RICE

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Langner.)

•

SONG

Stir in the shifting air,
Pause, waver; let there be
Motion and rest and sound
As delicate and frail
As wind across the ground,

As leaf detached from tree,
Taking along the wind
The unsubstantial trail
No falconer can find,
No fathomer can hear.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

•

Plastic makes a new space saver for mothers who live in crowded quarters or who must travel with a small baby in the form of an inflatable bathtub.—*Dallas Morning News.*

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FOOTBALL

An Old Dartmouth Custom

LAST Saturday produced the customary collection of early-season oddities, none of them odder than Dartmouth's lackadaisical performance against Pennsylvania at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia. Of course, Dartmouth, which leads a self-contained life in the New Hampshire hills, is, like most New England institutions, essentially a creature of habit. Until 1935, it wandered for fifty years in the wilderness of the Yale Bowl without discovering the secret of how to beat the local team. Then, having renewed, in 1943, an old friendship with Penn, it got itself into another groove by losing for six consecutive seasons to its Philadelphia host. This season, however, what with Penn's loss by graduation of enough football geniuses to staff an entire varsity for the average Eastern college, it did seem that Dartmouth might be ready to break itself of its distressing new habit, even though it, too, had lost a number of useful men, including the illustrious Joe Sullivan. But Dartmouth, which evidently loves being asked down to Philadelphia for an October weekend, arrived in town rosy-cheeked and guileless, and loaded with presents, three of which turned out to be handsomely engraved touchdowns. The score—home team 21, visitors 0—was exactly what might have been expected.

The weather was distinctly Jones Beach rather than football. This, you might think, would be more of a handicap to Dartmouth, New Hampshire's climate being notoriously brisk at this season of the year, than to Penn, but in the pre-game practice Dartmouth romped about as though it were a chilly day, while Penn was fairly relaxed, though not to the point of removing its stockings. (Dartmouth played barelegged.) Dartmouth carried its overeagerness on into the game. It was forever fumbling the ball, or passing it to someone who wasn't looking for it, or choosing the most unlikely plays, or committing traffic violations in full view of the officials. It was an exhibition that should supply Tuss McLaughry, the team's coach, with plenty of material for fireside talks to his troops.

At that, Penn never did get its bag of tricks in working order. It was not until almost the end of the first half that anything to stir the customers occurred. Then a couple of Dartmouth sins of commission gave Penn the ball on the Dartmouth thirty-one-yard line. A moment later, George Munger, the Penn coach, clearly weary of the prevailing inertia, sent in a fresh quarterback (Coulson) and a fresh fullback (Graham). Their orders must have been to forget about strategy and win the ball game. With Coulson calling signals, Graham slammed seven times in a row between the same pair of Dartmouth linemen, moving the ball from the twenty-six-yard line to the twenty-one, then to the fifteen, the ten, the five, the two, the one, and the Dartmouth goal. For the torpid spectators, it was a refreshing return to first principles.

Nothing went right for Dartmouth after that. Early in the second half, the team got off its first halfway decent punt of the game, only to see Penn's Deuber, a fast man in any climate, run sixty-nine yards, with the aid of just one good blocking play, through the whole visiting squad for another touchdown.

ARMY, also a creature of habit, delighted its admirers by putting on another of its patented exhibitions at West Point. It allowed Penn State, by no means a mediocre opponent, to beat it, 7–0, in the first half, and then turned around and beat Penn State, 42–0, in the second half. This cat-and-mouse stunt can be perilous as well as entertaining, but Army has been getting by with it for years, and there may be no point in meddling with a successful formula. Last fall, Army introduced a talented new ballcarrier, Stephenson, to its enchanted following. This fall it introduced a talented new quarterback, Blaik. This Blaik (Robert) is the son of the Blaik (Earl) who is the Army coach. Sons of football coaches usually don't play for their fathers, or even for their fathers' alma maters—Young, of Dartmouth, son of Penn's celebrated Lou Young, is a current example—but then Army has always been known as a team that, like its coach, takes no great stock in orthodoxy. —J. W. L.

•

Numerous bus tours on a package basis are available throughout the English countryside, the British Travel Association reports. . . .

Meals, tips and other personal expenses are not included in the package. Flight time from Los Angeles is 25 minutes.
—*A.S.T.A. Travel News.*

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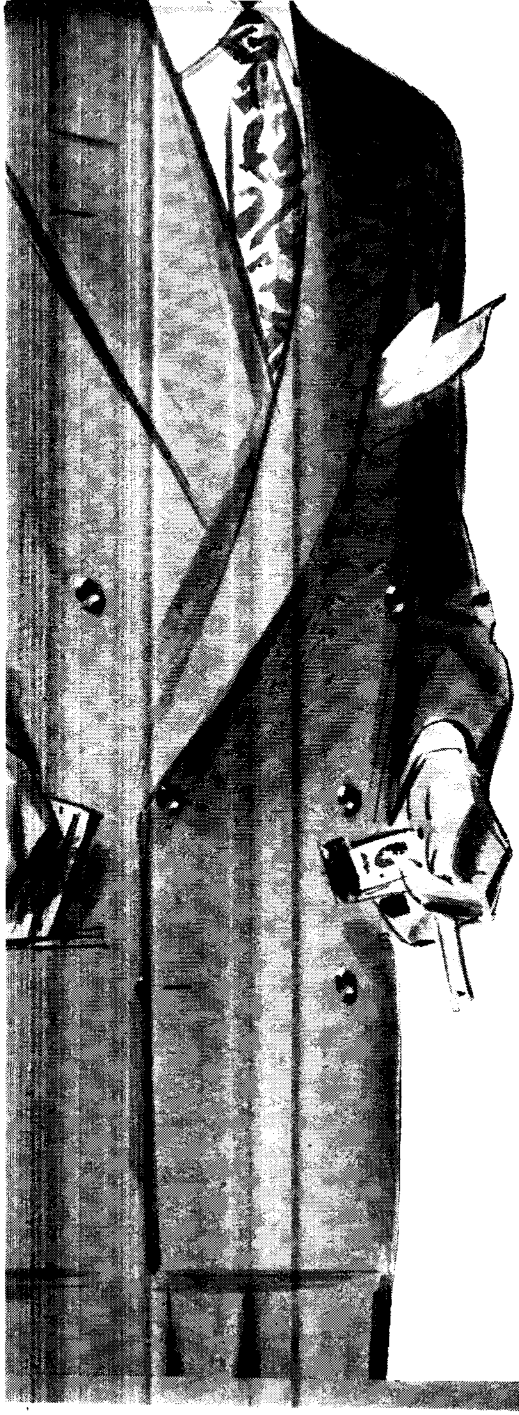

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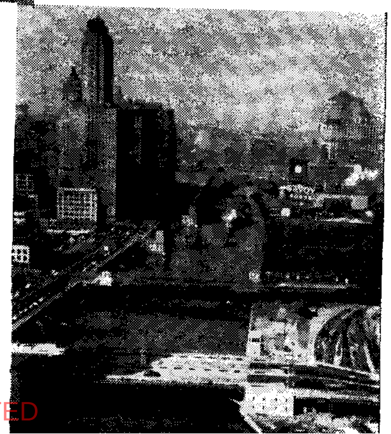


OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

POLONAISE

WHEN I alighted from a train at the Warsaw railroad station early one morning a few weeks ago, I squeezed myself into one of those ramshackle miniature conveyances that the people of Warsaw optimistically call taxicabs and told the driver, a heavy man in dire need of a shave, to take me to the Hotel Bristol. He nodded, and kicked at the starter, which did not respond. He said "*Psia krew!*" ("Dog's blood!"), a popular Polish curse, and kept kicking until the motor caught. It was six-thirty. A rather warm wind blew clouds of dust from the enormous heaps of rubble and from the jagged, windowless ruins of the city. I had been sitting up all night on the train and was so tired that I dozed off. I awoke with a jolt when the taxi stopped. I started to get out, but then I saw that we were in front of a church, not a hotel.

"The Church of the Holy Cross," the driver said. "Does the gentleman want to take a look?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I want to go to the Bristol."

"Oh, the hotel is across the street," he said nonchalantly, and settled the question of where I was going by getting out and opening the door. "This is the church where the heart of Chopin is buried. I've been wanting to come here myself for some time, but I'm hardly ever in this neighborhood. The gentleman's bags will be safe, and I won't charge for the waiting time."

So I got out, too, and the driver and I walked up a makeshift wooden stairway built over the stone steps of the church, and went inside. It was quiet and cool there. The driver crossed himself and knelt for a moment in prayer. I saw people on their knees praying before the main altar. The driver stood up and touched my arm gently. "There it is," he said, pointing to a short white column with a bust of Chopin on the top. There was a niche in the column, containing flowers. On a metal tablet at the base of the column was an inscription in Polish, which can be translated as "My heart will remain with you." "Those were the last words of Chopin before he left Poland and went to France," the driver said. "Beats me why he spent the best years of his life there." He shook his head. "Well, the French couldn't take his heart away from us. Neither could the Germans or the Russians." He started to curse again, but then piously checked himself. "It's buried here in Poland, where it belongs."

An organ began to play. We listened for a few minutes, and then we left. I asked the driver if he liked Chopin's music. He looked surprised. "Frankly, I don't care much for music," he said. He opened the taxi door and waited patiently until I got both legs and the rest of my body in. "The gentleman understands, doesn't he, that this is our official Chopin Year? Chopin died a hundred years ago, on October 17th, in Paris." He pointed back over his shoulder. "They took his heart—"

"I know," I said hurriedly.

"And now we'll go over to the Bristol," he said amiably.

On the wall of my room there was a chiaroscuro portrait of Chopin. I slept most of the day, then took a walk before dinner. I noticed a great many posters announcing Chopin Year.

THAT night, when I went back to the hotel, the clerk behind the desk asked, as he handed me my room key, "Has the gentleman seen a little of Warsaw?"

"Yes."

"I suppose the gentleman has been in the church where Frédéric Chopin—"

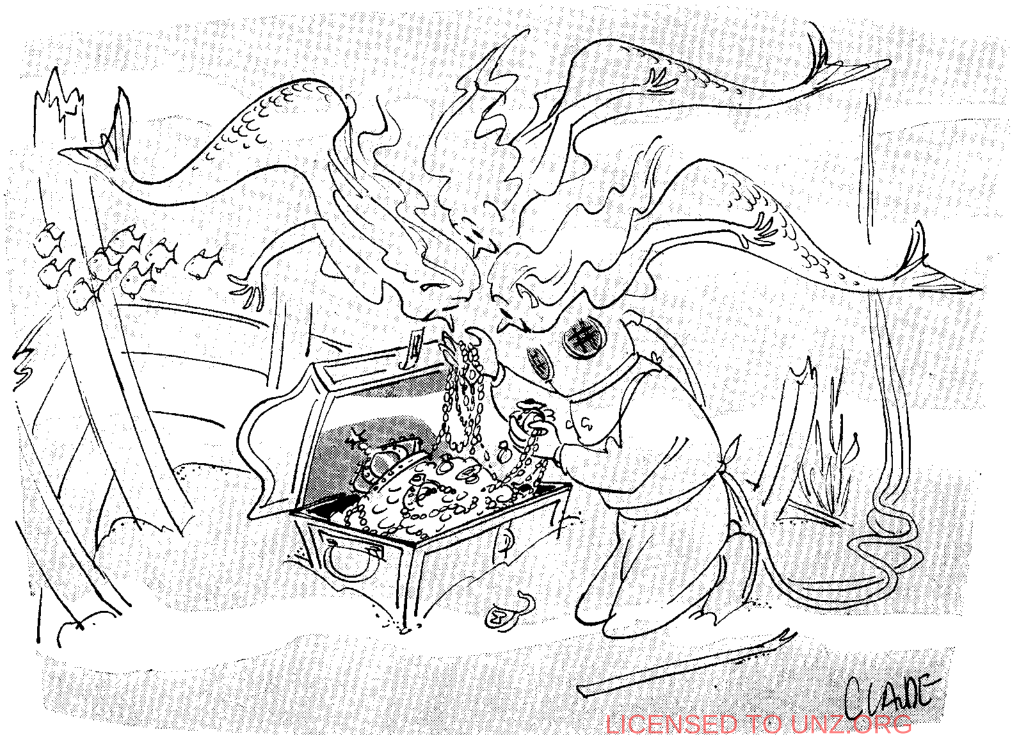
"The Church of the Holy Cross?" I said as I started to turn away. "Yes. I was there this morning. Good night."

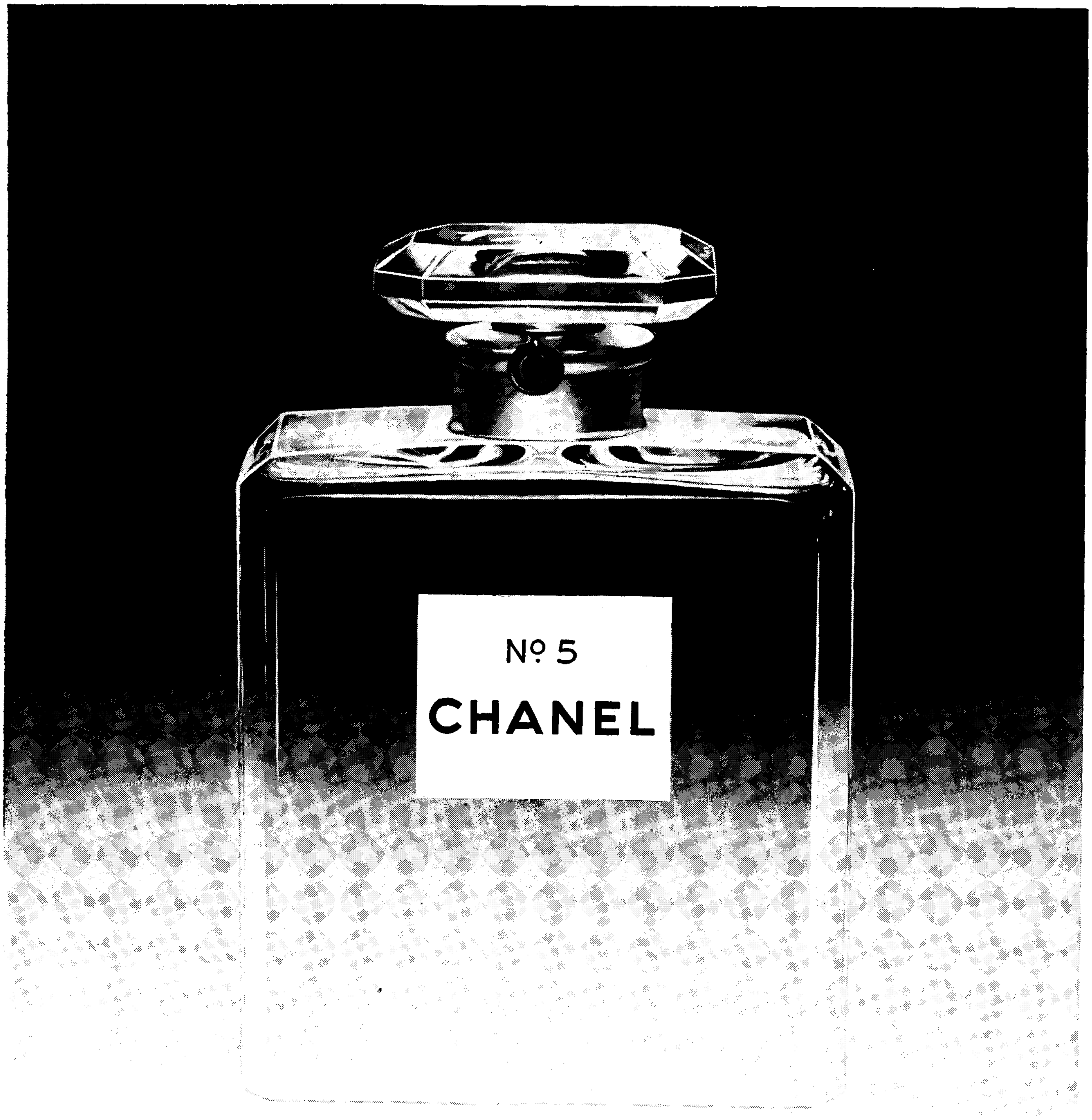
"No, no, no," he said quickly, giving me the half-tolerant, half-annoyed stare that is a hallmark of civilized desk clerks all over the world. "If the gentleman doesn't mind, I did not mean that church." He came out from behind the desk and led me to the entrance. "The Order of the Visitation Church," he said, pointing out another church, a block away. "Young Chopin used to play the organ there at his school Mass. The organ has a beautiful tone. Sometimes when I listen to it, I wish I had been there when young Chopin played it. He lived most of his early life in this district, part of the time on Krakowskie Przedmieście, not far from the Warsaw Conservatory, where he studied composition with Professor Joseph Elsner. Elsner wrote on Chopin's report card, 'Unusual talent—musical genius.' " He added apologetically, "My wife buys all those Chopin books, and I read them. I don't bore the gentleman?"

I said no.

"Does the gentleman see that three-story house, the second one this side of the Church of the Holy Cross? Chopin lived there, too—from 1827 to 1830. He wrote the F-Minor Concerto there." The clerk had started to hum the theme from the first movement when a couple of people came in. He excused himself and returned to the desk.

I went to the Order of the Visitation Church the next morning and listened to the beautiful music of the organ. When I went out, a lean man glanced sharply at my hat and shoes and asked me if I had seen the Church of the Holy Cross, where Chopin's heart— I told him I had and walked rapidly away. At the Polski Bank, where I changed some dollars into zlotys, the teller at the for-





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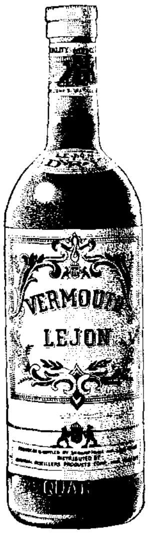

DRY OR SWEET

eign-exchange window asked me if I had been to the Frédéric Chopin Institute. It was at 15 Zgoda Street, he said, and he looked perfectly willing to leave his cage to show me where it was. At the office of a man I had promised to look up, I was told by his secretary that he was in Switzerland—something to do with publicizing Chopin Year, she said. In the café where I had lunch, the pianist played Chopin's B-Minor Scherzo and two of his mazurkas. The pianist was so good that after lunch, with a feeling that I couldn't buck this thing any longer, I took a cab to 15 Zgoda Street.

THE Frédéric Chopin Institute is on the third floor of a dingy, bomb-blasted house. A tall, unsmiling man with a military bearing and a large mustache said that he was Stefan Rakowski, secretary of the Institute. "Mr. Rudnicki, our director, happens to be in Cracow," he said solemnly, "but it will be my gratification to guide you around, sir. *Sso!*" He spoke an overly careful but awkward English, and he frequently ended a thought with a gusty "*Sso!*" that ruffled the fringes of his mustache.

The Frédéric Chopin Institute was founded in 1934 by the Polish government, I learned, to collect Chopin manuscripts and other relics, put on concerts of his lesser-known as well as his better-known compositions, publish his works, and serve as a museum and propaganda bureau for Poland's greatest composer. Before the war, the Institute had splendid quarters, Rakowski told me, but now it has only two rooms. The one we were in, the office, had white-washed walls, a few desks, an old-fashioned telephone that was constantly ringing, and a couple of battered typewriters. It was crowded with stacks of pamphlets, pictures, and posters. A young girl, who acted as a secretary and clerk, answered the telephone. The place looked like the campaign headquarters of a minor political party. On one wall was a print of a Chopin portrait and a United Nations poster.

"This is our big year," Rakowski said, unnecessarily. "Please be seated. You know, of course, about the Chopin Year. On February 22nd, which was the hundred-and-thirty-ninth anniversary of Chopin's birth, the opening celebrations were held in the village of Zelazowa Wola, where he was born, and at the church where he was christened, in Brochów. There was a big concert here in Warsaw that night, in Roma Hall, with a performance of the E-Minor and F-Minor Concertos by two of our finest pianists, Jan Ekier and Zbigniew Drzewiecki. It should be emphasized," Rakowski continued, as he settled himself in his chair, "that the most important part of the program of the Chopin Year is concerts—historical concerts and a series of concerts that we call the Living Edition of Chopin's Work." Like most Poles, he pronounced the name "*Shop*-pen." "The Living Edition concerts, which are presenting a complete cycle of Chopin's works, are given at Roma Hall, and they are being broadcast over the radio. The historical concerts are, so to say, duplications of concerts that Chopin gave. They are being held in the towns where he played—usually in the same halls, if they still exist—and the programs are the very same ones that he performed. For instance, on March 17th the program that Chopin gave on March 17, 1830, at the National Theatre was repeated—the Concerto in F Minor and the Grand Fantasy on Polish Airs, Opus 13. Our National Theatre has been destroyed, so the performance was given at Roma Hall. On April 26th, our famous pianist Henryk Sztompka replayed, at the Paris Conservatory, the program Chopin gave on April 26, 1841, at the Salle Pleyel. On May 15th, Stanislaw Szpinalski duplicated the program that Chopin played on May 15, 1848, in the presence of Queen Victoria, at the residence of the Duchess of Sutherland in London—"

"I'm afraid I'll have to—" I said.

"Ah, what an audience it must have been at the Pleyel!" Rakowski went on. "Mme. Sand was there, Franz Liszt, Hector Berlioz, Heinrich Heine, Delacroix, the great Polish poets Mickiewicz and Witwicki. Chopin played his own works."

The young secretary called Rakowski to the phone. He shrugged impatiently and said, "Excuse myself, sir." He was back in a moment and asked me to go into the other room, which was a big one, across a narrow corridor. It looked like a run-down antique shop. Mirrors, paintings, vases, and tables were scattered all over it. There were four or five irregular rows of wooden chairs, as well as four pianos—one against each wall.

A tall, gray-haired lady with a regal air and a longish Renaissance face entered. Rakowski bowed deeply, kissed her hand, and introduced her as Mme. Louise Ciechomska. "The only living descendant of the Chopin family," he said. "Mme. Ciechomska works here at the Institute."

Mme. Ciechomska acknowledged

Rakowski's words with a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment. "I'm not what you would call a close relative," she said. "Papa was the grandson of Chopin's eldest sister, Louise, who was married to Professor Kalasante Jedrzejewicz. Papa knew a lot of stories about Frédéric. He always said that my great-granduncle was really a little mixed up. All those women, you know. Mme. Sand, Maria Wodzińska, Countess Delfine Potocka."

"You don't have to be mixed up to fall in love with attractive women," Rakowski said sternly. "*Sso!*" We laughed, but his grave expression did not relax.

"I'm ashamed to confess that I don't even play the piano," said Mme. Ciechomska.

"You don't have to play the piano to admire the greatness of Chopin," said Rakowski, with some heat. "Remember the words of George Sand, 'He's more Polish than Poland itself.' And Stanislaw Przybyszewski, the writer, says, 'We are indebted—' "

Mme. Ciechomska laughed. "Mr. Rakowski is a romantic," she said to me, and she put her hand on his arm.

"Yes, Madame," he said. "I confess to being a hopeless romantic, like every Pole. That, sir, is our great strength—and our weakness. *Sso!*" He looked out the window at the broken walls and the wild flowers growing in the rubble. He waved his hand. "Maybe I ought to be out there now laying bricks, helping to rebuild our capital. But, rightly or wrongly, I feel that this work is just as important. It is very sad to think how many of the things that Chopin once owned we once had, and how little we have now. All the manuscripts, the letters, his sister's diary—gone. The Germans took them. Today there are Chopin manuscripts everywhere—in France, Canada, America—yes, everywhere except in Poland. We have just these odds and ends." He pointed to a Louis XIV armchair with faded silver upholstery, in a corner that had been roped off. "This chair, for example, came from the room at 12 Place Vendôme, in Paris, where he died." We all looked at the chair.

A hollow-cheeked young man with long, tousled hair and wild eyes came in, ignoring us fiercely. He went to one end of the room, sat down at the piano there, and began to play Chopin's "Rondo Krakoviak." He had great verve and excellent technique.

"Some very gifted pianists come to practice here," Rakowski said. "There is still a bad need for pianos in Warsaw,

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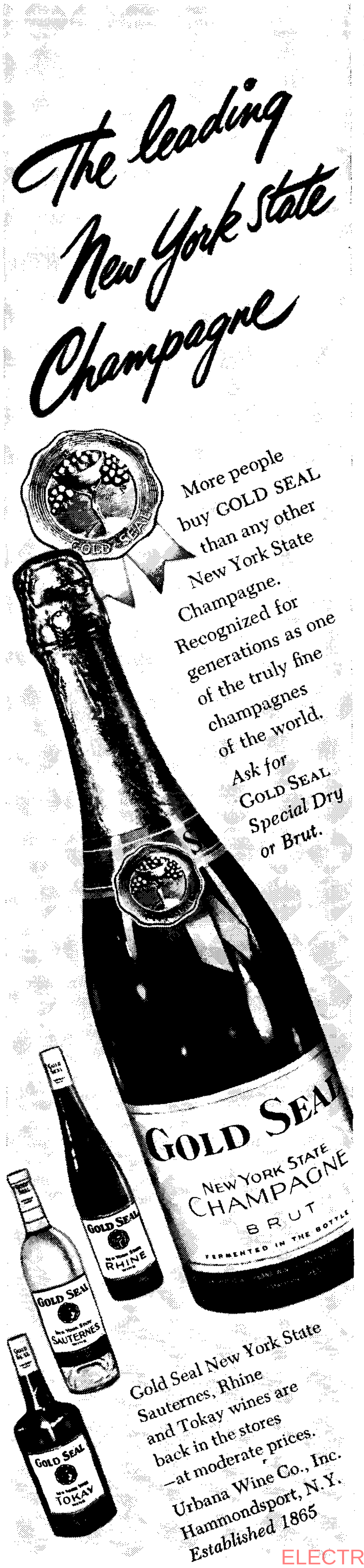
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and most of the students don't have one at home. I tell you, there may be a lack of pianos, but there is no lack of talent. There are probably more first-rate pianists in Warsaw now than in any other city in Europe—artists like Jan Ekier, Stanislaw Szpinalski, Henryk Sztompka, Boleslaw Woytowicz." He seemed a little more cheerful. In a moment, he went back to the office and returned with several volumes of music. "Everything Chopin ever wrote," he said. "All his preludes, études, ballades, impromptus, scherzos, sonatas, nocturnes, polonaises, valses, mazurkas, concertos—*everything*. Paderewski worked on it for years, after he gave up his concert career. After his death, others finished the job. Then the Germans came. The manuscripts were hidden in the basement of a house in the suburbs. The house was destroyed, but not the basement. *Sso!* We have now published the first six volumes. By 1951, the whole twenty-six volumes will be ready. We will publish sixty thousand sets in foreign languages."

"These books are only a part of our long-term program," Mme. Ciechomska said. "We are planning radio broadcasts, and putting out films, poems, postcards, booklets, and novels. There are Chopin anthologies, Chopin calendars, Chopin masks, Chopin busts, Chopin souvenirs—all that sort of thing." I remarked that I hadn't fully realized the depth of the Poles' feeling for Chopin. Mme. Ciechomska smiled. "You must go out to his birthplace, in Zelazowa Wola," she said. "It's beautiful out there." Zelazowa Wola is a tiny village thirty-five miles west of Warsaw, on the road to Poznań.

Rakowski clapped his hands. "Why don't I take you tomorrow morning?" he said. "Tomorrow is Sunday, and there is a concert every Sunday afternoon. Professor Staniewicz is going to play tomorrow. I shall try to get a car for eight o'clock in the morning. *Sso!*" By now I felt that my time was Chopin's time, and I agreed to go.

RAKOWSKI telephoned me the next morning and said he was unable to get a car. "The buses are dangerously overcrowded and they wouldn't be pleasant," he said. "Everybody wants to go out there. Last month, there were a hundred and sixty thousand visitors." I said I would see what I could do. A friend of mine at the American Embassy let me have an Embassy car, with a driver, and by nine o'clock we were on our way. Rakowski looked a bit more relaxed than he had been the day before, but he was still sombre.

The countryside was peaceful and friendly. We passed barefoot children playing in front of miserable farmhouses. Rakowski looked out, but he didn't seem to see the scenery until we came to the plains near Zelazowa Wola. "I suppose the mazurkas that Chopin wrote many years later in Paris were born here," he said. "He was the friend of Heine, Liszt, and Delacroix, but his heart was always here, near the places of his childhood."

After a few miles, our driver turned off the paved highway, at Rakowski's direction, onto a dirt road. Ahead of us was an open truck crammed with school children waving small Polish flags and singing gaily. The truck sent up clouds of dust, but neither our driver nor Rakowski was bothered by it. "The children come from all over Poland to pay honor to Chopin," said Rakowski. "Most of them have never heard his music, I imagine, but it's a good thing for them to come here."

In Zelazowa Wola, we got out at the gate of a big park. Beside the gate was a small building in which a peasant girl with a colored kerchief over her head was selling postcards, souvenirs, and glasses of sour milk. There were thousands of trees, flowers, and bushes in the park, and an air of peace and charm. Rakowski said that each of the ten thousand cities, towns, and villages in Poland had contributed a tree or a shrub to Chopin Park, which is a national shrine. "We have two pine trees from America, too," he said proudly. "From the Roxy Mountains." We walked for a while. In a clearing, we came upon a one-story white frame house with two chimneys. It had flower beds, a large flagstone terrace, and ivy on its walls, and it looked very much like a modest country place in Connecticut. It was Chopin's birthplace.

"This hasn't been a happy house, sir," Rakowski said, gloomily. "The bricks of the foundation are still the same, but everything else has been changed. During the First World War, the German or the Austrian or the Russian Army—I don't know which one, so many foreign armies have fought on Poland's soil—burned it down. It was rebuilt in time for the Second World War and the Germans. You should have seen it in 1945! The roof was demolished, the doors were shattered, and the only piece of furniture left was the shell of a piano, without strings or legs—all that remained of the instrument on which

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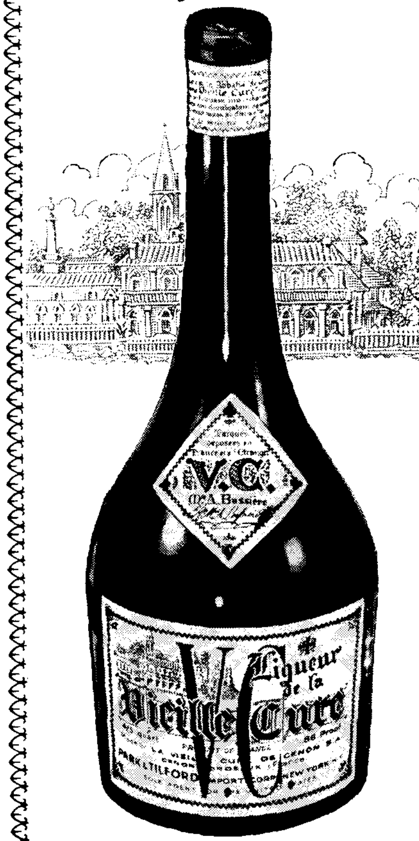
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young Frédéric took his first lessons. The house was completely rebuilt, and the National Museum, in Warsaw, lent furniture in the style of the period, but you must not look for historical truth, sir. What you will find is truth of the spirit. *Sso!*"

The school children were coming along the flagstone terrace now. They walked two by two, timidly, some on tiptoe, as though they were about to go into a church. They began to file in behind a man who I suppose was their teacher, the boys wearing the blue caps worn by all schoolboys in Poland, the girls in creaking new white shoes and white stockings, with their pigtails tied with colored ribbons. At the entrance, a white-haired lady took them in hand.

Rakowski and I followed them. The house smelled pleasantly of wood, and I noticed that the floors and the heavy wooden beams of the ceilings were all new. There was a small foyer and then a cheerful sitting room with a fireplace. On one wall of this room hung a copy of the famous Chopin portrait by his friend Delacroix—the original is in the Louvre—which shows the composer in the depths of his physical and emotional suffering. The music room, which was next and projected into the garden, had windows on three sides. The draped curtains were white and freshly starched, and the furniture, upholstered in blue and pink, was Empire. The piano—an American Steinway—was locked. It wouldn't be opened until time for the recital, Rakowski said.

The children crowded into the room beyond, which was furnished in Biedermeier and also contained an eighteenth-century upright piano of the type that was called "giraffe," because of its height. The white-haired woman said that this room had been used by Chopin's mother—that she had done her knitting and embroidering there. She opened a small chest of drawers and pressed a concealed button inside. A couple of secret compartments sprang open. The children were fascinated. "Does anybody know what this is for?" the woman asked the group of children, pointing to another piece of furniture. Nobody answered. "It's a writing table, or *bureau,*" she said.

"Poor children!" Rakowski said to me. "They've never seen such furniture. Where they come from, people have a bed, a couple of chairs, and a table—sometimes not even a table. The Polish people are very poor, sir."

Most of the youngsters were standing around the writing table, reverently

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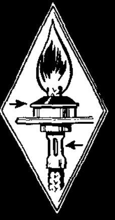

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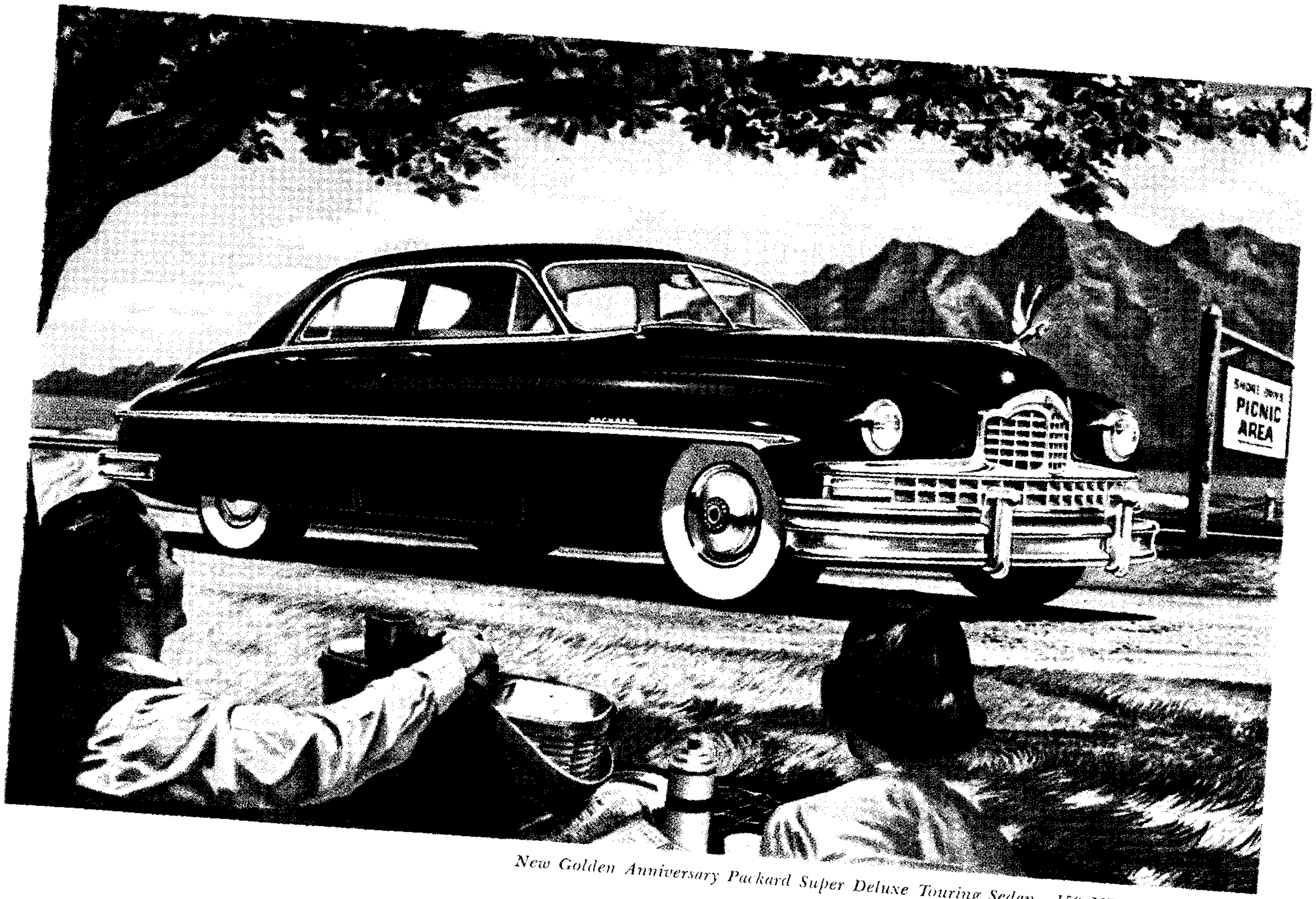

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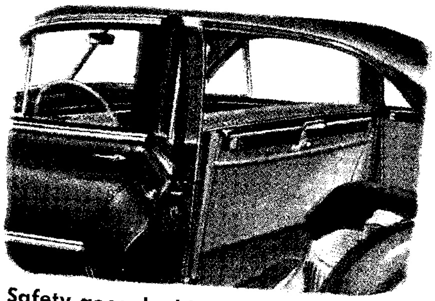

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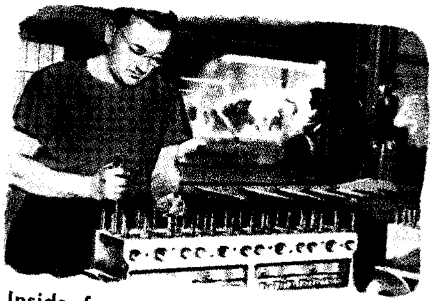

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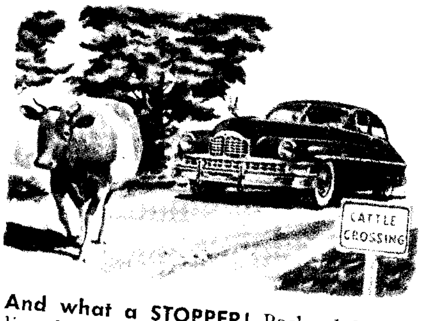

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fingering it. A small girl was staring at a death mask of Chopin that stood in a niche on one wall. I asked her whether she or any of the other children played any instrument. She shook her head. "We have no piano. I have heard music on the radio, though. I can sing the Polonaise," she said, and began to sing Chopin's Grand Fantasy on Polish Airs.

A small boy turned toward her. "That's not the Polonaise," he said with contempt. "Girls know nothing."

"Quiet, children," said the woman. She walked to an alcove and drew back a red curtain, exposing a marble tablet inscribed, in Polish, "Here Frédéric Chopin was born, on February 22, 1810."

"Yes, children," said the woman. "Here, in this alcove, our great Chopin first saw the light of the world."

It had become very still in the room. The secret drawers and the writing table had lost their attraction for the children. They stood motionless, staring at the alcove and at a white marble vase on its floor, filled with white wild roses and with peonies. Next to me, a boy who looked about seven was spelling out the inscription.

"You see those roses?" Rakowski whispered. "They grew in the park. The gardener told me that roses were Chopin's favorite flowers. He said his grandfather had told him so. Well, at the beginning of the war those wild rosebushes stopped blooming. Just stopped. A few months ago, they began to bloom again. You can ask the gardener if it is not so."

We went through the nursery and the father's study, and then returned to the foyer, where the young visitors were writing their names in the big guestbook. After a minute or two, we went outside. People were pouring into the park. Families sat on the lawn opening picnic baskets containing bread, sausage, sardines, and hard-boiled eggs. Young couples were strolling arm in arm, and groups of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts were marching around. Rakowski and I went into an older, less carefully tended part of the park, and came to a small stream. "The Utrata River," said Rakowski. "Chopin used to swim here as a child. Across the river, the park has been built up like an amphitheatre. When it is beautiful outside, the piano is carried out and the artists perform under the trees. The acoustics are marvellous. Here one can feel how close Chopin's music is to the earth of Poland. I guess that Chopin would

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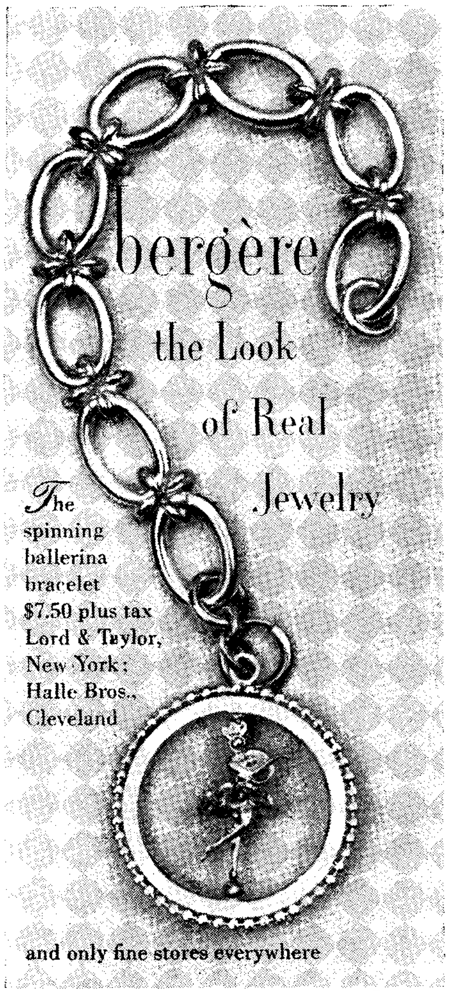

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have liked having his music performed here."

We walked back to the house. The crowd was still growing, and hundreds of children were running about, but they were well behaved. Behind a hedge at the side of the house stood a bald-headed man with horn-rimmed glasses and a dark-blue double-breasted suit, lost in thought. He was, Rakowski said, Professor Stanislaw Staniewicz, of the Warsaw Conservatory. He would play Chopin all afternoon.

We walked over to him. "What are you going to play, Professor?" asked Rakowski.

The pianist looked at us distractedly. "I'm just trying to decide," he said. He was obviously unhappy about making conversation just before his performance. "It's always difficult to start. Once one has started, everything comes by itself. There is so much—*atmosphere* here. We should give all our concerts here, and not in Roma Hall. Yes, everything comes by itself here." He paused, then said suddenly, "I believe I will start with the E-Minor Prelude. Too bad the piano here is a Steinway."

"In America," I said, "it is considered a very good instrument."

"I agree. But for this small house its sound is too strong. A Pleyel would be more intimate. Chopin played much on Pleyel pianos. We try to keep up the tradition. And now, if you will excuse me, I think it's time to begin."

RAKOWSKI and I went to the garden behind the house and sat down on a stone bench between a restless red-haired man, who was nervously snapping his braces, and a fragile old lady in a black silk dress. She wore a hat, black gloves, and a velvet band around her throat. There was an umbrella in her lap, and she was eating a sandwich out of a newspaper wrapping. She asked politely whether we minded her eating, and smiled when we said no.

Through the open windows of the music room we saw Professor Staniewicz moving toward the piano, and heard him begin the Prelude in E Minor. The people on the lawn stopped eating, and the young couples under the trees put their heads together and closed their eyes. The red-headed man stopped playing with his braces, left the bench, and lay flat on his back on the flagstones. The children sat down without being told to.

I don't remember the exact sequence of Professor Staniewicz's program, but he played one of the famous nocturnes

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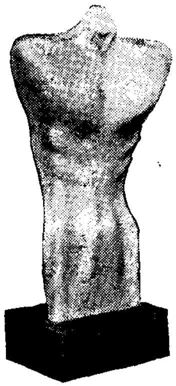
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(from Opus 9), the Impromptu in F Sharp Major (Opus 36), a couple of études, and a mazurka, and then launched into the Polonaise in A Flat Major. More people arrived, in silence, and sat down on the flagstone terrace and in the garden. There were no sounds now except the music and the play of the wind in the trees and the singing of the birds. I concluded that Rakowski was right, that Chopin would have liked having his music performed here. Looking at these people, who had come out of their moist cellars and dusty attics, away from their ruins and rubble, I realized that to them Chopin meant something more than music.

Beside me, Mr. Rakowski was stirring. "Isn't this beautiful?" he whispered. I looked at him. His eyes were closed, and now there was a smile on his face.

—Joseph Wechsberg

•

HOW TO KEEP AWAKE WHILE READING

Mortimer J. Adler

I have one simple rule for keeping awake while reading. It underlies every other rule for successful reading. *You must ask questions while you read—questions which you yourself must try to answer in the course of reading.* Asking and answering questions is what pays the dividends in reading, and makes it worthwhile.

Any questions? No. The art of reading consists of the habit of asking the right questions in the right order. Here are the four main questions you must ask about any nonfiction book:

1. *What is the book as a whole about?* Here you must try to discover the leading theme of the book, and how the author develops this theme in an orderly way by subdividing it into essential subordinate topics.

2. *What in detail is being said, and how?* Here you must try to underline for yourself—with a pencil, perhaps, or mentally if the book is borrowed—the main ideas, assertions, and arguments that constitute the author's particular message.

3. *Is it true, in whole or part?* You cannot answer this question until you have answered the first two. You have to know *what* is being said—and to do that you must . . .—*Cosmopolitan.*

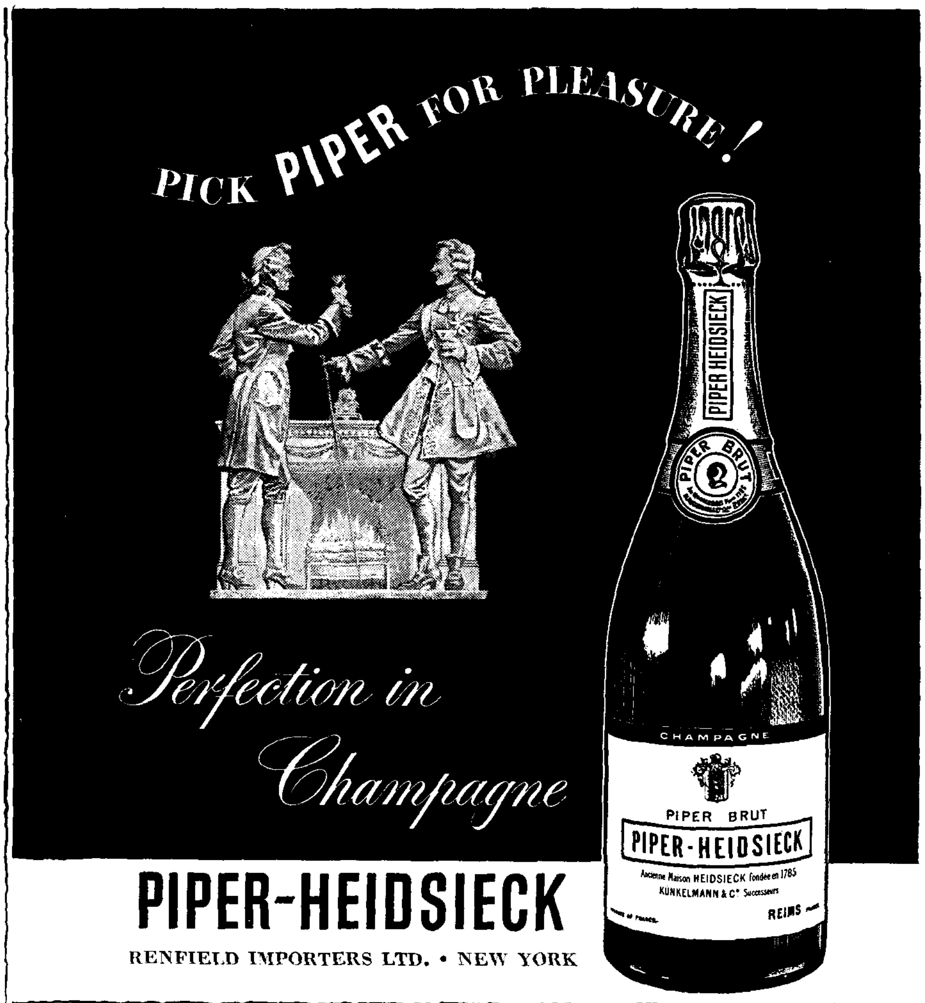
Z-z-z-z.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*From Cue*]

"And while we're on the subject," said Ouida [Mrs. Basil Rathbone], "I'd like to correct the notion that I used to throw the most lavish parties in Hollywood. According to the fan magazines, some of my parties cost as much as $25,000. It's absurd. Even if we had millions, I'd never spend that sort of money. No party I ever gave cost more than five or six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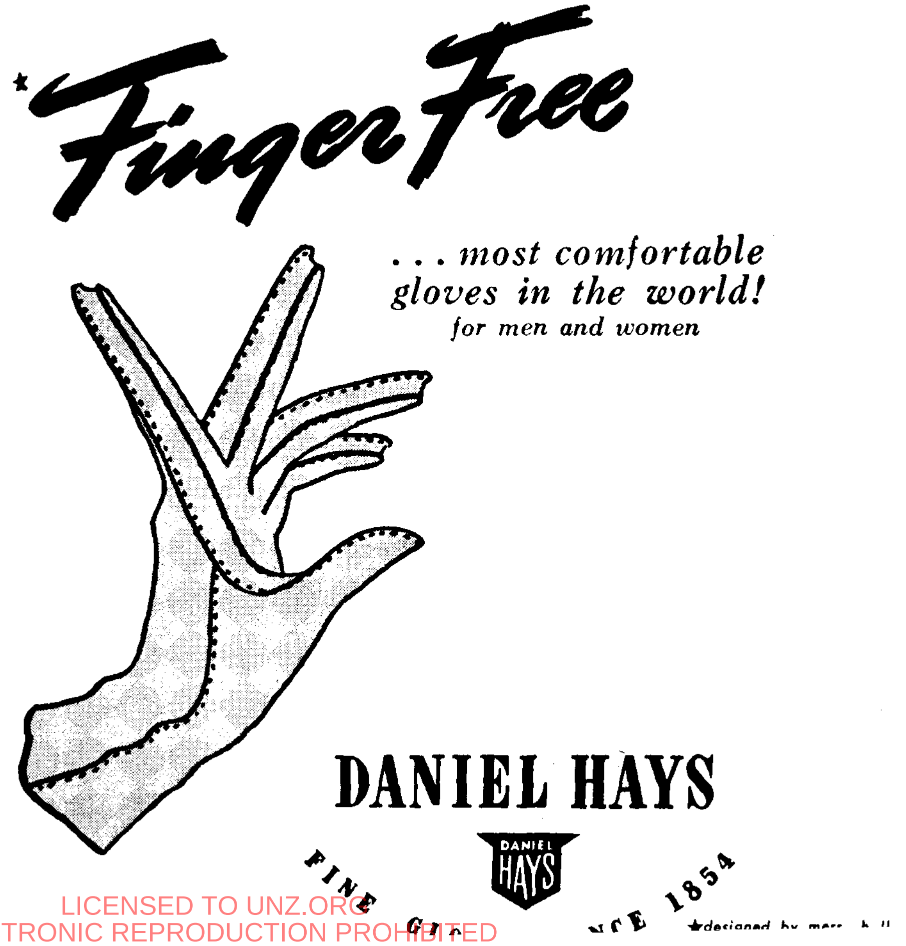
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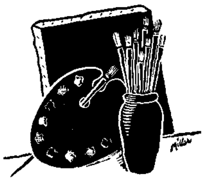
The Whitney and Mrs. Force



GERTRUDE WHITNEY provided the funds and in large part the inspiration, and Juliana Force, her close associate from 1914 until Mrs. Whitney's death, in 1942, supplied the administrative energy, for what has become the most powerful influence in contemporary American art—the institution now known as the Whitney Museum—and the Museum may be permitted a certain pride in its current show, a large memorial affair called "Juliana Force and American Art," which surveys pictorially her role in the organization until her own death, about a year ago.

As the catalogue introduction points out, it was a curiously easy, unprofessional relationship that existed between the two ladies, and its easygoingness overflowed into the development of the Museum. Rarely, I should think, has so solid a structure been built on such casually contrived foundations. Yet, despite this, it's hard to see how, even with the most careful and "efficient" planning, it could have turned out any better. The whole thing began, very modestly, as a small, private non-profit gallery called the Whitney Studio, organized in 1914 expressly to give exhibitions to young and struggling artists who had not yet achieved the stature of an uptown showing. It was a cheerfully informal, unpretentious place, as was the Whitney Studio Club, an adjunct formed four years later, which provided not only further exhibition space to the artists but frequently food and drink, and it was not until over ten years afterward, in 1929, that the two ladies seem to have considered anything more ambitious than these rather convivial undertakings.

Oddly, in view of later events, Mrs. Whitney had just about made up her mind to retire from the public side of art, as expressed in her patronage of the Club and the Studio, and devote herself to her own sculpture, and Mrs. Force, who had become secretary and then directress of these ventures, agreed with her decision. The Club, swollen by then to over four hundred members, had long since outgrown itself, while as more and more artists found dealers uptown, the Studio, too, seemed to be losing its usefulness. To make [illegible] Mrs. Whitney decided six hundred items bought mostly from the Club's and the Studio's exhibitions, to the Metropolitan, and to provide funds to build a wing for it. The offer was refused, and in one of those wonderful about-faces by which history is often made, the two ladies determined, in the course of one short afternoon, that if the Metropolitan didn't want their pictures they would good and well found a museum and exhibit the things themselves.

The new museum opened its doors in November, 1931, with Mrs. Force as its somewhat reluctant directress, and the first of its big contemporary showings, now an outstanding feature of our artistic calendar, was held the following year. In general, the Museum's policy, of encouraging contemporary Americans with group exhibitions and of reviving earlier figures with large one-man shows, has been the same from the start. Mrs. Force's reluctance to take charge stemmed from the fact that she had had no real knowledge of art before she went to work for Mrs. Whitney, and although she felt competent to run a small gallery she wasn't at all sure of her ability to be the sole director of a museum. Insofar as it reflects her taste—and this, I think, it does with considerable accuracy—the current showing reveals how well she met her responsibilities.

Some hundred and seventy paintings, sculptures, and other items are included, all pieces that were shown at the Museum itself or at one of the institutions that preceded it. The range is from 1905 to 1948, and it is interesting to note how sound Mrs. Force's judgment was even in the early years. The main reason for this, I feel, is the very "unprofessional" nature of her training that she deplored. What she learned she learned directly, from the artists themselves, and the fact that she had no preconceived notions probably made her far better able to cope with the newness and unconventionality of the emerging art of the day than a more academically trained person. She was quick to appreciate such unrecognized talents as John Sloan, Edward Hopper, John Steuart Curry, Andrew Dasburg, and Reginald Marsh, all of whom had their first one-man exhibitions under her direction, and though the show catches some of these men at an awkward stage of their development, there are pieces by others, such as John Sloan's "The Haymarket" and the Reginald Marsh

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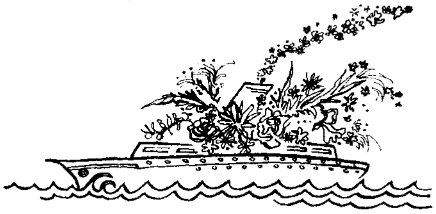

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as anything these men are doing today.

The show is an amazingly catholic one. Especially in the earlier years, the Woodstock group of artists—Mattson, Dasburg, Arnold and Lucile Blanche, and so on—predominated unduly, and it was some time before artists outside the New York area got the representation they deserved. But in the main the range is unusually wide and unbiassed, from Ernest Lawson and his Impressionist "Winter on the River," through such realists as Glenn O. Coleman (see his gray, wintry "Downtown Street") and Walt Kuhn ("The Juggler"), to the more Expressionist Abraham Rattner ("Figures Waiting") and David Burliuk ("Winter in the Bashkirian Steppe"). The abstractionists didn't appear in force in the Whitney shows until the late nineteen-thirties, but there are a few early pieces from their school, notably the charming "Place Pasdeloup," by Stuart Davis, and the fine "Chinese Restaurant," by Max Weber. The Surrealists, the least wisely chosen in the show, are properly represented only by Peter Blume's "The Eternal City" and Henry Koerner's "Vanity Fair."

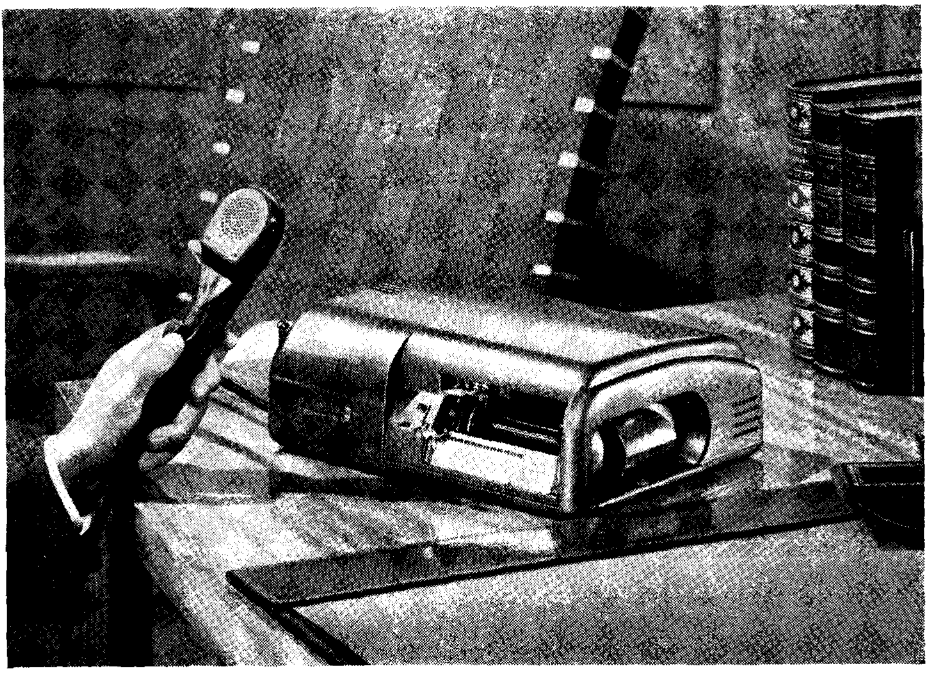
There are nice pieces, too, by Ben Shahn ("Reconstruction"), Philip Evergood ("The Pink Dismissal Slip"), and Loren MacIver ("The Circus"), while among the water colors and prints I liked particularly Morris Graves' "Journey" and Charles Burchfield's large, stalwart "Black Iron." The sculptures seem rather carelessly selected and casually displayed; Hugo Robus's large study of a mother and child called "One and Another," David Smith's "Cockfight—Variation," and Dorothea S. Greenbaum's small "David" are the ones most worth seeking out. The great charm of the show, though, is the view it gives of the progress of American art in the last forty years, mainly as it was seen through Mrs. Force's shrewd, lively, and watchful eyes. Both as art and as an indication of her predilections, it makes a fascinating study.

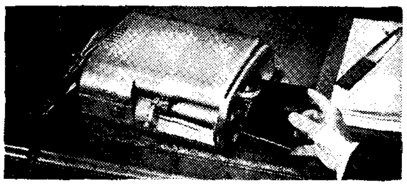
—Robert M. Coates

•

Whenever I think of organization I find myself thinking thoughts which at first seem contradictory. The thing I like best about organization is the fact that it releases so much time and energy for things I like to do. On the other hand I can be kept gleaming by sprinkling salt on it and rubbing with a slice of lemon or with a cloth dampened with vinegar.—*Josephine Lowman in the Post Home News.*

O.K. Come a little closer.





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N Y

LETTER FROM ROME

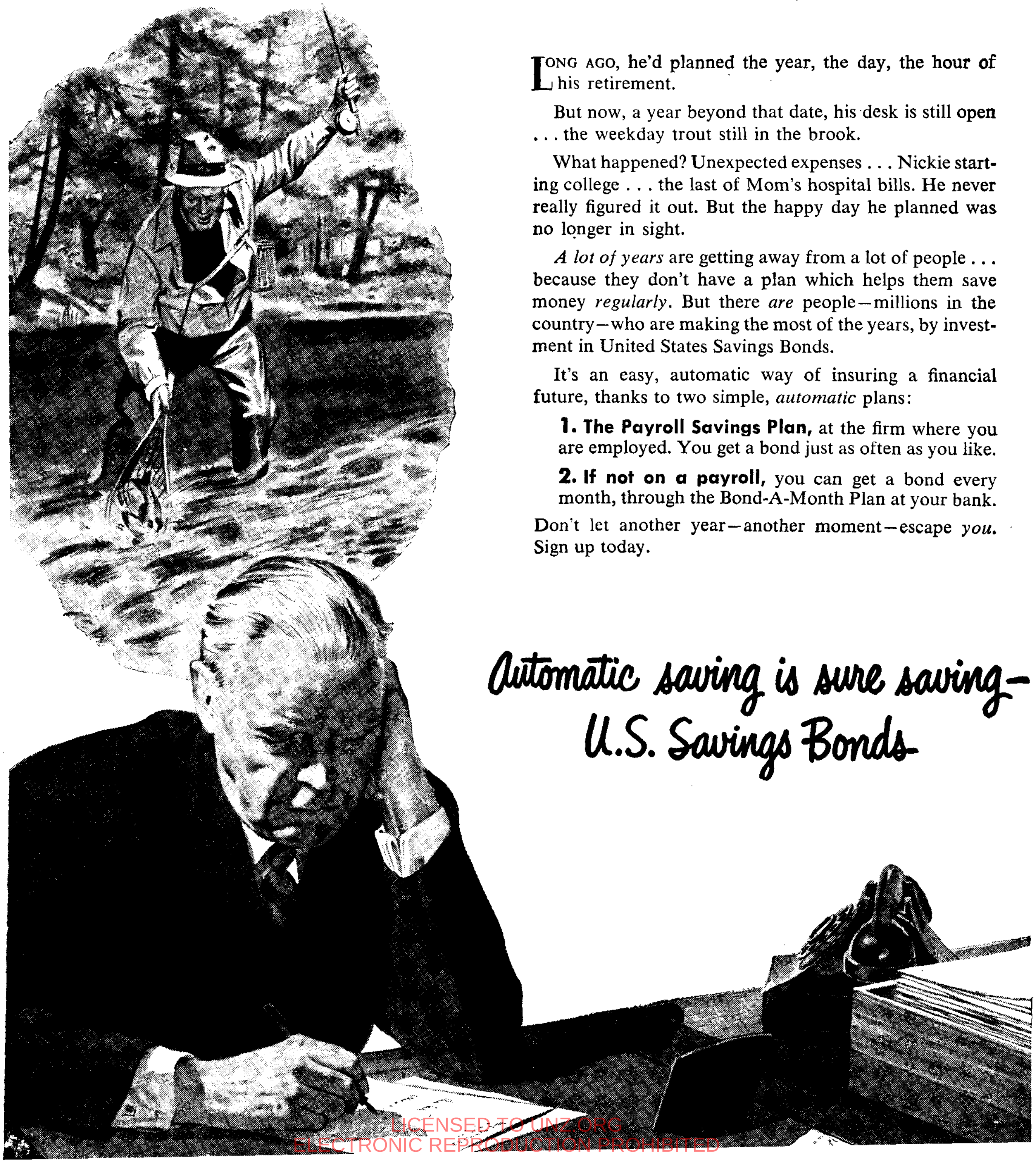
SEPTEMBER 28

THE many English, resident or visiting here, who read in the recent Monday Italian papers that England the day before had devaluated her pound sterling were faced with a double shock. Not only had they merely a little over two pounds in their pockets for each three they had had on Saturday but the prevailing tone of the Roman press in giving the news was rancorous and optimistic—rancorous about the past, when powerful England's word was law for the little states of Europe, such as Italy, and optimistic about a future freed from the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. The conservative *Il Tempo*, which had prophesied, in the face of British denials, devaluation for the weekend, was especially acid and triumphant, exclaiming, "It is traditional British technique to deny today what is admitted tomorrow. It was the same on the eve of September 21, 1931, exactly eighteen years ago [when England went off gold]. Then the British silence was so hermetic and its denials so categorical that Italy—and she was not the only one—lost on her sterling reserve funds. Now Italy will lose sterling credits originating from export, which England has not paid . . . proof of England's style of coöperation when her own interests are at stake." "This unpleasant task of devaluation always falls to a Labour government," the Leftist *Il Momento*, for the day more anti-British than pro-Socialist, said inaccurately. "In 1931, it was MacDonald who forty-eight hours before devaluation said something like 'The English pound is more solid than the rocks on which England rests.' Since MacDonald, nobody has had any faith in a British politician's word. The present Labour government did not reach his degree of effrontery. It merely devaluated on Sunday." This choice of days was apparently the conclusive proof of British hypocrisy.

The black-market dollar, on that dramatic Monday, made unofficial news by logically starting for the sky. While Americans here have gained on their dollars, on the falling side are all the citizens of other devaluating countries—twenty-four of them to date. The American Express Company office in the Piazza Mignanelli was filled with anxious travellers and businessmen involved with one or more of these devaluating regions and worried about their travel money, their holiday, or their commercial losses. As approximately one out of every three of England's pound notes fluttered like an autumn leaf to the ground, our dollar shone high overhead in the position of another of those suns that will supposedly never set. The solar eminence of the United States is not likely to make us any more popular than England has been.

THE most pressing problem of the recently reassembled Parliament is picturesque and awkward. It consists of the Sicilian bandit Salvatore Giuliano. The government leaders have already been scathingly interpellated on this subject in Parliament. Since 1943, Giuliano has been one of those kindly bandits who rob the rich to aid the poor and themselves. An anti-Communist, he helped elect the Demo-Christians in Sicily last year, and now is a megalomaniac who styles himself the chief patriot of the Sicilian movement to secede from Italy and sends arrogant, slightly misspelled proclamations to the Demo-Christian government. He is also the able leader, on horseback, of an armed force in what the government at last admits is a guerrilla war in his five-hundred-square-kilometre mountainous territory around the village of Montelepre, almost suburban to Palermo. In an effort to save its face and capture him, the government has lately sent in two thousand young carabinieri, all bachelors (to avoid making widows), equipped with machine guns, armored trucks, radios, and Army dogs. The government is operating its side of the war under civil law, and under Rome's police chief, Mario Scelba, who is also Italy's Minister of the Interior. To date, the Giuliano band has killed, besides unnumbered civilians, ninety-three constables and carabinieri, including five unlucky ones among the two thousand bachelors. While the funeral, with state honors, of these five young men was going on in Palermo, the Giuliano band kidnapped a rich Palermitan tradesman a few miles away. This spring, they potshot at the carabinieri guarding the distinguished traveller Dr. Charles Rufus Morey, cultural attaché of our embassy and former art professor at Princeton. A week or so ago, they nearly bagged two Sicilian politicians.

In August, Giuliano kidnapped and



The year that got away—

Long ago, he'd planned the year, the day, the hour of his retirement.

But now, a year beyond that date, his desk is still open . . . the weekday trout still in the brook.

What happened? Unexpected expenses . . . Nickie starting college . . . the last of Mom's hospital bills. He never really figured it out. But the happy day he planned was no longer in sight.

A lot of years are getting away from a lot of people . . . because they don't have a plan which helps them save money *regularly*. But there *are* people—millions in the country—who are making the most of the years, by investment in United States Savings Bonds.

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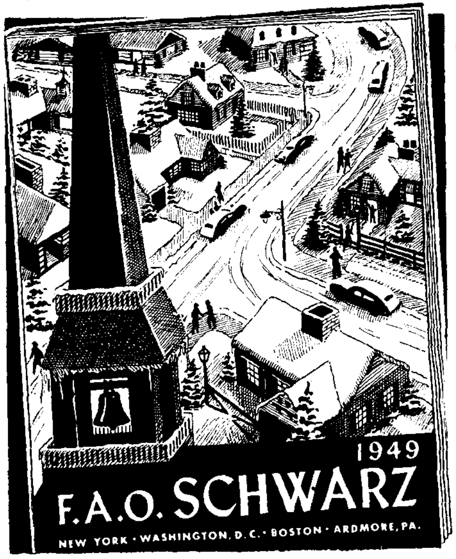
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held in custody five rich Sicilians—an ex-mayor, a deputy, a merchant, a cinema magnate, and Francesco Pape, Duke of Pratomeno. Each of them was released, in good shape, as soon as his family paid—or so it is reported—thirty million lire of the hundred-million-lire ransom originally asked. Earlier in the season, Giuliano had called on the Duchess at the Pratomeno estate. She, mistaking him for a neighborhood visitor, offered him coffee and polite conversation, after which he rose, bowed, introduced himself, requested and obtained her jewels, bowed again, and left. The cinema magnate, who spent forty days in Giuliano's care, described him as young, dark, robust, and very polite, with a scar on his temple and dressed like a hunter. He wore two cartridge belts and carried two pistols and one machine gun. His famous proclamations, written on blue letter paper and delivered through the mails, are curious indeed. He sent three to the Palermo newspaper *Ora del Popolo*, in order to punish its rival, the *Giornale di Sicilia*, for refusing to publish an opus he had submitted on astrological influences on Italy's destiny. When, recently, he issued an ultimatum to the government, he sent a spare copy to the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, which did not know why but gratefully printed it. It read, in part, "Who could deny that I am writing pages of history in Montelepre? The command of Sicily falls upon me by right. If you want the phenomenon of me to disappear, let the Sicilian people judge and vote on it. If they condemn me, I shall resign from my destiny; otherwise I shall follow it. I give the government gentlemen fifteen days to decide once for all. Then I shall begin a real war and extirpate the rot that fills Sicily and Italy with shame."

Thoughtful Italians say that Giuliano is a grave Sicilian problem rather than an *opera-buffa* outlaw. For centuries, conquerors, including the Italians, have ill-used Sicily and its poor inhabitants—an island peasant population smothered by taxes, exploited, unaided, and unrewarded, even though today Sicily produces for Italy's export revenue the so-called Italian citrus crop, a large tuna-fish catch, and invaluable mercury. Sicily's notorious, medievally operated sulphur mines now suffer so severely from the competition of modern American sulphur-mining methods that government subsidies are necessary to keep them open, mostly to avoid riotous unemployment. Only Mussolini ever

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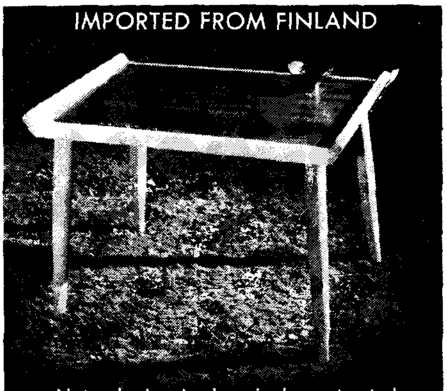

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got about it. The Sicilian peasants harshly refer to Italy as the Continent, and, because of emigration, probably feel closer to Brooklyn than they do to Rome. According to Italian historians, the Sicilian bandits, under a mixed mask of Robin-Hoodism, poverty, social injustice, patriotism, and separatism, have always been active in the wake of fallen regimes in Italy—after the Bourbons, after Mussolini, after Victor Emmanuel. They continue under the Demo-Christians, whom they seem also to consider defunct. The carabinieri's campaign against Giuliano costs a million lire a month. No one has suggested that the millions be offered as a price for his head, for Sicilian peasants have a dark sort of loyalty, compounded of natural taciturnity, fear of each other, and an agelong disdain for foreign governments. There is a Sicilian deputy in the Rome Parliament, named Finocchiaro Aprile (which means Fennel-seller April), who occasionally makes dry, witty speeches advocating Sicily's secession while the other deputies smile indulgently. Aprile and Giuliano are hopelessly serious Sicilian men.

THE summer drought came to an end in Rome with a phenomenal midnight tempest of projectiles and lightning. Stones of hail, mostly shaped like, and literally as large as, grapefruit, weighing one to two pounds each, catapulted upon the city from out of the heavens, shattering windows and marquees, denting parked cars, and scalping a few citizens who leaned out to take a look. The larger ice stones sent off sparks when they struck the cobbled streets. The ice was spongy on the outside but clear and blue inside, and seemed to melt less rapidly in a nightcap vermouth than the barmen's manufactured product. In varying degrees of legendary violence, the tempest visited all Italy. At Poggibonsi, in Tuscany, the center of the Chianti vineyards, grapes nearly ripe for plucking and treading were destroyed. Most of the parched fruit in Italy's olive orchards had already dropped from the trees. In the Sabina district, near Rome, where the antique chaste Sabine women so historically struggled and where today nothing more exciting happens than the production of some of the best Italian olive oil, peasants say that the yield will be the smallest in a hundred years. But the fine wheat crop not only survived the drought but was harvested before the storm, so bread and spaghetti are safe.

In Naples last week

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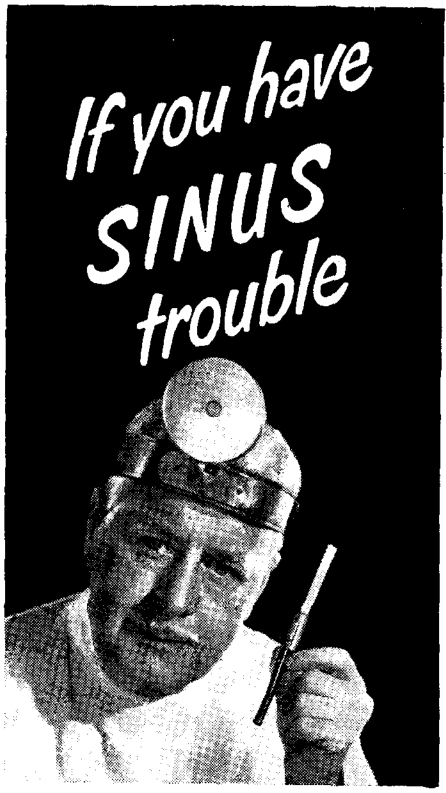
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feast of San Gennaro, the martyr's blood began to bubble in twenty minutes, which is fast and means good luck in general. Bad strikes keep cropping up, but they are largely political. Food prices are high and will almost inevitably go higher as the lira follows the British pound. But workmen's rents are frozen low, and masses of them who used to eat meat only on feast days now have it every day. For a variety of reasons, including the Marshall Plan, the present Italian workers are probably the biggest consumers in the history of their class. They are even being offered Coca-Cola in their bars. All over Italy may be seen its scarlet signs, with the familiar script, and the new local command "*Bevete* [Drink] Coca-Cola!" —GENÊT

•

Your blind date has just called for you in his fliv. So far you're pretty pleased with things . . . you look very star-dusty in your organdy ballerina dress, your date is 6′ 2″, strictly heaven sent, but he's got two tickets for the Bunny Hug at the Red Barn.

You're both riding down in his heap . . . and yep! everything is just dandy. But now what? You have both hashed over the weather and agreed that it's a fine evening and the paper says no rain in sight.

But now . . . Gad! what can you talk about? You see what's on file in your brain. "Ah! What are his hobbies . . . But what a dumb question that is—*I can't ask that.*" You clear your throat. Minutes pass. HE clears his throat. . . .

One almost infallible way to wake up a conversation calm is to pop up with the most irrelevant statement you can dream up. If on that blind date, for example, you had broken the swiftly hardening ice with, "Did you know that more people commit suicide on rainy days than sunny ones?"

Your date would have to be a subnormal moron not to ask, "Where the heck did you hear that? . . ." And after a while . . . well . . . you might even learn what his hobbies are!—*From "The Teen Set" in the Journal-American.*

Chopping up bodies, we trust.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

"On our ill-starred journey into the unknown where many another ship of state has foundered on the shifting sands and jagged rocks of other alliances," Senator Taylor said, "we are proceeding with our sails full of hot air and assurances while the majestic figure of the Senator from Michigan stands firmly grasping the helm, his ponderous and presupposed profound pronouncements rolling back and forth across the country even as a miniature mountain meadow in the high country of Idaho echoes and reverberates to the sten-

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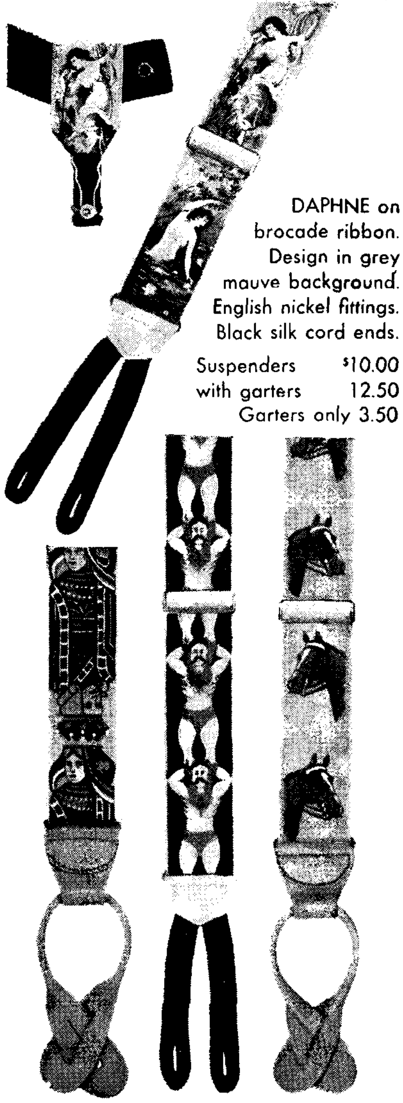

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TABLES FOR TWO

They're at It Again

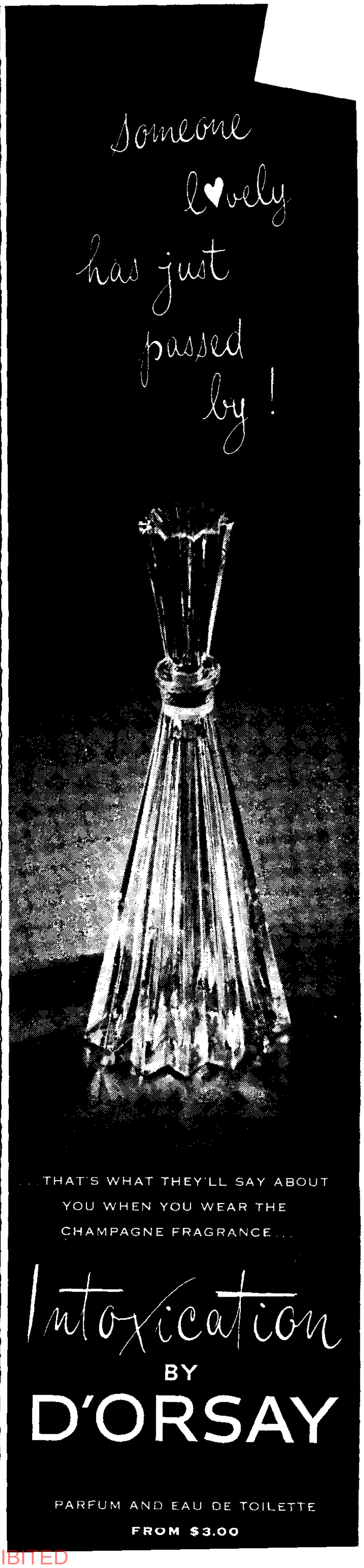
OWING to the sometimes dismaying adaptability of man, it is not hard, I have found, to slide back into the familiar rounds of night-club life after a summer hiatus. The new fall shows, much like the old spring ones in content, have been opening with great rapidity, and in no time at all I felt as though I had never really left the Ruban Bleu, the Versailles, the Blue Angel, or Jimmy Ryan's West Side. The many remembered faces, making their customary sounds, contributed to this illusion, I suppose. At the Ruban Bleu, for example, Bibi Osterwald, that unflinching, brazen singer, and Michael Brown, a gentle young pianist and interpreter of his own witty and soulful ballads, have returned to this scene of their former employment, as have the rapt members of the Norman Paris Trio, who play for the show. The newcomers on the tiny dais are Paula Drake, an amiably acid singing comedienne, and the King Odom Quartet, four men with scarcely a legitimate voice among them. Miss Drake is a member of that casual sorority of entertainers who come under the head of "smart singers"—a bit of a fashion plate, you see, with rowdy overtones. There she stands, every hour or so, a tall, slender young woman with an interestingly careless carriage and a pretty, spoiled face, giving voice to sarcastic, occasionally ribald comments—in song, of course—on love, on the practice of continuing magazine stories on distant pages bearing distracting ads, and on folk ballads and other staple sources of amusement. Her material, though a trifle gamy now and then, is fairly amusing and her delivery of it agreeable. I am against parodies of songs, on principle, but I thought Miss Drake's closing selection, a quick chorus of "(He Was) Just One of Those Things," an offhand salute to a blighted romance on Fire Island, was funny and entertaining. The boys in the King Odom Quartet are pleasant and assured in manner, but listening to them sing popular standards, novelties, and a conventional imitation of the Ink Spots, who must by now be somewhat bemused by the results of their fame, I got the idea they would be a lot better if there were just one good, round voice in the group.

THERE is little to be said about the tiny Piaf, at the Versailles, except that she is again in what is possibly the most graceful and comfortable room in town, that she has a couple of new songs (same subjects—love and death), and that, on the whole, she seems even more persuasive than before. One of the new numbers left me with some forebodings. It concerned a purported love affair—tragic, of course—in the life of Queen Isabella, and before getting on with it, possibly out of respect for royalty, Mlle. Piaf made a quick change into a long, black, wide-skirted robe, touched up by some starchy white stuff haphazardly inserted at the throat. I don't object to her playing the Queen for a few moments, but the temporary discarding of the plain black dress that has been her trademark, the extra drop of soulfulness in her eyes, and her unaccustomed stateliness unsettled me momentarily, particularly as I wouldn't give a nickel for the song itself. Mlle. Piaf is a singer who makes me wish that I had misspent my youth a little more, salting my reading of *The American Boy* with *True Confessions*, and I like to think of her as a simple, ardent, vindictive, frightening, amoral waif and not as another dull page in a historical novel.

A NEW and, I would say, close to hilarious turn is at the Blue Angel. It consists of two young men, one in a wheelchair, named Tony and Eddie, who silently move their lips in synchronization with the singing on phonograph records and act out what's going on. It's an ancient and rather tiresome idea, I know, but I think these lads have given it stature, if such a thing is possible. The pair's triumphant run-through, in costume, of the opening duet from "Carousel" was enough to convince me that they have hit upon a remarkably engaging act. Eddie, the one in the wheelchair, is fat and vivacious. Tony is slight and bony and capers about a good deal. I guess one could get too much of them, but up to now I certainly haven't.

Further along in the show, we run into Irene Williams, a splendid singer of popular songs who made her professional début there last spring. She is superbly backed up by Herman Chittison's trio, which plays on and off all evening.

Out in the lounge of the Blue Angel, you will find Eadie and Rack, an extremely worth-while piano duo, busily playing popular music with fine pro-



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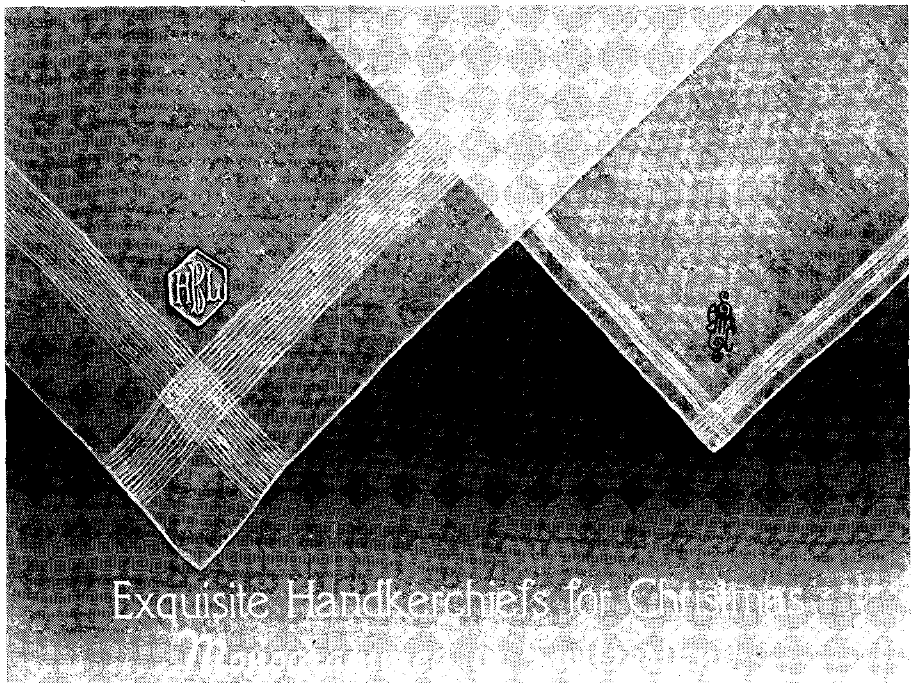

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ficiency and rapport, their pianos separated by the aisle leading into the back room.

ORAN (HOT LIPS) PAGE, now the leader of a small band at Jimmy Ryan's West Side, has a warm personality that provides most of the interest in the place. He sings and plays the trumpet with ebullience and is, in a rough-and-ready way, a satisfying performer. The night I dropped in, he turned out cheering, if familiar, renditions of "They Raided the Joint," a racy blues piece, and "Baby, It's Cold Outside," in which his colleagues, singing in falsetto unison, provided the girl's lines. The band did not sound strikingly well-integrated when I heard it, but it may be by now. —D. W.

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(VOICE OF BUGLE ANN DIVISION)

[From the Congressional Record]

MR. CONNALLY. I did not yield for that *slam on the desk.*

MR. WHERRY. That is one way to drive a point home.

MR. CONNALLY. I feel very much like an old lawyer in my section of the country once did. He had as his legal antagonist a very loud and enthusiastic lawyer, who shouted and foamed at the mouth in addressing the jury, and when it came the turn of the other lawyer to answer him he stood up and said, "If Your Honor please, bow-wow-wow-wow."

Now that I have answered my opponent I shall discuss this case.

MR. WHERRY. "Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow."

MR. CONNALLY. Mr. President, I do *not like to discuss this question in any but* the most serious fashion.

MR. WHERRY. Mr. President, will the Senator yield for another question?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Texas yield to the Senator from Nebraska?

MR. CONNALLY. Oh, yes.

MR. WHERRY. The Senator's answers are just as clear as "bow-wow-wow-wow"—just as clear.

MR. CONNALLY. Well, I use that kind of language and that kind of explanation—"bow-wow-wow-wow."

•

Margaret O'Brien has been signed by Columbia Pictures to star in "City Girl," which Richard Berger will produce under the supervision of S. Sylvan Simon. It will be the young star's first picture following the expiration of her current MGM contract next month.

"City Girl" is an adaptation of Herman Wouk's novel, "City Boy." It will be rewritten only in so far as the central character now becomes a girl.—*The World-Telegram.*

Come on, Hollywood, losing the little old grip?

DOWN IN THE DUST WITH THE PRINCE AND THE PEER

When my father died, in 1940, my mother was inconsolable. For weeks, she sat rocking from side to side, mourning the loss of her prince, her king. She had loved him since 1890, when they were revolutionists in Russia. "My comrade is dead," she wept, "and I have no one now."

To ease her pain, her two sons and her grandchildren had gathered about the shrunken old woman. She felt, nevertheless, that now she was alone and abandoned, exposed to dangers she could neither describe nor explain. Nothing my brother Gregor or I said could dispel the terror that had seized her. "What will happen to me now? How can I go on alone, without my *goldener* shield, without my protector?" she would murmur.

"Mama, please—"

"Oh, what a wonderful life we had together!" she would say. "No one will ever know how wonderful!" And she would break into tears once more.

It was not that their life had been a joyous or an easy one. My father and mother did not prosper in America. Though they worked hard—he had a newspaper delivery route and she was a dressmaker—they could never make ends meet. In 1917, for instance, when I was seven years old, we lived in a dismal cold-water flat in Brooklyn, where the gas was forever being turned off because our bill was unpaid. Once, right in the middle of supper, the yellow glow faded out of the Welsbach mantle in our kitchen and we knew it had happened again.

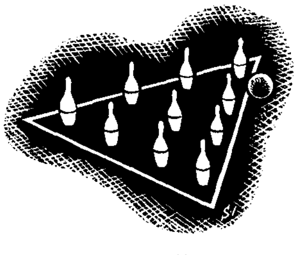
"*Nu*." My mother sighed. "I told you to pay the bill, didn't I, Papa?"

"Pay!" my father shouted. "With what?" He pulled his empty pants pockets inside out and presented himself to us defiantly, with outstretched arms, like some falsely accused prisoner. He was tall and theatrically handsome, and wore long mustaches.

"Does this gas company know how we slave?" he shouted, striding up and down the darkened kitchen. "Do they care that your poor mother stitches her eyes out for the bourgeoisie? Or that my feet are crippled with bunions, walking from door to door delivering their imperialist papers? Why, just look at us!" He turned and, with a melancholy gesture, indicated the single candle that my mother had lit, which now stood flickering on the table. "One would think that we were living in a hut in darkest Siberia, under Nicolai the First. I ask you, Mama, is it any better than Minsk?"

"It is better than Minsk," she replied, spitting, and uttering a curse in Russian. Whenever her native city was mentioned, my mother, remembering the squalor, the pogroms, the other horrors of her childhood, still brought down evil upon the place where she was born. She had gone to work in Minsk at the age of eight, rolling cigarettes in a tobacco factory. From that time on, she had never stopped slaving, and in 1917, even though she found Brooklyn better than Minsk, she still sang as she stitched:

"Off with the crown of the tyrants of favor!
Down in the dust with the prince and the peer!
Strike off your chains, all ye brave sons of labor!
Wake all humanity, for victory is near."



My mother met my father in Russia, and though they saw each other there only once, and briefly, they both fell in love. I found it hard to imagine her as she must have been in 1890. In 1917, she was dumpy, utterly practical, always sewing at her machine, hanging over the pots and pans on the kitchen stove, bending over a washtub, or sitting disconsolately in a corner by the sink, worrying about the money her handsome husband failed to bring in. Only when my father told of meeting her for the first time in Russia would the vision of her as a young and romantic revolutionist rise before me. He told of this meeting often—usually in the kitchen after supper—until it became a legend in our family.

"Your mother was one of the most active Comrades in the movement then," the story would begin. "She was sixteen years old and pretty as a picture. I was a young student, travelling from St. Petersburg to Warsaw to visit your Aunt Anuta." My father would start to take off his shoes at this point, for he always told us the famous story as he prepared for bed.

"When I arrived in Minsk, the Comrades there informed me that they were holding their annual bazaar that very evening. They begged me to stay and

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attend it." At this point, my father would drop one cracked and bulging shoe and, slipping off the other, would shake it in our faces while my mother, sitting in the corner, smiled. " 'Ha, ha!' you clever boys ask," he would go on, " 'how was it possible for revolutionists to hold a bazaar under the very nose of the Czar and his Cossacks?' "

Though we knew the answer well, Gregor and I would not reply, because we loved the story, and always wanted it to be the same, word for word.

"Well, I will tell you," my father would say.

Letting the shoe drop heavily to the floor, he would lean back in his chair, loosen his belt, and undo the top button of his pants. Then, as though imparting secret information to us, he would lower his voice, and I could imagine the Czar's police standing in the hall just outside our kitchen door. "One of our Comrades would go to the City Hall and get a marriage license and a permit to hold a wedding reception in such-and-such a hall," the story would go. "Under the Czar Alexander—the *svoloch*—you had to have a permit to wipe your nose, even. Right, Mama?"

"Oh, is that right!" she would say.

"Well, boys, this night my friend Comrade Lachovsky had the marriage license, the permit for the reception, and a bourgeois evening suit he had hired for the occasion. Comrade Lachovsky, you see, was the mock groom for this night. And the bride, Mama, was—" Here my father would turn to my mother and, with a lordly wave of his hand, indicate that the floor was hers.

My mother would smile shyly and then carry on. She was always pleased that her husband permitted her to supply this part of the story, yet she was afraid that her two young sons might laugh at her accent. "The bride for that night was my old friend Anya Beliss. Oh, how beautiful she was, children! She was what is called a real doll."

At this statement, Gregor and I always bit our lips to keep from laughing. We knew Anya Beliss well. She often came to our house—a withered, toothless woman, smelling of decay.

"You don't say, Mama," Gregor would say, blinking his eyes innocently. "Anya Beliss was the beautiful bride. Hmm!"

My mother would look at us suspiciously. She was never sure whether or not we were making fun of her. "Finish up quick, Papa," she would say abruptly. "They're tired. Tomorrow's school." She would fold her arms and turn away, pretending that she had

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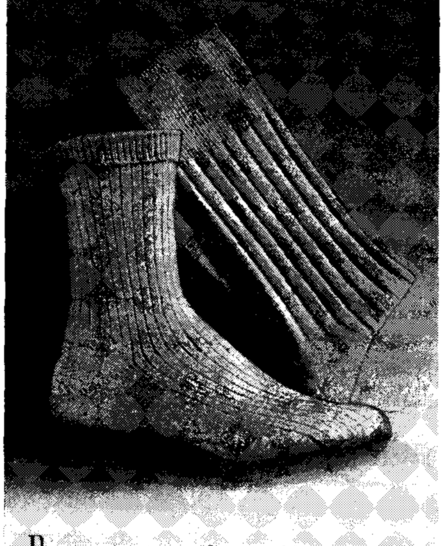

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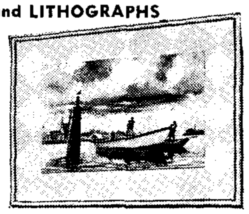

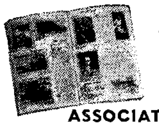

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nothing to do with my father's recital.

"All right, I'm finishing," he would say. "So, on this night, boys, I, a young student travelling from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, stopped off in Minsk and attended the bazaar. The hall was decorated with streamers. There were tables loaded with cakes, candies, wine, schnapps, and blintzes. There was music. It was just like a regular wedding reception. Only, at *this* wedding reception you had to pay for every single thing—even for kissing Anya Beliss you had to pay. We drank, we talked, we laughed, we played games, we had a raffle, and we listened to a Comrade recite a revolutionary poem—'Comrades, Think of the Miners in the Pit as You Sit by Your Warm Stoves.' And even for listening to this we had to pay. In this way, the Comrades raised money for our movement."

My father would pause here and shake his head. "What courage we had then, what devotion!" He would sit dreaming for a moment, staring at us, yet not seeing us.

"Papa," my brother would say.

"What?"

In a tense, hushed voice, Gregor would feed him the magic words: "And then, suddenly—"

"Yes," my father would say, his mind returning abruptly to the kitchen in Brooklyn and the story he was telling. "Then, suddenly, in the middle of all the festivities, there came—" Here he would stop and rap his knuckles sharply on the kitchen table while we sat still, our hearts thumping with excitement.

"The police! The police!" my father would whisper, looking wildly about for an exit, as he had no doubt looked about that hall in Minsk so many years before. He would draw in his breath and hold it till he grew purple in the face and his eyes popped in their sockets. We could see how terrified he must have been.

"Comrades! Comrades!" he would shout, leaping up on his chair and waving his arms above the heads of the imaginary revolutionists crowded in our kitchen, exhorting them to silence. When it appeared that he had gained their attention, he would shout, "*Tovarishchi! Politziya! Tantzuite, tovarishchi, tantzuite!*" He would then translate for our benefit, though it was hardly necessary: "Comrades! The police! Dance, Comrades, dance!"

"And we took partners," he would continue. "Anyone who was near us we grabbed. And we danced—" Here my father always broke off and sighed like a young lover. "To my arms I clasped a young and pretty Comrade who had

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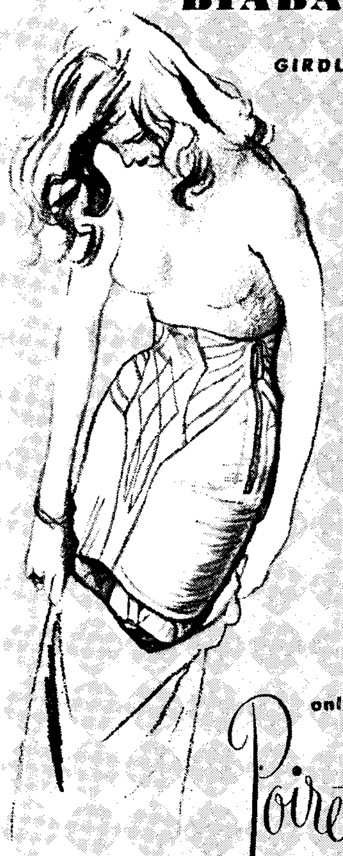

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been standing next to me. I had never seen her before, and she, of course, did not know me. But we danced. It was a polka, I remember. We danced as though our lives depended upon it, and, to tell you the truth, children, they did. But *who* was this *young* and *pretty* Comrade, you ask."

Stretching out his arm with a gesture of infinite grace, as though drawing aside a veil that up to now had hidden a beautiful vision, he would indicate my mother, sitting glumly on her wooden chair near the sink.

"Now go to sleep," she would say before any one of us could comment. "It's half past nine already."

"No, no, that's not the end!" I would say. "Tell the end, Papa!"

"So the police broke into the hall," he would finish hurriedly. "They saw nothing but a wedding party. They drank our schnapps and stuffed themselves on our blintzes and went away. Late that night, I went away, too—to Warsaw. But I had met your mother, and even though I did not know her name, I knew from that very moment that she was my eternal sweetheart."

Then he would stand up, clutching *the top of his pants with one hand and* holding his shoes in the other, and sing out, "That's all!"

MY mother and father met for the second time in New York City, three years later. My mother had arrived by steerage in 1892, when she was eighteen years old. I have a sepia photograph of her taken in a studio on Canal Street the day after she landed. The background shows a misty, Watteau-like garden, with urns, balustrades, and columns. Before this painted elegance my mother stands. She wears her hair clipped short. She is pert and pretty, but there is no nonsense in her face. She is serious and determined. The tight bodice of her dress, like a medieval archer's leather vest, is laced severely across her bosom. There is an expression of defiance in her eyes, as though she is saying to the photographer, "Well, so here I am in your country, and, see—I am not afraid!"

When she arrived in New York, my mother went to a boarding house on East Broadway well known among the Russian immigrants of the period. It was a kind of dormitory for female greenhorns. The woman in charge was also the forelady of a small factory on Stanton Street where women's blouses were manufactured. My mother got a job in this sweatshop.

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work only from five-thirty in the morning until six-thirty at night, she went happily each day to her sewing machine. To earn extra money (in order to rescue her father and mother from "that *Minsker* hellhole"), she took blouses home from the factory and worked on them at night.

She found the lower East Side exciting territory. She could attend Socialist Party meetings without fear of the police. There were unexpected reunions with long-lost Russian friends. And always there were celebrations in the midst of the neighborhood's poverty—block parties, dances, bazaars. When I was a boy, Hester, Orchard, and Rivington were enchanted streets to me. I had never seen them, but I knew them as places thronged with highly emotional men and women, who lived in a turmoil of enthusiasm, love, and despair. All these people had escaped from the dreadful old country and had started life again. They clung to one another partly out of their fear and their loneliness, but above all because of their belief in Socialism. A better world was in birth. The brotherhood of man was at hand. In later times, my mother often said, "It was a privilege to be alive then, believe me."

She and her fellow-Comrades would meet to study English after their day in the factories and the sweatshops. They wanted to be good *American* Socialists. "Oh, how we used to break our tongues!" she liked to tell my brother and me. "Who, I ask you, who can say this terrible word 'the'? We could say 't' and we could say 'h,' but put them together and what would come out? 'D-uh!' "

Years afterward, when I was in high school, and my mother was the neighborhood dressmaker, she would look up sadly from her sewing machine whenever she saw me getting dressed in my blue serge to attend a dance, and say, "When I was your age, we were idealists. When we danced, we danced for the Party, and we had a good time into the bargain, don't worry." Or if I complained about my homework, she would take her foot off the treadle of the sewing machine and say, "Ah, you don't know how lucky you are that you *have* homework. Who knows what *I* might have become if I had been born in America and had known the language, like you? A Rosa Luxemburg I might have become—a Mme. Curie, even. Who knows?"

ONE evening in the fall of 1893, my mother had a toothache and went to consult Comrade Anuta Wolfson,

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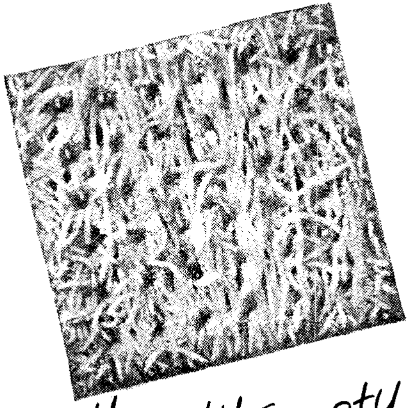

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who was my father's sister and a dentist. I have never heard how it was that this impressive woman ever became a dentist, but at that time she was the most beloved extractionist of the lower East Side. It is an interesting fact that among those immigrant revolutionists there were many female dentists. I remember one who used to visit us in Brooklyn a number of years later—a Dr. Yetta Bolonsky. She had a heavy mustache and smoked innumerable long cigarettes, holding them firmly between her competent, stained thumb and forefinger. Although my father had known her all his life, he called her only "Comrade" or "Bolonsky" or "Doctor" to the day of her death.

In 1893, my father was living with his sister in the rooms behind her office. He had been imprisoned by the Czar's police for political activity, had escaped the summer before, and had fled to America, where he had found a job in an alarm-clock factory. When he returned from his work at the end of the day, he always prepared supper for himself and his sister.

That autumn evening in 1893, my mother, her tooth aching, sat down in the dentist's chair and opened her mouth. Anuta began an examination. My mother winced and gripped the arms of the chair. Suddenly, a man's voice from the room behind the office shouted, "Come, Anutychka, your supper is ready!"

"After a while," Anuta called back. "I'm busy."

The examination continued. It was decided that the aching tooth would have to come out.

"Oh, not tonight, please," my mother begged. "Tomorrow I have such a busy day, with work, with meetings—"

"Tomorrow you won't feel any pain, foolish girl."

"I know. I know," my mother said. "But I'll come back next week, Comrade, I promise."

She tried to get out of the chair. Anuta pushed her back into it. "I'll give you some gas, so you won't feel anything. Be brave, Comrade. Where is your revolutionary courage, for God's sake?"

"Next week, Doctor, please. Really, it doesn't hurt any more."

"A regular little bourgeois liar." Anuta laughed. Then she turned and shouted toward the back room, "Come here, my brother! Help me with this stubborn girl! I have to give gas!"

"No, no!" my mother cried, strug-

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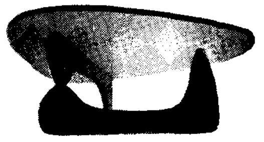

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gling to free herself from Anuta's grip.

My father marched into the office, rolling down his shirtsleeves, then stopped in his tracks.

"Come here," Anuta said. "What is the matter with you?"

"Is it possible?" said my father. "Is it possible?" He stared down at the struggling girl in the chair. "Is it really you? Yes! It is you! You!"

My mother opened her eyes wide and looked up. "You!" she cried. "Where have you come from?"

Aunt Anuta released my mother, and she leaped out of the chair. "When did you get to America, Comrade?" she asked. "How?"

"You know each other?" Anuta asked.

"We are old comrades!" my father shouted as he embraced my mother.

"Yes. Old comrades," my mother replied.

Anuta stood watching the happy reunion. The tooth was not extracted that night.

LATER, Aunt Anuta confessed that she was so pleased to see my father interested in a sensible girl, for a change, that she arranged meetings between him and my mother as often as she could. The three of them went to Socialist Party meetings together. The next summer, they attended Party picnics in Ulmer Park, in Brooklyn, and on New Year's Eve they went to the great masquerade ball that the *Jewish Daily Forward*, the Socialist newspaper, gave each year. My father was dressed as a muzhik and my mother as a Russian peasant girl. It was on that New Year's Eve that they decided to get married. Not until I was thirteen years old did I learn *how* they were married.

Revolutionists did not believe in the bourgeois custom of a religious ceremony, nor did they believe in being married under the laws of the capitalist state, which was, of course, their eternal enemy. They were joined in matrimony by a simple device called a revolutionary marriage. A room in a flat would be decorated with crêpe-paper streamers. The Comrades would be invited, revolutionary songs would be sung, wine would be drunk and food eaten, and then the two Comrades who were to be married would announce to the others that from that day on they were to be considered husband and wife. They then received the congratulations of their friends, and their married life began.

In this way, my father and mother

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were married, in the waiting room of Aunt Anuta's dental office, on Cherry Street. They were married for forty-three years, and my father liked to tell his children and grandchildren that he and his wife had the best honeymoon in the world—a walk across the Brooklyn Bridge.

They began their life together in a room without furniture. My mother said, when we were living in Brooklyn, that her first home was the most beautiful she had ever had. Their comrades brought the newly married couple gifts of egg boxes and orange crates, and my mother covered them with cretonne. "It was a doll house." She would sigh nostalgically. "And we were like children playing house. For a bed, what did two revolutionists in love need? A mattress on the floor—that's what we had."

After my father died, my mother said, "He was a wonderful man, though he could never earn a living." Then she made a confession. "There were times when, even though I loved him, I wanted to leave him. Things were so hard for us."

"Of course. Why didn't you, Mama?" I asked cautiously.

She paused, considering the question carefully; then tears filled her eyes and rolled down her sagging cheeks. "I don't know," she murmured. "Because he never bored me, maybe. I don't know." —Victor Wolfson

•

THE FALL OF MAN

Now passes summer's passion,
  Now slackens summer's burn;
Now autumn hues and low-down blues
  And shorter drinks return;
Now candlelighted tables
  And chaises by the fire
Replace the grill, and twilight chill
  Makes civil our desire.
No more the wild abandon
  Of running by the sea;
Instead, controlled, within the fold
  Of staid society,
We sit and suffer, chatting
  And smiling without cease,
Denying facts, declining acts,
  And plotting our release.

—Leonard A. Paris

•

Trivia . . . Anyone who misses the pair of musical offerings given by the SMCC Music Department is either crazy or not interested.—*Santa Monica (Calif.) Outlook.*

Or out of town, possibly.

THE RACE TRACK

Greentree Futurity

ONE of the cherished customs at Belmont Park is for the owner of the winner of the Futurity to lead his horse in from the track. The fortunate individual usually arrives at the paddock gate out of breath and slightly dishevelled, because he has had to dash through the crowd from the stand to the track. Then he has to take hold of about a thousand pounds of horse, still wound up and full of run, and walk him to the weighing-in enclosure. Not as easy a chore as being photographed under a floral horseshoe, but it's fun, I expect. Well, both owners of the Greentree Stable's Guillotine did the honors for him after he won the classic last Saturday. Jock Whitney held the colt's bridle and Jock's sister, Mrs. Charles Payson, walked alongside, holding her brother's hat.

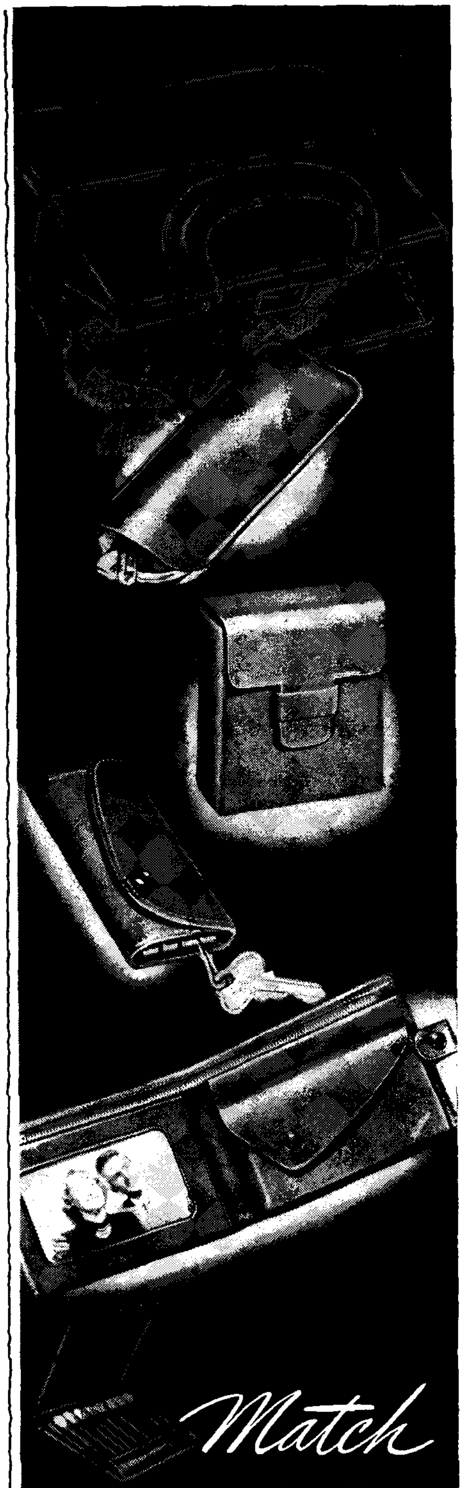
Although Guillotine led from start to finish, I daresay his owners and his backers had moments of anxiety before he beat Theory, by about a length, paying $19.60. Watching the runners from the roof of the grandstand, which is the best place from which to see the Futurity, I thought Guillotine would tire before he'd gone six furlongs, as he had when Theory beat him early in the week, but at the end it was Theory who shortened his stride. Also, I doubt whether The Diver, who came up fast after a slow beginning and finished third, could have caught Guillotine even if the race had been at seven furlongs instead of six and a half. Another surprise was that Striking, who was such a disappointment in the Matron Stakes the week before, was fourth. And More Sun, who drew a post position near the rails, where the footing isn't as firm as it is in the middle of the track, managed to finish fifth—close, but no prize money. Seventeen entries ran, the largest field in a dozen years, and in case you're wondering what happened to Ode, this department's tip horse, I can tell you he wasn't among them. No sooner had I picked him than he started coughing. Sorry.

Guillotine is just what you'd expect a Futurity winner to be—a big, handsome youngster with a smooth way of going. In fact, I'd almost say that he's better-looking than his sire, Bimelech, who won the race ten years ago. At any rate, Guillotine is faster, for he does a half mile in better than forty-five seconds as easy as play. He has won four of his seven starts and $94,835 (the Futurity was worth $87,585), which is more prize money than any other two-year-old has earned this season. Atkinson, his jockey, is particularly enthusiastic about him—says he hasn't really come to his top form yet. I have nothing but admiration for the apparently effortless speed of Guillotine, but I'm going to reserve judgment on him until after the Pimlico Futurity next month. Atkinson, by the way, had a busy afternoon last Saturday. He had eight mounts, including Guillotine, and won on four of them and finished unplaced on the others. Colonel Martingale totted up the distances of those races and found that Atkinson rode eight miles and a quarter.

EVEN though Calumet Farm failed to bag the Futurity—and Theory certainly made a good try—it didn't do too badly last week. One afternoon, it started four horses—Sunlit, Theory, Ponder, and In the Pink—and all of them won. This wasn't a record, since Calumet did the same thing once before (at Hialeah, back in 1940), but it was nice going for a stable with only twenty-seven horses, one of whom is that old idler Citation. A two-dollar parlay on the Calumet runners would have been nice. It would have paid around $248.

I must say that much as I liked Ponder's race in the Lawrence Realization Stakes, in which he gave weight and a beating to some useful colts, I was even more impressed by his appearance. Despite the fact that he has started nearly twenty times this year, and none of his races has been easy, because he likes to make it the hard way, he has grown and filled out into a splendid animal. Those of us who have been mooning around and yearning for the three-year-old of the season need look no farther.

WHATEVER you may have bet on in the New York Handicap at Belmont last weekend, you'll have to admit that Donor is a runner. He isn't a robust fellow, as you probably know, yet he carried a hundred and twenty-six pounds, gave big weight to everything except Stymie, and won the two-miles-and-a-quarter race by lengths. This made three victories for him in as many Saturdays. (The others were in the Narragansett Special, when he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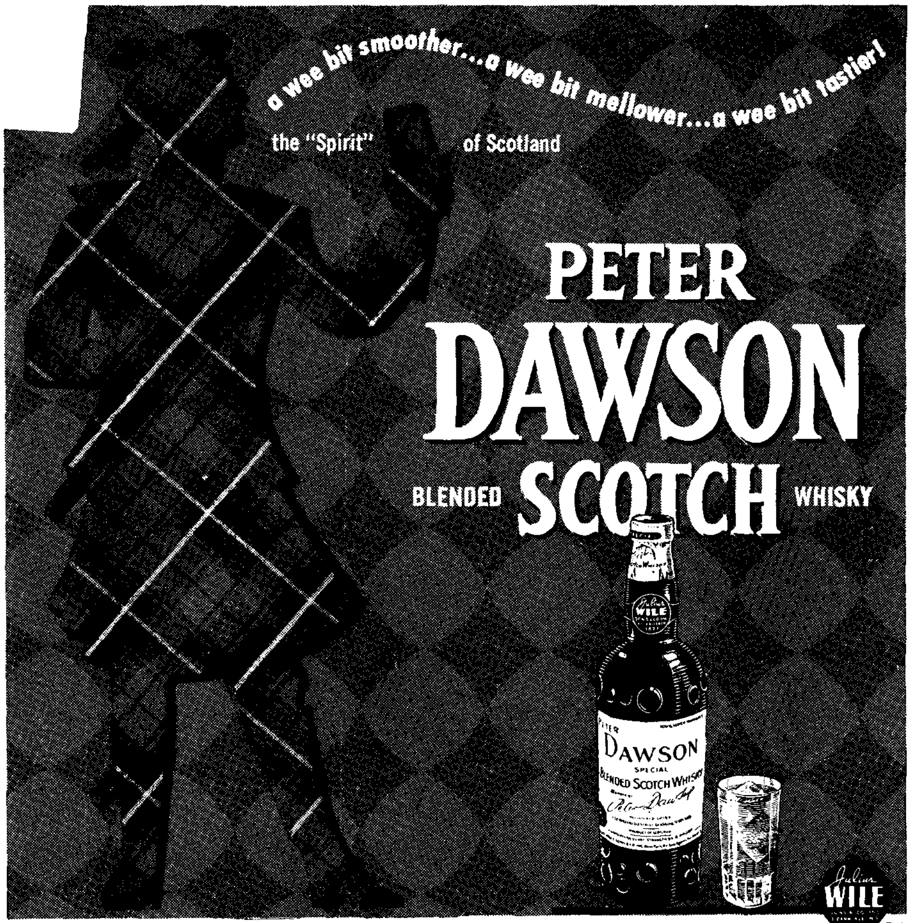
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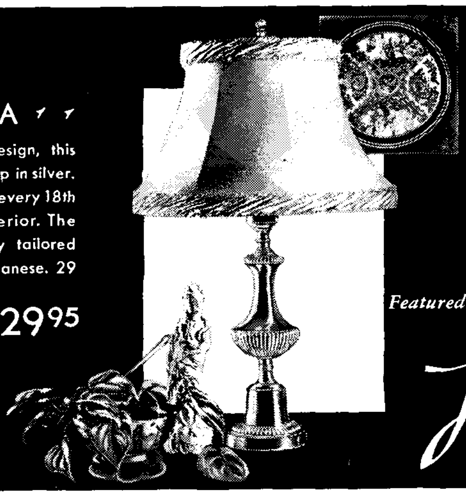

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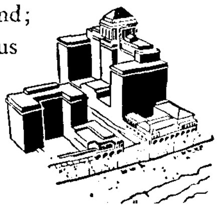

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Ponder, and the Manhattan Handicap, when he beat My Request.) Even Calumet Farm has never brought out a horse like that.

It becomes increasingly clear that Stymie is going to have a hard time making that million. Although he came in second in the New York Handicap, which, incidentally, was run exactly to his liking, he didn't have the dash he used to put into his finishes. He's still something to look at, though.

ONE of the more obvious little systems for playing the races (not recommended by this department) is to pick out a horse and bet a fixed amount on him every time he starts. Anyone who plays such a system and whose choice happened to fall on Loser Weeper in the spring should be rather pleased with himself now, as well as in the money. How much, you can figure out for yourself. The colt, who belongs to Alfred Vanderbilt, has won only five of his fourteen starts, but the first time, at Belmont last May, he paid $55.80. A few days later, he took the Metropolitan and rewarded his backers to the tune of $17.70. Then he won at Garden State Park, but that time he paid only $4.40. Nothing much was heard from him after that till he popped up in the Bay Shore Handicap on opening day at Aqueduct, paying $41.30. What reminded me of all this is that Loser Weeper won the Vosburgh Handicap at Belmont last week and paid $23.80.

Loser Weeper aside, the horse to have kept investing in was Louis Morgan, who raced in the Northwest years ago—so long ago that I can't find any record of what odds he paid. Anyway, horsemen out there swear that once, at the Pendleton Fair, in Oregon, Louis ran three races a day for five days and won every race. Then he rested for a day and went to Spokane, where he won four races in four days. On the fifth day, he finished second. Short of work, no doubt.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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TASTE IS BEING SELECTIVE. That means having a broad frame of reference. Knowing about Eliot and Chagall and David Bradley and Dulles and Dior so you can make a discriminating . . . even a distinguished, choice.—*Glamour.*

Something tells us it's time to go home.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 29

AFTER a summer in which it did little but embarrass its friends, the Truman administration—invigorated by autumn, perhaps, as it seemed to be a year ago—is again displaying some of its more engaging features. In August, which was disagreeably hot from beginning to end, the headline symbols of the administration were Harry Vaughan, John Maragon, and Tom Clark; in this uncommonly brisk September, the symbols have been Dean Acheson, Cyrus S. Ching, and Paul Hoffman. The moral climate has improved along with the weather. In the political history of this decade, the summer of 1949 should be passed over with a few strokes. Nothing much happened, and what did happen was largely discreditable. During the past few weeks, however, the President and his colleagues, as distinct from his cronies, have racked up a series of altogether respectable achievements, of which some of the most admired here are the handling of the news about the atomic explosion in Russia; the unexpectedly satisfactory settlement of differences between this country and the sterling-bloc nations; the agreements reached on China and the Balkans in the diplomatic talks that kept Ernest Bevin in town until the opening of the United Nations Assembly in New York; the intelligent intervention by the government in the steel disputes (even if it proves unavailing); and, last, the speedy Senate passage of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements and the Military Assistance Program, which may have been more luck than good management. There is considerable argument here over how much of an improvement September's Supreme Court nomination is over August's, but at least no one contends that Mr. Justice Minton will mount the bench with *fewer* qualifications than Mr. Justice Clark.

It is possible that the administration surprised even itself by its success in handling the Russian story. It managed to create—in how short a time, no one knows—an atmosphere that the *Christian Science Monitor's* Washington correspondent described as "self-imposed and rather self-conscious calm." If it is a fact that the calm was a bit contrived, what with General Bradley saying that he saw no reason to break his golf date that afternoon and David E. Lilienthal remaining on Martha's Vineyard to read a few good books, it was contrived to an excellent end. Ever since the August afternoon four years ago when the announcement of our own release of atomic energy was made, Washington has been dreading the day when the country would have to learn that Russia had it within her power—technologically, anyway—to give our cities the same kind of deal we gave Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The dreaded day has come and gone, and it wasn't bad at all. No one has taken to a mountain cave; no evangelists have persuaded the eschatological-minded to divest themselves of their earthly hindrances; no one has even found a verse in Revelation giving the date of destruction. The country appears to have taken the news with neither more nor less apprehension than, in the opinion of experts, it deserves. This has been immensely gratifying to officials here, who actually were afraid, one gathers, of a widespread hysteria and flight from reason.

That these did not develop is attributed partly to the general impression that the Russians are taking a more circumspect view of life but much more to the President's timing. Several considerations were involved. He wanted to break the story before the Russians did, and it is said by people who have talked with him in the last few days that his fear of being scooped by the Russians was small compared to his fear of being scooped by Drew Pearson, which he regarded as a strong possibility, since there were perhaps a hundred people who knew about the story before it was given out to the White House correspondents. He also wanted to allow for an unhurried appraisal of the news by competent military, scientific, and political authorities, so that they could supplement his brief statement with their specialized interpretations and advice. Finally, he wanted no one to accuse him of timing the announcement for his own political advantage. It is assumed that he had part of the story during part of the negotiations with the British and all of it during the Military Assistance Program debate in the Senate (Lilienthal put aside his reading for a fast trip to Washington on September 14th) and that he [illegible]

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all that time for a good, clear day and a settled political atmosphere. The day he chose was clear, all right; at his press conference the afternoon before, probably the shortest one he has ever held, the only news he thought worth passing on was that General Vaughan was having a tooth filled. And the political atmosphere—the devaluation of the pound having been announced five days earlier and the M.A.P. having passed the Senate the day before—was about as settled as it could conceivably be. The timing was perfect, in the opinion of most people, and so was the language the President chose.

THE background of crisis against which the monetary talks with the British and the Canadians were held, earlier in the month, and London's dramatic announcement of the devaluation of sterling, a few days later, have tended to obscure the fact that Washington has been the scene of important international conferences all month long. The monetary talks were followed without pause by diplomatic talks, in which much the same British-American personnel took part, and these, with the arrival of the French and Italian foreign ministers, eventually broadened into what the newspapers, possibly with assistance from their football writers, labelled the Western Big Powers Conference. In the middle of the month, representatives of forty-eight nations came to town for the four-day meeting of the International Bank and Monetary Fund, and after that the Atlantic Pact Council, attended by the foreign ministers of the twelve signatory nations, convened to discuss military strategy and to elect several working committees. Last week, a nonsecret but publicity-shy conference of British and American atomic-energy experts began to determine the extent to which the British and we will share both secrets and fissionable materials. Three days after it got under way, the President gave out the Russian story, which was probably already known to some of the participants. One would suppose that this development proved for all time that the secrets themselves are highly fissionable, and that the question of sharing them should no longer be a question, but the conference is still going on, and although no one involved will discuss its deliberations, everyone says that they are progressing nicely.

In the view of some of the people [illegible] enough to keep tabs on all these

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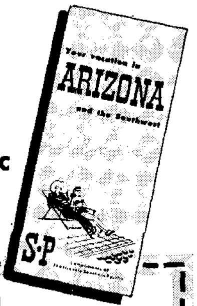

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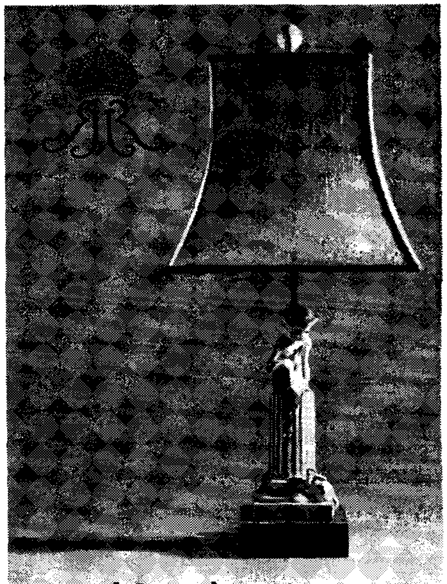

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conferences, the most profitable approach is to regard them as one continuous meeting on the subject of Anglo-American relations. Delegates from Ecuador, Liberia, and Iceland showed up for the International Bank and Monetary Fund sessions, but the dollar-pound question was what was bothering all of them. Likewise, the members of the Atlantic Pact Council, while they were concerned with the part each signatory nation would take in the defense of Western Europe, knew that all decisions would hinge on the primary division of responsibility between this country and England. Thus the month's negotiations are considered here to have been remarkably successful. To be sure, no one, either in the local British community or outside it, is especially jubilant over the economic decisions that were made, but the prevailing opinion is that much worse decisions might have been made, and that the economic arrangements are less important than the apparent restoration of confidence and respect between Washington and London. The valuable thing is that both countries have reasserted the position that as long as the world continues in its present state, the problems of one are inseparable from the problems of the other. And as long as this basic understanding exists, ways can be found of adjusting most foreseeable conflicts.

Before the monetary talks, there was a real crisis in confidence. To what extent it expressed itself in direct tensions between the British and United States governments is uncertain, but of its existence there can be no doubt. It came to the surface in the press of both countries and in their legislative bodies. In Congress, scarcely an issue came up without provoking some contemptuous allusion to British experience and to alleged British failures. (It is an odd and politically puzzling fact that it has lately been fashionable for American politicians to identify their opponents' schemes with British Socialism rather than with that old standby, Russian Communism.) The reckless attacks in Congress stimulated responses in kind from Parliament, just as the Socialism-on-the-rocks theme in the American press drew replies from the British press proving that while sterling had weakened, billingsgate had not. It was widely felt here, on the eve of negotiations, that the administration, although it was being correctly noncommittal about its plans, was riddled with either outright animosity toward England or the feeling that the British a likable

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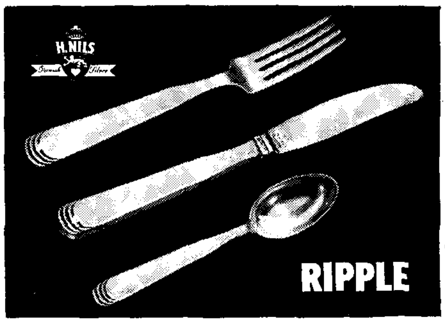

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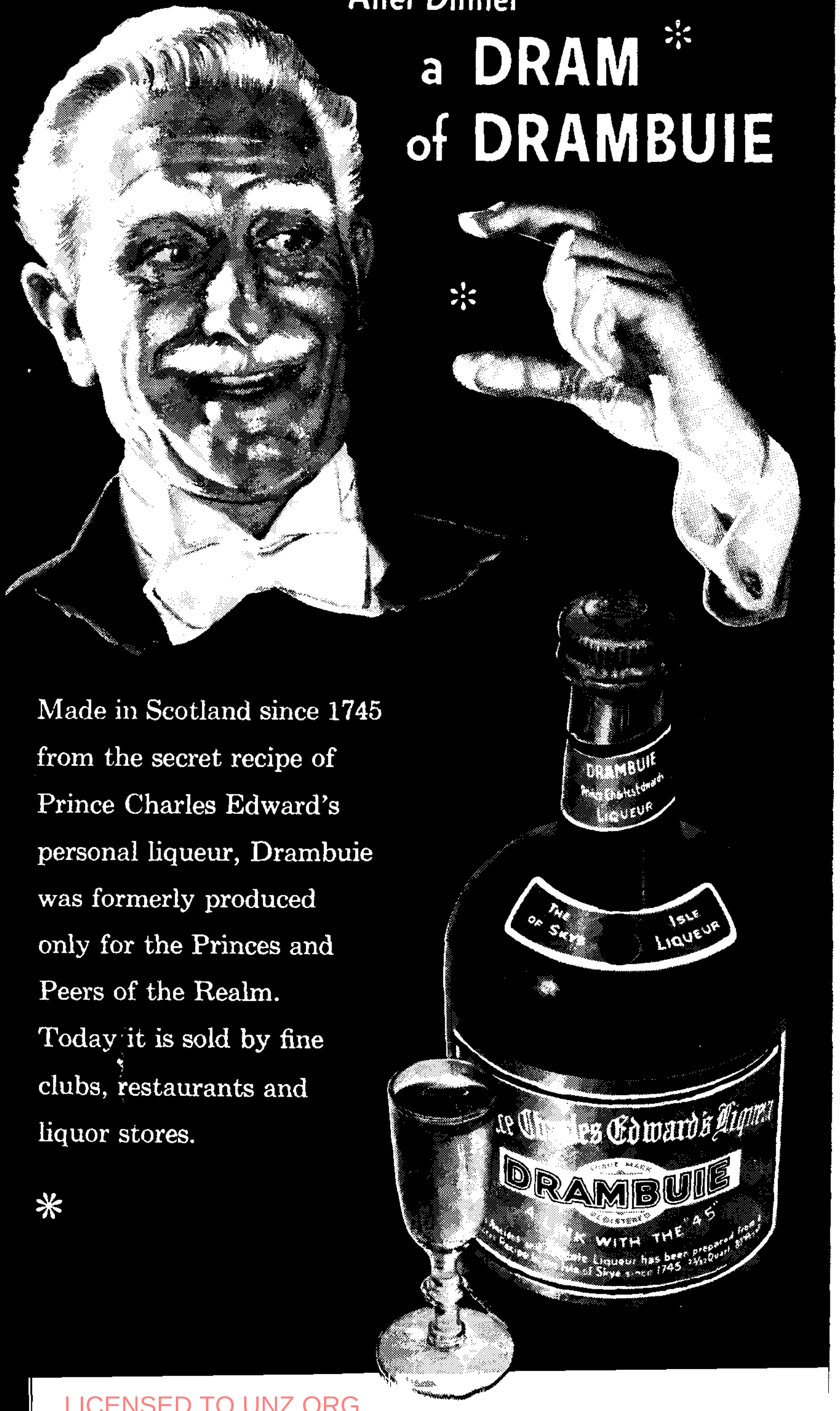
and cultivated lot on the whole, were incorrigibly bad managers of their affairs and that to avert our own bankruptcy we had better get them off our backs once and for all. Since it was believed that John Snyder, who was to preside over the talks, shared, if not the animosity, the feeling that it was time to advise the British to give up the struggle and lie down in their graves, there was a good deal of gloom—among those who considered this an unsound approach, that is—about the prospects. The most anyone expected was that perhaps through the offices of Dean Acheson we would make a few inexpensive concessions to the British, though not until after we had scolded them properly for their improvidence and their harebrained notions of government. Apparently, many of the visiting negotiators took the same dim view. Asked how he felt about a certain hectoring American speech, Sir Ernest Rowe-Dutton, of the British Treasury, replied, "Saint Sebastian with sixteen arrows in his back doesn't mind the seventeenth."

Actually, there was very little scolding, and no known attempts at browbeating. It has been reported that the Secretary of State took the Secretary of the Treasury aside before the meetings began and told him why it would not be in the national interest to give the British the standard Home Loan & Trust treatment for defaulting mortgagees. At any rate, Snyder radiated understanding and hospitality. It can be argued, of course, that the British, by opening negotiations with the promise of devaluation—a promise accompanied by their shrewd and in a sense rather funny pledge to cut government expenses five per cent—suffered a self-inflicted defeat on the most important issue, and that the concessions we made about the use of Marshall Plan dollars and increased purchases in the sterling area could hardly have been withheld from so accommodating a supplicant. However, the British here and the Americans who follow British affairs closely don't agree. They say that plenty of pressures besides that of American business opinion made devaluation inevitable, and they do not consider the American concessions niggardly ones. They feel that England's economic future is still pretty dark but that it has become a few shades brighter because of the American determination—made evident not only in the monetary talks but in the conferences that followed—to regard Britain and the sterling area, which, after all, includes a quarter of the world's population, as a going concern whose continuance in business is necessary to our own. Confidence and respect can have tangible economic results. For example, in enforcing our tariff schedules, which resemble landlord-tenant leases in that they contain a lot of fine print that the landlord can remember or not remember as he pleases, we can either help or hinder the British within the letter of the law. If the present atmosphere continues, the chances are good that we won't worry too much about the fine print. It is also felt that the decision to establish the September conferees as a permanent committee charged with making periodical reviews of the dollar-pound situation will be exceedingly helpful; in fact, a number of people think that if this setup had been in existence before, the crisis might never have arisen and devaluation might have been averted. No one imagines that the virulent anti-British feeling has been stifled forever; just a few days back, Senator Malone, of Nevada, delivered himself of the opinion that devaluation would destroy the living standards of the American workingman and added that the pound should have been dropped to $2.10 rather than $2.80. While this sort of thing hasn't come to an end, it has quieted down considerably, and there was astonishingly little of it in the Senate debates on the M.A.P. and Reciprocal Trade, which might have provided a great deal of it. Already sensing the improvement, Sir Stafford Cripps remarked a couple of weeks ago that before the conferences many Americans had tended to think of the sterling area as a frowzy mistress who was being kept somewhere far away in a shoddy boardinghouse. "I think we're making the point here that we're properly married and that she knows how to cook," Sir Stafford said.

TO the trial lawyer crying "frame-up," the name of Alfred Dreyfus is a blessed one, frequently and reverently invoked in attempts to establish innocence by association. The Dreyfus Affair was, of course, a notable frame-up, but Dreyfus was tried under French military law, the peculiarities of which are not duplicated in our own civil law. Up to now, anyway, an American Dreyfus case has been almost an impossibility, because the original injustice in Dreyfus's trial—his conviction on fraudulent evidence in secret documents that neither the defendant nor his lawyer could examine—is made practically impossible by the rules of evidence that apply in American courts-martial as well as in our state and federal courts. Indeed, American jurisprudence has such abhorrence of the admitting of the sort of evidence on which Dreyfus was sent to Devil's Island that our military tribunal at Nuremberg convicted several former German judges because they had countenanced similar practices in their courts. In Germany during the war, it was customary for the Gestapo to present judges with sealed documents containing assurances that such-and-such a defendant was a bad apple and ought to be convicted regardless of any evidence at the trial. When our military tribunal, which, as it happens, was presided over by civilian judges of high standing, learned that German judges had convicted on the basis of Gestapo documents alone, it stripped the German judges of judicial immunity, found them guilty of a "crime against humanity," and gave them long sentences, in some instances life imprisonment. In the case of the United States v. Josef Alstoetter, et al., the court described the practice of accepting the secret dossiers in lieu of evidence as the "final degradation of the judiciary" in Nazi Germany.

In the light of a case now pending in Washington, the records of the Dreyfus case and of the trial of the judges at Nuremberg make nerve-racking reading. A year ago, a young woman named Dorothy Bailey, employed by the Federal Security Agency, was called before the Loyalty Board of the Fourth Civil Service Region and told that the Board had good reason to suspect her loyalty to the government. In other words, it had been told she was a Communist. Miss Bailey said she wasn't a Communist and in fact was known to be an anti-Communist, having opposed the support of Henry Wallace at a union convention and having gone on record as a supporter of the Marshall Plan, which the Communists oppose. Miss Bailey produced several witnesses to support her. No witnesses appeared against her. In spite of all this, the Board maintained that it had information showing her to be a Communist or, at best, a fellow-traveller of the most servile sort. She asked the Board where the information came from. She was told that the source could not be revealed to her; she later learned that there was a very good reason for this—the Board itself didn't know where the allegations had come from, although it did know that they had been certified as reliable by the Federal Bureau



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case was one of the first to complete the course of hearings and appeals prescribed in the President's Loyalty Order of 1947. In none of these hearings was a witness brought in to testify against her. The only evidence against her was the unsworn statements of unknown persons. Nevertheless, she was held to be "a known member of a closed group" of Communists and discharged from her job after a final hearing, by the Loyalty Review Board.

Up to this point, Miss Bailey's case bears only a procedural resemblance to the Dreyfus case. Dreyfus was convicted of treason and condemned to Devil's Island. Miss Bailey merely lost a government job, to which she had no God-given or Constitutional right. Moreover, secret F.B.I. reports have been used in nearly all loyalty cases, and there may be merit in the F.B.I.'s refusal to identify its informants, for the reason that informants are always in short supply and to identify one is, professionally speaking, to kill him. What is unusual about Miss Bailey's case is that the F.B.I. dossier was the sole basis for the decision to discharge her; what is even more striking is that the federal courts, to which Miss Bailey and her attorney have carried the case, are upholding the action taken not merely on the ground that it is pragmatically justified by the need to get rid of Communists but on the ground that it is sound judicial procedure. In the first stage of a suit for reinstatement, Miss Bailey's counsel, Thurman Arnold, formerly on the federal bench himself, pointed out that Executive Order 9835, which set the loyalty investigations in motion, required that findings be made "on all the evidence" and that suspected employees must be given "equal protection from unfounded accusations of disloyalty." In choosing such language, Arnold said, the government showed that it intended the loyalty hearings to be conducted by judicial standards. If that is so, Arnold insisted, Miss Bailey was found to be disloyal not "on all the evidence" but on a fraction of it, a fraction that, by judicial standards, isn't evidence at all. Furthermore, she did not get "equal protection;" she got none whatever, since it is impossible to refute evidence one cannot see or hear. In a hearing in Federal Court here, Judge Alexander Holtzoff chose to meet Arnold on his own terms. He upheld the Loyalty Review Board's action on the ground that what the F.B.I. documents contained, was "hearsay" evi-

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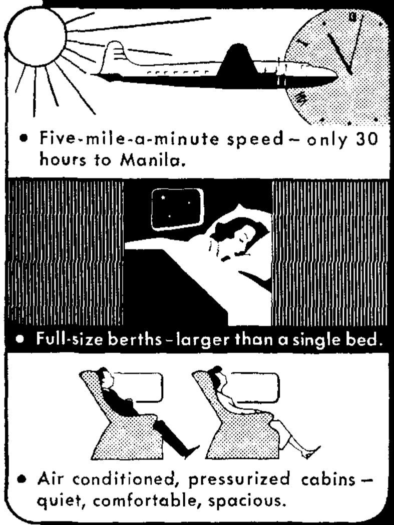

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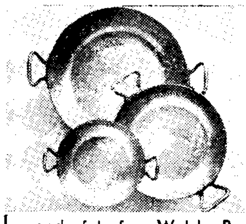

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admissible in French courts. (As Arnold points out in a brief to be presented to the Circuit Court, the French admit hearsay but do it only when a witness can testify under oath that he heard whatever he heard, in open court, where the long-eared witnesses can be subjected to cross-examination.) Judge Holtzoff's view may be entirely correct, Arnold's shot with fallacies—just as Miss Bailey may, in spite of her denials, be a powerful tool of Moscow. But if Judge Holtzoff is correct, the tribunal at Nuremberg wasn't, it would seem. And if the Circuit Court of Appeals, which will get the case this winter, stands by Judge Holtzoff's ruling, then American judges will seem to have been put in the position of defending the same procedure for which other American judges sent German judges to jail as enemies of humanity.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

WHAT SPORTSWRITER D'YA READ WHILE EATING CRACKERS IN BED?

One day, Connie Mack received the shock of his life. When it came time for Schreck[engost] to accept his new contract, he returned it unsigned. Mack promptly rushed to see his great catcher. The Waddell-Schreck battery was the finest in baseball, and one player was not at his best without the other. But Schreck stubbornly refused.... Shamefaced but grimly determined, the catcher confessed: "Mr. Mack, before I sign with you, I have to see Waddell's contract. I room with him, and he's been driving me crazy every night because he eats animal crackers in bed."—*From the Pocket Book edition of "Bill Stern's Favorite Baseball Stories."*

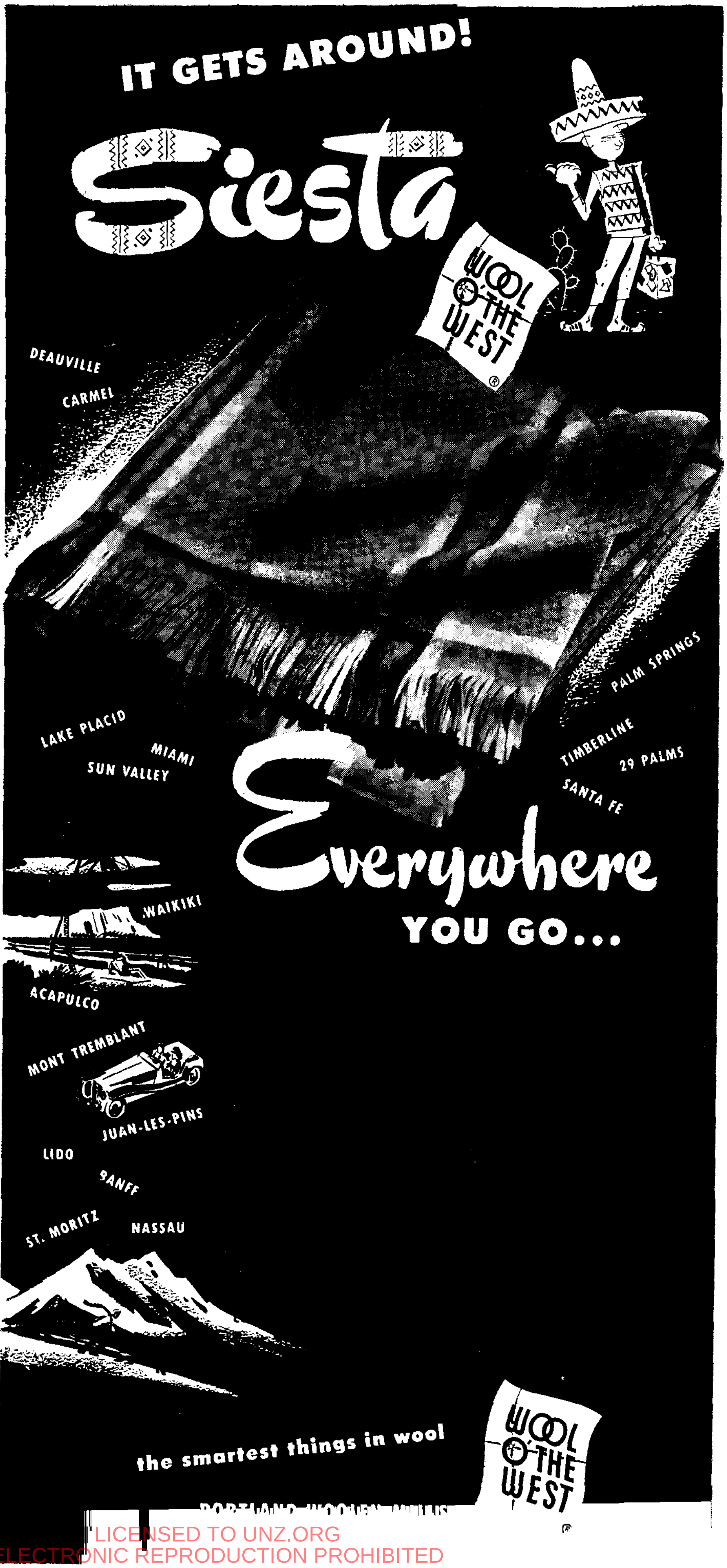
Along about 1903 Connie Mack grew mildly alarmed when he heard that Rube Waddell, his talented and eccentric pitcher, was unwilling to sign a new contract with the Athletics. Mack promptly called Waddell to his office and asked him if it were true.

"Yeh," said Rube.... "I won't sign no contract 'less it says that damn Schreckengost quits eatin' them damn crackers in bed."—*From "Low and Inside," by Ira L. Smith and H. Allen Smith.*

•

At the reception following my wedding six years ago there was a very tense and dramatic moment. My sheer veil came in too close contact with a burning candle and suddenly flames were shooting up around my head. Luckily my husband was nearby and managed to tear the blazing veil from my hair before any harm was done. But it was the presence of mind and quick wit of my father-in-law, Lauritz Melchior, that broke the tension and relieved taut nerves when he cried out in his heroic tenor voice:

"It certainly is a *hot* girl my son married!"—*Hathaway Kale Melchior in Pageant*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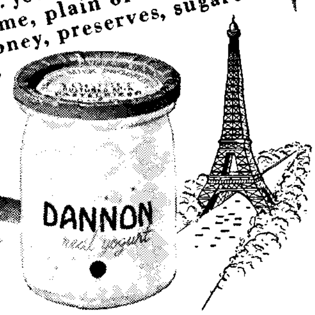

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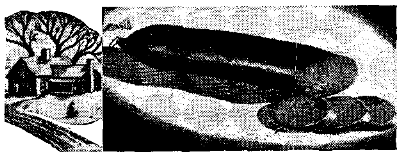

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Henry James, and the Navy Aloft

THE screen version of "The Heiress" has been tethered so tightly to the stage play from which it stems that it has none of the freedom of action that gives movies an advantage over the theatre. It is a conscientious effort to reproduce in two dimensions a drama that on the stage had little action, copious dialogue, and only one setting. The film has departed from the original in only one major detail, the composition of its cast. In the picture, the benighted Victorian heroine, whose father regards her as a sad object and whose sweetheart's interest in her is strictly based on cash, is portrayed by Olivia de Havilland. Miss de Havilland sometimes conducts herself as if the Washington Square mansion where she's supposed to be living were only a step away from the Snake Pit, but on the whole she struck me as being properly restrained. In the role of her father, Ralph Richardson is wholly satisfactory. Montgomery Clift, however, who turns up as the fortune hunter, tends to dive into elegant locutions with the uneasiness of an adolescent trying on his first dress shirt. The locutions, of course, derive from Henry James, whose short novel "Washington Square" begat "The Heiress."

"TASK FORCE" is a loosely constructed account of the ups and downs of United States Navy aviation from the days when the Langley was our only aircraft carrier until the time of the Japanese defeat. In order to tell the tale, Delmer Daves, who wrote and directed the picture, has cooked up a mélange of exciting documentary shots and tiresome romantic hokum. As long as "Task Force" is concerned with such matters as the training of the first carrier pilots or the fighting in the South Pacific (a good bit of the footage here was provided by the Navy), it is lively entertainment. But when it undertakes to describe the moonings of a young naval aviator over the widow of his pal, or the soul struggles of the same young man over the problem of whether to quit the service and become rich or remain in the Navy and stay poor, it is quite a bore.

Fortunately, this emotional stuff doesn't go on forever, and when our authentic look at what life was like on aircraft carriers in wartime. As the hero of the film, who progresses in the course of it from lieutenant to admiral, Gary Cooper is convincingly nautical, and as his mentor, a Navy officer apparently modelled on the late Marc Mitscher, Walter Brennan is equally so. A squadron of virile Hollywood juveniles serve as the aviators under Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brennan, and Jane Wyatt plays the widow Mr. Cooper woos and wins. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

QUESTIONS FOR EVERYONE

To be thought about and discussed

1. Do I feel the same alone as I do with other people?
2. Have I thought that no one knew me or cared for me?
3. Have I sometimes felt that I hated everything?
4. Do I think I am two persons or one person?
5. Would I be afraid to know everything about myself?
6. Do I think that my family is apart from the rest of the world?
7. Have I suddenly wanted other people to feel bad; or to be unlucky?
8. Have I sometimes felt I didn't care for anything?
9. Does something in me want to be unhappy?
10. Do I feel more important when I'm unhappy?
11. In listening to someone, do I listen with all of myself? Do I find myself suddenly not listening to someone?
12. Can I put together where I'm for myself and against myself?
13. Again, do I sometimes feel I don't care for anything?
14. Do I get angry suddenly, without apparent reason?
15. Do I try not to be suspicious, and yet cannot stop from being suspicious?
16. Am I afraid of something I don't know?
17. Am I against myself often?
18. Do I hate what I cared for a short time ago?
19. Do things often seem to have no meaning?
20. Do I feel that other people make me less?
21. Do I really know what would make me happy?
22. Do I like to hide?
23. Do I get pleasure despising people?
24. Am I glad I was born?
25. Have I thought sometimes I was far away from everything?
26. Do I tell lies, even when I don't want to?
27. Do I like myself and what is not myself at the same time; or do I want to?

—*From a press release from the Committee for Aesthetic Realism.*

Yes

OF ALL THINGS

THE American public recovered rapidly from the shock of learning that the Russians had set off an atomic explosion. Millions of our citizens simply decided to gather around radios and in ballparks and worry about something else.

•

We are told that the conference that failed to avert the steel strike was conducted in an atmosphere of extreme affability. The negotiators remained courteous, gentlemanly, and pigheaded to the end.

•

Householders were glad to hear that Mr. Lewis had allowed the hard-coal miners to go back to work. Thanks to John L., our furnace tenders will still be able to keep the costly home fires burning.

•

For a pleasant change, the Communists are adding something to the sum of human happiness. Everyone is enjoying the things that Comrade Stalin and ex-Comrade Tito are saying about each other.

•

The Navy has scored heavily in its bitter contest with the Air Force for the support of public opinion. Navy doctors claim that they have discovered a cure for colds.

•

The debate on devaluation in the House of Commons upheld the finest traditions of the great British Parliament. Politicians on both sides dodged the vital issues with remarkable skill and aplomb.

•

Harvard has started a program for gradually reducing the university's enrollment. Most of us had never suspected that our country was suffering from an oversupply of Harvard men.

•

The Protestant Episcopal Church has again ruled that women may not sit in its House of Deputies. For some unknown reason, that is not regarded as a suitable place for ladies.

•

The Republicans held a conference in Sioux City, Iowa, to formulate a farm program, but nothing much was accomplished. It was found that all the nice things they wanted to promise the farmers had already been promised by the Democrats.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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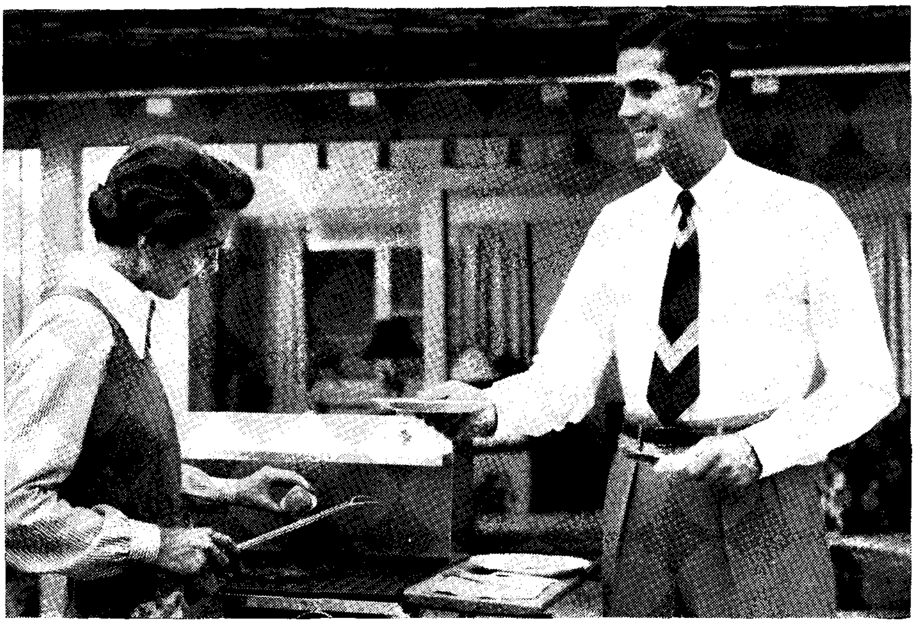

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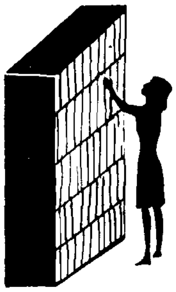
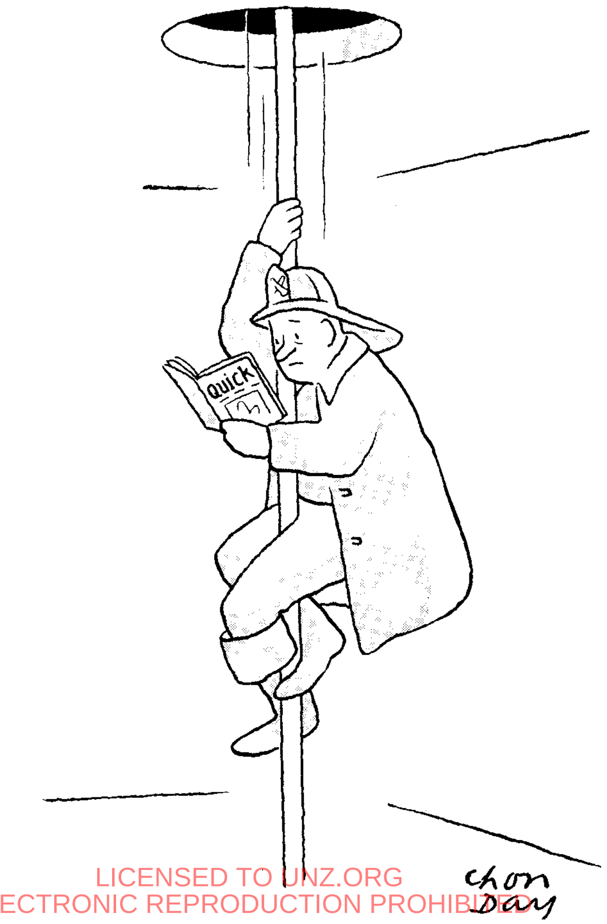


OF Henry Green, the author of "Loving," his American publishers (Viking) claim to know little more than that he is an old Etonian, now in his forties; that he has written seven novels, of which "Loving" is the fifth in order of composition and the first to be published here; that he is a prominent manufacturer in Birmingham, England; and that his name is not really Henry Green. This provocative grab bag of biography would be hard to match anywhere. It makes Green, whoever he may be, seem one of the most attractive freaks in literary history. The practicing writer who is also a practicing businessman is a rare bird in any country and time, and worth examining for a moment. He is usually considered unclean by both writers and businessmen, and it is safe to assume that Green uses a pseudonym not to protect the good name of his family but to protect the good name of his product. Wallace Stevens, a distinguished poet who is a vice-president of a Hartford insurance company, is among the few specimens of the businessman-writer hereabouts. His situation is by no means as chancy as Green's, however, for an insurance company is not quite a factory, and poets and actuaries have more in common than they suppose, being about equally determined to make life scan, or at any rate to reduce it to a form in which the odds against them can be readily ascertained. The novelist and the manufacturer have nothing in common but the public, which they share without speaking, like a seat in a bus. The fact is that they are natural enemies and have no right to exist in the same man. It is as difficult to imagine the author of "Loving" at the head of a factory as it would be to imagine the author of "The Wings of the Dove" presiding over United States Steel. The strain on Green must be terrific.

But if it is surprising for a manufacturer to be a novelist, it is downright flabbergasting for him to produce a work of art eccentricity of "Loving." Unlike the stiff little Meccano set of a romance that a magnate with a literary bent might be expected to sit down to after a hard day at the mill and doggedly, fumblingly fit together, "Loving" is as light and round and flawless as a bubble. Like a bubble, it occasionally threatens to burst or to float away up out of sight, but until it breaks at last, at its author's bidding, it mirrors the world with a richness and a fullness that dazzle the beholder, convincing him half against his will that its iridescent surface *is* the world. Here, the beholder is made to believe, is an image of life that may be all the more true for being smaller and more vivid and more shapely than life. The wonder and peril of the performance are heightened by the fact that "Loving" lacks most of the usual props of fiction. The plot is only the pretext of a plot, for in that crystal air melodrama cannot keep from seeing the joke and spilling over into comedy, and tragedy, though it hovers there, decently hides its face. The only blood shed is that of mice and peacocks, and there is not the faintest whisper of thunder. The most characteristic sound in "Loving" is, indeed, a gramophone eerily playing a waltz in the vast, sheeted ballroom of Kinalty Castle, where the novel is laid. Kinalty stands deep in the green fastness of Ireland, and we are told that it is the greatest of the great eighteenth-century houses still unburned. It has more rooms than anyone can count, most of them unused. The ballroom is in one of the remote wings. Two of the servant girls, Kate and Edith, have entered it to give it a dusting and have not been able to resist turning on the gramophone. Raunce, the butler, steals in to find them dancing, as he had guessed he would:

> They were wheeling, wheeling in each other's arms heedless at the far end where they had drawn up one of the white blinds. Above from a rather low ceiling five great chandeliers swept one after the other almost to the waxed parquet floor, reflecting in their hundred thousand drops the single sparkle of distant day, again and again red velvet panelled walls, and two girls, minute in purple, dancing, multiplied to eternity in these trembling pears of light.

This is mannered writing—what Cyril Connolly, a contemporary of Henry Green at Eton, calls Mandarin writing. It is also, to our delight, the work of a writer who has no fear of seeming ridiculous and who looks at the world with an eye as fresh as if the hour were high noon on the seventh day, with the firmament just cooling. "Loving" is as filled with such epiphanies as a Roman candle with stars; they make the great house of Kinalty unforgettable, and in the end it is Kinalty that dominates everything, that promises to endure. The dramatis personae consist chiefly of servants. Mrs. Tennant, the owner of the house; Mrs. Jack, her daughter-in-law; Captain Davenport, Mrs. Jack's lover; and Mr. Jack himself are important to us only as they relate to the kingdom belowstairs. This belowstairs kingdom is really a federation of sovereign states, for no one would think of stepping into the kitchen without having been asked to do so by Mrs. Welch, the cook, who takes her gin straight, in a teacup; or of loitering uninvited in Raunce's pantry; or of paying a call on



the peacocks without the permission of Paddy, the man who looks after them. (Paddy never utters anything beyond a grunt or a mumble throughout the book, a feat that makes him the silentest and in some ways the wittiest Irishman on record.) It is the servants who, stealing, lying, drinking, making love, hold Kinalty as if it were a medieval keep and to whom Mrs. Tennant and her family are in captivity. The great house is theirs and will always be theirs.

The novel opens with the sentence "Once upon a day an old butler called Eldon lay dying in his room attended by the head housemaid, Miss Agatha Burch," and ends "The next day Raunce and Edith left without a word of warning. Over in England they were married and lived happily ever after." Almost at once, old Eldon dies and as the story unfolds, as the bubble turns and burns in the sun, we are given to understand that Raunce, his successor, will die, that the Tennants will drift away, that the varnish will flake from the paintings in the big, damp, unheated rooms; we are also given to understand that one can predict nothing of the future save that it will be precisely as dark and bright, cruel and pitiful, as yesterday and today. Meanwhile, we have the title of the novel to admonish us, and the hint that a fairy tale is as true and false as any other kind of tale. And we have, finally, a strengthening of the conviction, springing from who knows what lost wisdom of childhood, that the best of beginnings is still "Once upon a day," and the best of endings—no more ironic now than it was a hundred years ago, or a thousand—is still "happily ever after."

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Crack in the Column, by George Weller (Random House). A long novel, with a cast of thousands, concerning the last months of the Nazi occupation of Greece and the subsequent months of internal struggle among various Greek factions—E.L.A.S., K.K.E., E.D.E.S., and others too numerous to initial. Mr. Weller, who holds that when Greek meets Greek other nationalities would do well to keep out of the way, has talent, intelligence, and a fine, dramatic story to tell, but after a start that promises a sort of Greek "For Whom the Bell Tolls," the book suddenly explodes in the au-

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immense heap of literary shrapnel, through which the reader picks his way with increasing fatigue.

THE IRON HOOP, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Knopf). A novel about a defeated country and the conquering forces that occupy it. Mr. FitzGibbon makes a great point of not giving a time or a place to his story, which is unfortunate, because his book would be just as effective if he were perfectly straightforward about it. Then, too, we would be spared the portentous and irritating hush that results from all that anonymity at the outset. The capital of this defeated country is New City, built and occupied by the victorious forces, and surrounded by a labyrinth of ruins. In the ruins, which they call the Iron Hoop, the outcasts and rebels of the defeated people live and plot revolution. The most important persons in the story are the Captain, one of the conquerors, but a rather disreputable and disheartened one, and Anna, a "native" girl from the Hoop, with whom he falls in love. A large number of others participate, but they and the causes they represent all dwindle considerably beside the figure of the Captain, who becomes almost gigantic in his worthlessness and despair.

WAR IN HEAVEN, by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy). The Holy Grail turns up unexpectedly in an obscure Protestant parish somewhere in England and provokes a battle to the death between the powers of darkness, personified by Sir Giles Tumulty and Mr. Gregory Persimmons, and the defenders of the faith, in this case a Catholic duke, a Protestant archdeacon, and a noncommittal young editor named Kenneth Mornington. Mr. Williams' story is excellent, full of excitement, suspense, humor, and unlimited conjecture. His villains are thoroughgoing villains, bad as can be, but his heroes keep their state of virtue a bit haphazard, which seems the attractive and human thing to do. Good and bad, they all have something to say, so that the conversation never languishes, no matter who's doing the talking.

MARY, by Sholem Asch (Putnam). In stately and sonorous prose, Mr. Asch describes the life of Mary, the mother of Jesus, from her first meeting with Joseph until the resurrection of her son. All those involved remain the same stock Biblical characters we have always known,

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enlivening accounts of the daily life and customs of the Jews give new color to the background of the old stories.

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART, by Helen Eustis (Harper). Nine stories, all of them about people—most of them women—who are adrift from their moorings for one reason or another. The majority of Miss Eustis's people are passive, if anguished, spectators of their own lives—even, sometimes, of their own doom. The best of the stories is "Time's Wingèd Chariot," an account of the final, tortured days of a suicide. Miss Eustis's writing is cool and unimpassioned, in nice accord with the unresisting natures of her subjects.

THE LAST ENCHANTMENTS, by Robert Liddell (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A novel about two high-strung brothers, very devoted and inclined to coddle each other, and their neighbor, a pathetic, deformed old lady named Mrs. Foyle. They are all living in the old English university town of Christminster in the time just before the Second World War. The main theme of the story is the love and eventual separation of the brothers, but to support this fairly fragile and uneventful tale, and perhaps to drain off some of the excess emotion from it, the author brings in the sturdier drama of Mrs. Foyle, who is betrayed by her heartless daughter Miranda. Mr. Liddell writes in a sprightly way, treating Christminster, its inhabitants and its visitors with vast assurance and a sort of offhand wit. The only exception to this is Mrs. Foyle, whose pathos grows increasingly false as the book wears on. At the last, she seems to have developed into a kind of peg from which all the sorrows of the world depend. Mrs. Foyle is the only sour note in a very lively story, but she is a most important note, so it is rather a pity.

THE LONELY, by Paul Gallico (Knopf). Mr. Gallico, who has turned out a quantity of deft prose in the past, comes up with an unstartling and occasionally soggy item about a love affair between an American bomber pilot and a British Waaf. The piece hinges on the flier's emotional immaturity, which is revealed when he has to make a choice between the Waaf and an American girl who represents the accepted ideals of his snug, upper-middle-class

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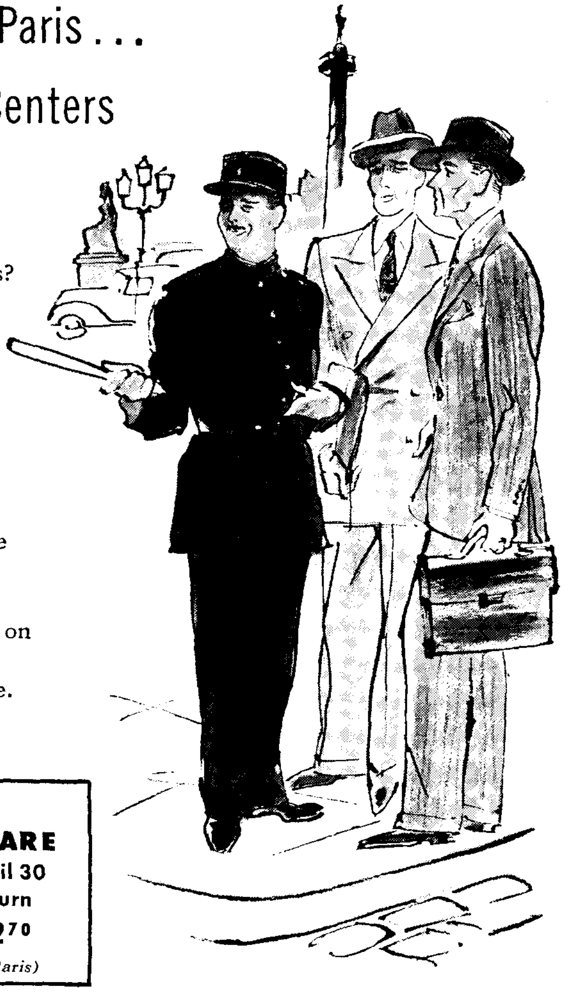

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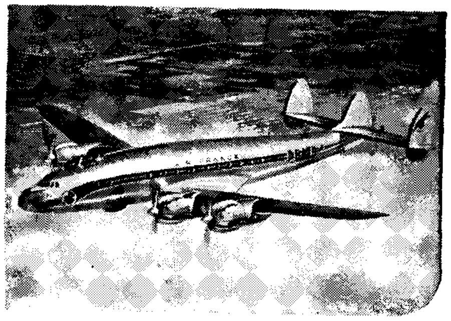

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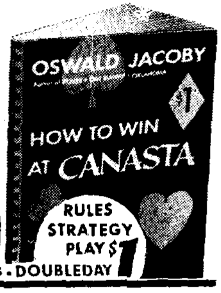

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lico's handling of this topic is pat and glossy in the extreme; he shows a good deal more warmth and familiarity in his descriptions of wartime England.

Pemberley Shades, by D. A. Bonavia-Hunt (Dutton). Miss Bonavia-Hunt has been presumptuous enough to attempt to write a sequel to "Pride and Prejudice." She would have been better advised to invent her own characters and start from scratch, because her book stands up very well by itself and is without need of support from such names as Darcy and Bennet and Bingley. The story is laid in Pemberley, which is inhabited by a nice enough young couple named Darcy and Elizabeth and by their friends and relations and guests, amiable and otherwise. In taking over Jane Austen's people, Miss Bonavia-Hunt has merely curbed her own imagination, which is too bad. Perhaps next time she will write her own book.

The World in the Attic, by Wright Morris (Scribner). The combination of sadness and misgiving felt by a city dweller when he takes his wife to visit the small town of his boyhood is described here with a mixture of wryness and nostalgia. The somewhat decayed community to which Mr. Morris's narrator returns is a forlorn whistle stop in Nebraska, and during the couple of days the man is there he alternately pacifies his wife, who thoroughly dislikes the place, and unwillingly gets carried back into the life of the town. The author's skillfully casual style stands up well against the bleak background of his story.

GENERAL

W. C. Fields: His Follies & Fortunes, by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday). A biography of the great comedian. Fields, dissociated from the captivating character he projected with careful art on the stage and screen, was a wonderfully humorous figure—somewhat in the way that the memorable comic characters in his revered Dickens are humorous figures, despite the sordidness, pain, and frustrations of their lives. His career, starting with his early days in a poor Cockney household in Philadelphia (in which city he soon achieved the distinction of being the leading juvenile delinquent), continuing through his remarkable peregrinations all over the world with his vaudeville acts, and ending in the wood, is a saga in which truth, half truth, and plain lies are apparently inextricably woven, for Fields, who had a handy kit of morals and a code of personal conduct of his own devising, saw to it that no historian would ever have an easy time setting down the facts of his life. Mr. Taylor has tried to keep his account coherent while never neglecting the laughs, and he has undoubtedly done as good a job as can be done. Photographs.

Global Mission, by H. H. Arnold (Harper). The life of General of the Army Henry H. Arnold and also the story, in glimpses, of the United States Air Force. General Arnold's part in American aviation started on the day in 1911 when, as a youthful second lieutenant of infantry with a War Department special order in his pocket, he boarded a train for Dayton, Ohio, "for the purpose of undergoing a course of instruction in operating the Wright airplane." This biography covers a vast amount of ground—the early, "seat of the pants" days of Army aviation, the Billy Mitchell mess (Arnold was a Mitchell man), the years during which the Luftwaffe was being built up (Arnold couldn't find out what was going on over there until he had a secret meeting with Lindbergh), and, of course, the Second World War and its fierce interservice feuding in the American high command. The writing is salty, disconnected, splenetic (Admirals Nimitz and King get most of the going over), and full of particulars—how Stalin talks and drinks and the fact that he seems to understand a good deal more English than he admits, what Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek are like, and so on. An important book and an easy one to read.

The Waters of Siloe, by Thomas Merton (Harcourt, Brace). This book, by the author of "The Seven Storey Mountain," tells how the lives of the men who enter the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance, called Trappists, really begin, rather than end, when they go into one of the Trappist retreats. After detailing the long history of the order, it tells about the daily life of the monks at places like Gethsemani, Kentucky, and tries to explain what lies back of their austere resolves—why a man gives up his possessions right down to the clothing on his body, his gift of speech, all bodily pleasures, and even his will and dedicates himself to a bare, harsh life. The author, himself a Trappist, says the reason is that in so doing the man becomes immensely rich, "for when he owns nothing, God becomes his fortune, and he owns and enjoys all things in God, their Creator." Mr. Merton (or Father Louis, as he is now known) also tells what happens when the contemplative life takes a wrong turn—when a Trappist falls in love with some practice of devotion and values it for its own sake, for instance, or when he becomes as addicted to penance as a drunkard is to liquor. What sets this book apart from ordinary religious works is that its author is a very able writer and a man of sophistication.

CHARACTERISTICALLY AMERICAN, by Ralph Barton Perry (Knopf). Mr. Perry, who has spent much of his mature life as a kind of social bird-watcher, has in this book—which is composed of five lectures that were first cast before the students of the University of Michigan—delivered himself of all that his hobby, plus considerable reading, has taught him about his fellow-Americans. His enumeration of our principal traits—instinctive pragmatism, ghastly idealism, a tendency toward insensate weeping, inordinate preoccupation with box scores, and so on—isn't notably original, but his explanation of how we got that way is very fine indeed and includes some excellent writing on the passage of Continental philosophies, particularly those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, through the American cracker barrel. There are also special panels on the author's own favorite among American thinkers, William James, and on the organization that figures most frequently in Mr. Perry's bad dreams, the Catholic Church, as well as a rousing clean-up chapter concerning the best route to the millennium or thereabouts.

F.D.R. MY BOSS, by Grace Tully (Scribner). A frankly partisan addition to the peephole division of Rooseveltiana. Miss Tully was the late President's personal secretary for nearly seventeen years, and her account of this rigorous but satisfying job is mostly concerned with the minutiae of Presidential life. Her informal portraits of White House dwellers and visitors are, on the whole, tolerant; it is only on rare occasions that

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degree—for example, when she describes the meals that were served to her employer, a lover of good food, and when she comments on the personal attitude taken toward him by Herbert Hoover both before and after the election of 1932. Although Miss Tully remarks in her introduction that she has tried to limit her own part in the book to the role of storyteller, she hasn't been much more successful in doing so than most of her predecessors in the now overcrowded ranks of White House chroniclers.

THE GOLDEN THREADS, by Hannah Josephson (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A thoroughgoing survey of a brief but hopeful interlude in the dismal history of the New England cotton-textile industry—the period in the early eighteen-thirties when the mill girls in Lowell, Massachusetts, enjoyed such utopian working and living conditions that they became something of an international exhibit. These young ladies, drawn from solid New England families, staggered visitors from abroad not only by their industry but by their charm and erudition. Quite a few of them became, later on, noted alumnae of what was often referred to as the "philanthropic manufacturing college" of the Boston textile magnates, but, like their latter-day counterparts, they were often accused of biting the hand that had fed them. Mrs. Josephson includes rather caustic full-length portraits of several of the industrial nabobs—a Lowell, two Lawrences, and an Appleton, among others—and points out that the conflicting impulses that enabled them to put such an ambitious social project into effect also resulted, not much later, in the collapse of the project as originally conceived. An able handling of almost forgotten material that is well worth resurrection.

THE PURPLE SHAMROCK, by Joseph F. Dinneen (Norton). James Michael Curley, of Boston, for more than fifty years a political boss, a political nonesuch, and a general nuisance to the forces of political progress, is a man who admittedly never explains himself. Mr. Dinneen, a native of Boston, who has been covering the Mayor's doings for the *Globe* most of his life, has now undertaken the job of explaining him. The author has known Curley for so long and has had so many brushes with him (the Boss once brought a libel suit against

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lars) that he can be relaxed about him. His biography is, unfortunately, banal in its wide implications; in detail, it is both amusing and infuriating. All very readable.

AGAIN THE GOOSE STEP, by Delbert Clark (Bobbs-Merrill). The author of this disheartening book, who until recently was the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times*, is convinced that we have, out of stupidity, bad judgment, and hysterical dread of Russia, lost the peace. Germany, he says, has been handed back to what is left of the old gang that stirred up all the trouble in the first place: the school system is in the hands of Nazis, as is much of the police force; anti-Semitism is resurgent; and big business is controlled by the managers who worked for Hitler. Although Mr. Clark is understandably perturbed over this situation, which he fears it may be too late to correct, he has not pulled a long face in writing about it. His book is loaded with personalities (including an exhaustive, cool, and fair-minded portrait of General Clay) and stories that are both significant and entertaining.

THE ASPIRIN AGE, edited by Isabel Leighton (Simon & Schuster). The American scene between 1919 and 1941, broken down into twenty-two phenomena and analyzed and commented on by an equal number of writers. With the exception of Irving Stone's essay on Coolidge, which goes up in outrage on the very first page, the writers have all turned in compositions marked by temperance, serious reflection, and expert writing. This is especially true of Samuel Hopkins Adams' descent into the venal, barley-shot depths of the Harding administration, of Wallace Stegner's account of Father Coughlin's sickening career through the land, of John Lardner's concededly unfriendly ideological frisking of Lindbergh, and of Gene Tunney's story of his life and hard times in the same ring with Jack Dempsey. One of the selections, Joel Sayre's "The Man on the Ledge," first appeared in this magazine.

THE LANGUAGE OF FIELD SPORTS, by C. E. Hare (Scribner). A truly imposing book by an Englishman of a peculiar glossarial bent, who has roped and tied down for posterity hundreds of the arcane terms, both ancient and modern, by which man describes his hunting activities, defining words like spraints (otter drop-

THIS IS ANASTASIA . . .

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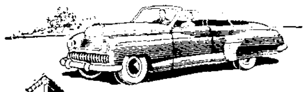

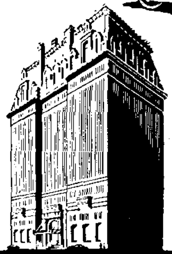

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JAN VERMEER OF DELFT, by Frithjof Van Thienen (Harper). Another volume in the excellent and inexpensive Masters of Painting series. This one contains full-page reproductions, eight of them in color, of all the thirty-six known works by Vermeer, together with an essay by Professor Van Thienen that, despite its compactness, manages to say a lot both about the artist's brief and rather obscure life and about his contributions to painting.

NOTE: "The Art of Living," a collection of drawings by Saul Steinberg, has been published by Harper. A good number of them first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CAT OF MANY TAILS, by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). One of our best-known and most elegant snoops becomes an actor in what he calls a nine-act tragedy, an affair that some of his audience may be inclined to classify as a melodrama instead. A series of apparently unrelated stranglings throws New York City into a panic of such dimensions that the police can't take time to look for clues. Mr. Queen is therefore given official status and instructions to hustle around and discover the identity of the criminal known informally as The Cat. His solution is one of those currently fashionable double-edged affairs that can fit two suspects—an ingenious enough finish to an otherwise overinflated story.

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[*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times*]

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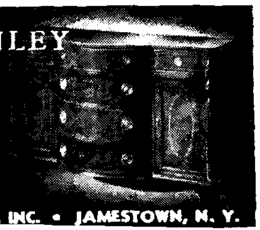

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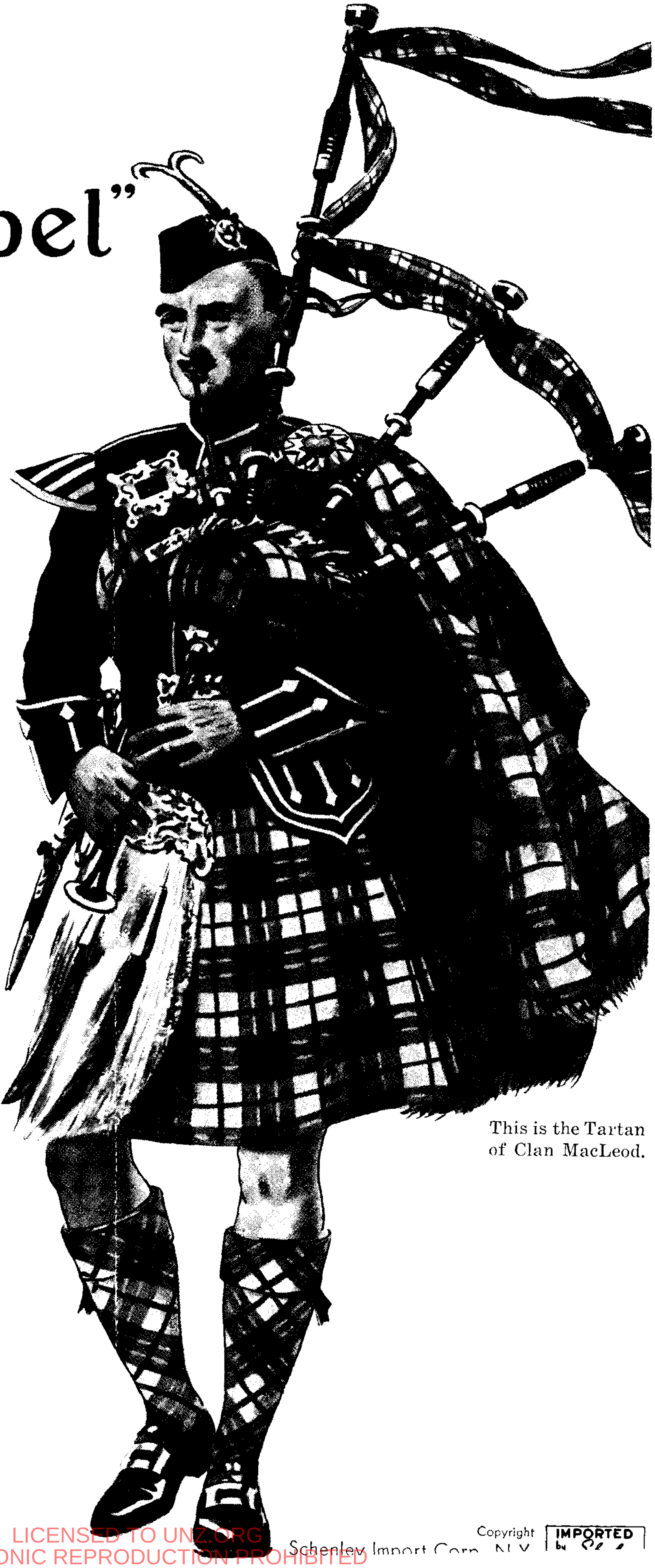

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